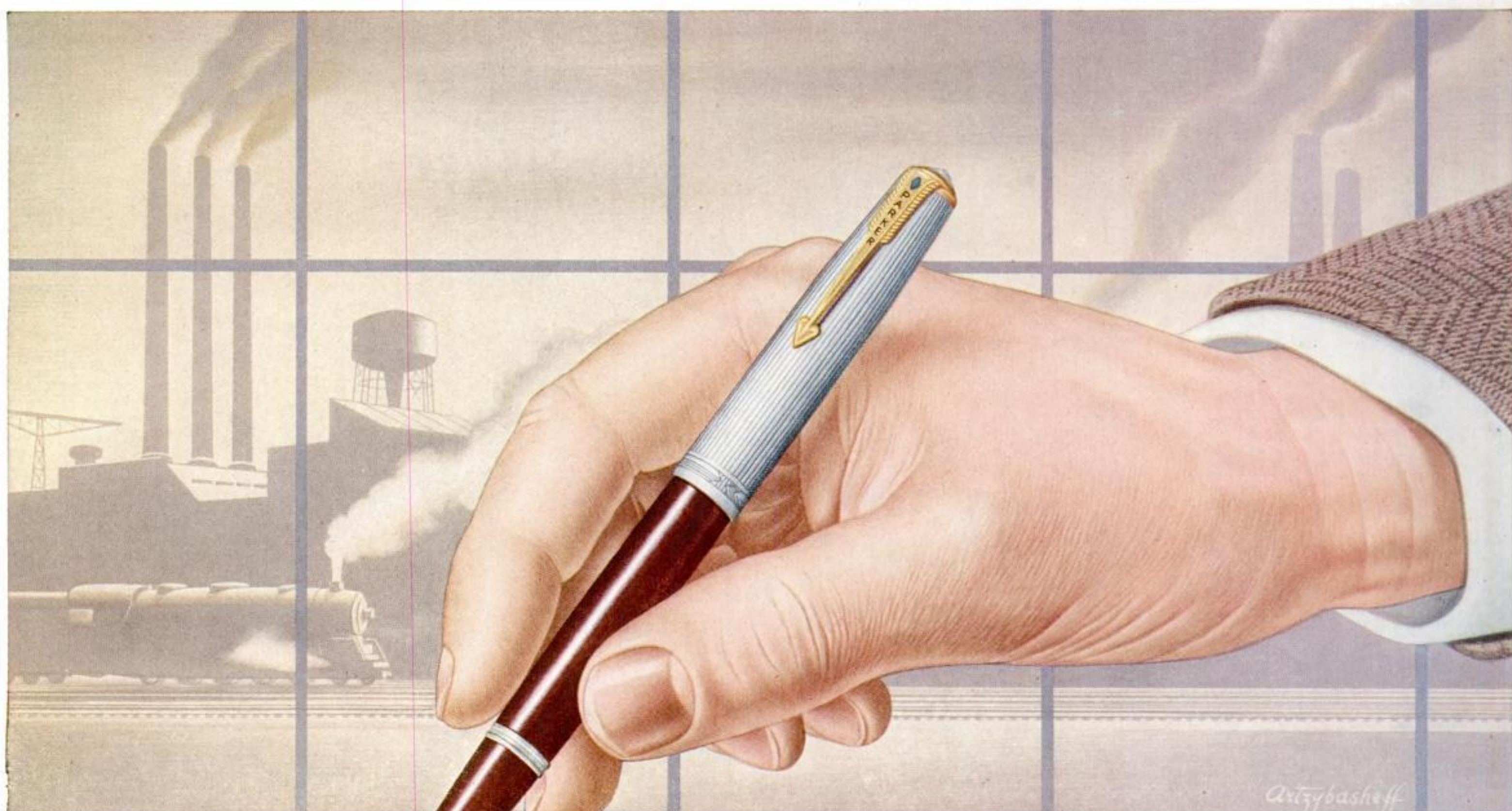


LIFE



BROADWAY HIT
"BLOOMER GIRL"

NOVEMBER 6, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

So many need the Parker "51" ...some may have to wait

APEN to be treasured through the years—this Parker "51". Its slender, gleaming lines at once inspire admiration.

Put the unique, enclosed point to paper and it starts to write—just like that! Nimble, eagerly, it obeys your fingers' every whim—paces your swiftest thoughts with ease.

Yet, we regret, you may find Parker 51's are scarce. So many really *need* this pen that some may have to wait.

Today, you see, all fountain pen production has been curtailed by government order.

What's more, the creation of precision fuzes for bombs, artillery shells and other projectiles now has first call on Parker skills.

That's why the Parker 51's we can produce must be rationed to dealers. But please be patient. For this pen *is* worth waiting for.

Remember: The Parker "51" is the only pen of its kind—protected by U. S. Patents. It *alone* can use Parker "51" Ink that *dries as you write!* You need no blotters. Naturally, you can use *any* ink with the Parker "51" if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordon Brown, \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

* * *

♦ **GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT!** Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!



Parker "51"



Copyright 1944. The Parker Pen Company

Copyrighted material

Are we wacky when we guarantee that
this SHAVING CREAM won't
make shaving a pleasure!



**Students in advertising
 courses say "yes"...
 but men who shave say "NO!"**

The beardless boys, who know all about the "science of advertising," tell us that these messages about our Listerine Shaving Cream cannot possibly succeed in making sales.

Older men (*at least we judge that they are older because their letters say that they shave*) have on the contrary been sending us the most heart-warming fan mail we have ever received. And our sales, thank you, are continuing sharply upward.

Now we don't pretend that our laboratory Ph.D's. have not tried to win immortal fame by discovering the mysterious ingredient which would make shaving a joy forever.

But despite the time and money spent by our research experts in improving Listerine Shaving Cream, their final conclusions are: 1. Shaving is at best a tiresome business. 2. Our cream, good as it is, simply will not make it fun to swish off the whiskers.

That is why we offer our Listerine Shaving Cream only as a *sensible* shaving aid. We claim for it that its rich lather will help you reduce to a minimum the pain of parting with your whiskers. And you can judge the quality of Listerine Shaving Cream from the fact that literally a fraction of an inch makes lots and lots of good, rich lather. But don't forget to keep adding plenty of water when you brush it up, because our research proves that water is really the secret of the whole beard-softening mystery.

The best way to find out whether you like "no-hokum" lather is to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after month



25¢

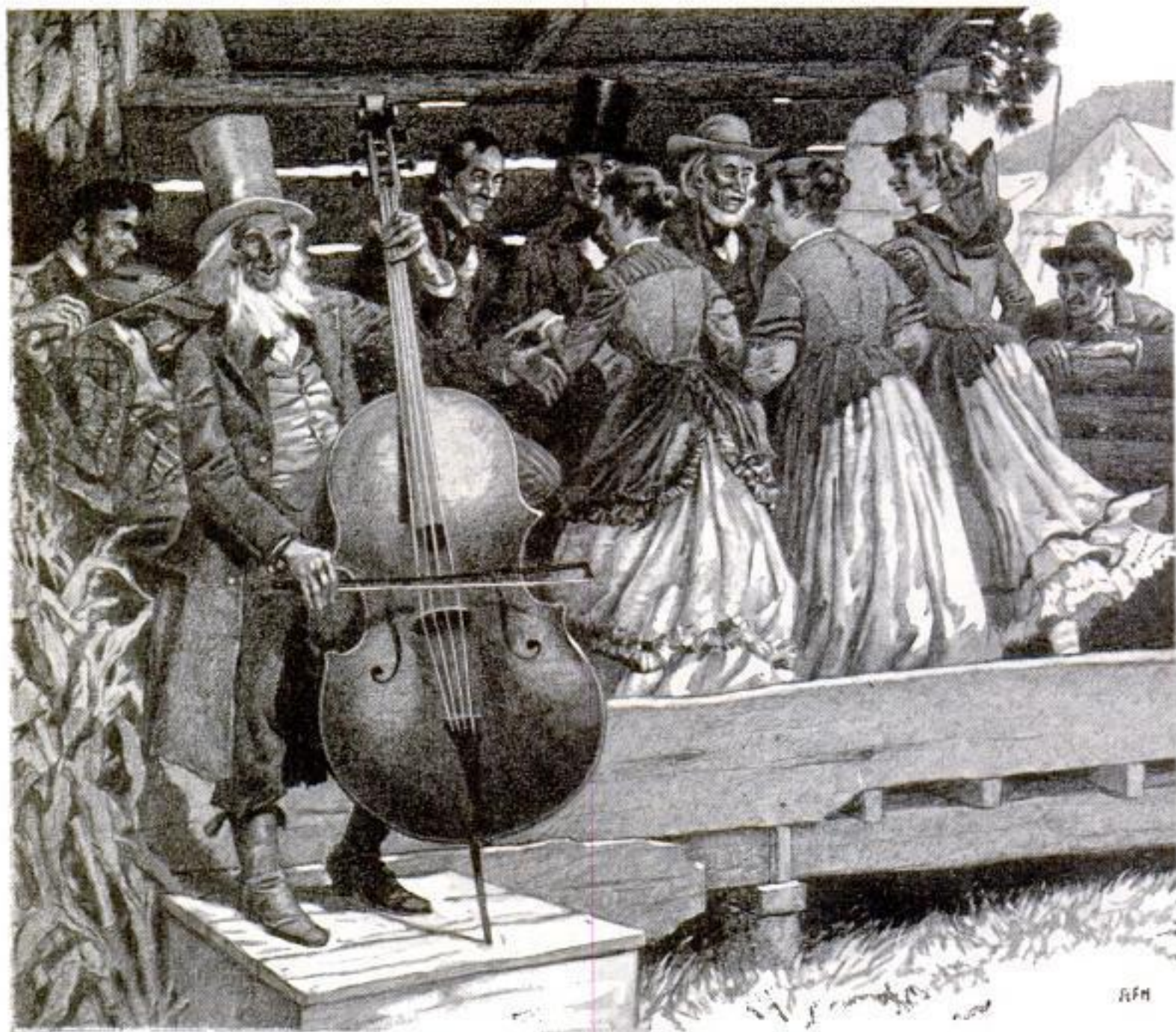
REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
 Out of this tube come comfortable shaves
 for men who prefer no-brush cream

This One



6KFU-UKG-XRSG

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Tunbridge, Vermont. The Tunbridge Fair, first held in 1867, is one of the oldest town fairs in the United States. It provided fun and instruction for old and young. One of its distinctive features is that many of the old handicrafts were demonstrated—pressing cheese by hand, dipping candles, carding, spinning, dyeing and weaving wool. The Fair has been inactive during the war.

How to Have Fun After Fifty-Five

If you are gainfully employed, National Life will be glad to show you how you can retire in 15, 20 or 25 years on a monthly income of \$150, \$200, \$300 or more, guaranteed in amount for the rest of your life.

Wouldn't you like to travel, see parts of the world at home and abroad that you haven't had the opportunity of seeing? Or, perhaps you would like to fish or hunt or just let up a bit from the daily grind of business.

The moment you pay your

first premium on a program of this kind, you and your family are protected. Should you not live to your retirement age, your wife or children will receive the full face amount of the insurance—and *double* that amount in case of death by accident should you care to arrange for such a contingency in the policy.

Send for the booklet, "A Guaranteed Income for You." Clip and mail the coupon below NOW.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—VERMONT

MONTPELIER,

*A Mutual Company, founded in 1850,
"as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"*

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE Insurance Co., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send me your free booklet, "A Guaranteed Income for You."

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Business or Home Address.....



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

WILLIAM PENN

Sirs:

We are all deeply pleased that LIFE in its story on William Penn (Oct. 16) was so helpful in assisting all Americans, and also peoples everywhere, to know more about the founder of our Commonwealth whose tercentenary was celebrated on Oct. 24, 1944. We have heard from England that the pictures taken there in connection with Penn's 300th birthday are among the best that British Quakers have seen of places connected with Penn's life.

RICHMOND P. MILLER

Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

It is certainly a magnificent article from a Pennsylvania standpoint.

EDWARD MARTIN
Governor

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

STRATEGIC PARADE

Sirs:

As nobody knew until now, the American Army's parade—as LIFE (Oct. 16) and everybody else called it—through Paris on Aug. 29, four days after the Paris liberation, was less a parade than an ingenious approach to battle.

Following the 4th Infantry Division which fought into Paris from the southwest with the French 2nd Armored Division and continued contacting the German rear guard toward Compiègne, the American 28th Infantry Division was routed through Paris to support the 4th on the 4th's left flank.

If the press noted that the Paris parade was in regimental combat-team



(continued on p. 4)

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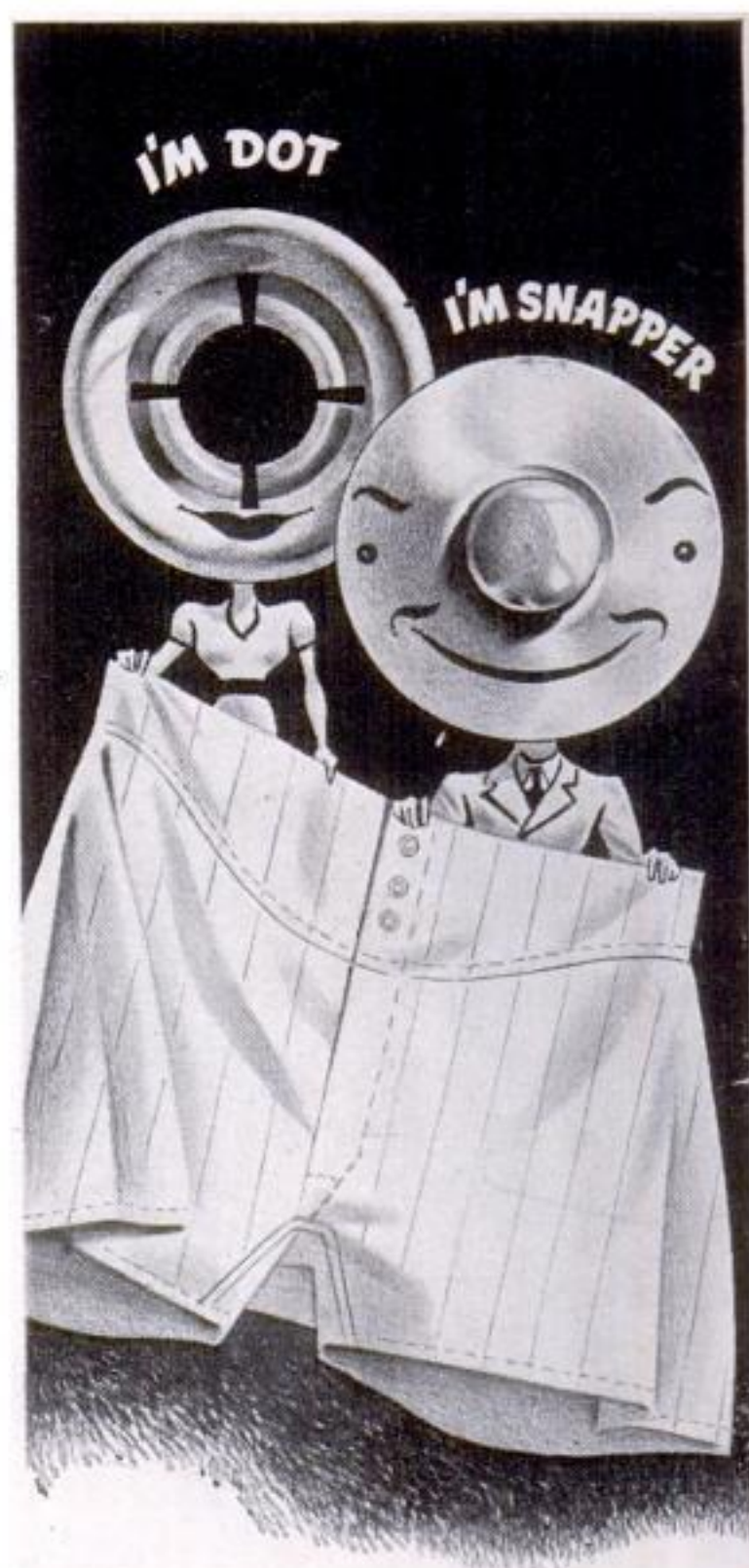
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LIFE
November 6, 1944

Volume 17
Number 19



DOT SNAPPERS WILL SOON BE BACK FROM THE War Fronts TO YOUR Shorts Fronts

It won't be long now, we hope, before Dot Snappers will be coming back from their service overseas to chase away your button troubles. When they have been mustered out, you will again be able to buy shorts, shirts, trousers, slacks, and children's play clothes with these quick, handy fasteners.

And that will be just a start because we are expecting to add many a new application to the long list of Dot Snapper pre-war uses.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DURING THE WAR

These dependable snap fasteners have had many important Army jobs. . . . Shown here is the inlet valve of a gas mask on which Dot Snappers hold in place the vital breathing disc.



DOT SNAPPERS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



4,300,000 JOBS TO DO TODAY

These are busy days for everybody in the telephone business. About 4,300,000 Toll and Long Distance messages go over the lines in the average business day. (That's in addition to more than 100,000,000 daily local conversations.)

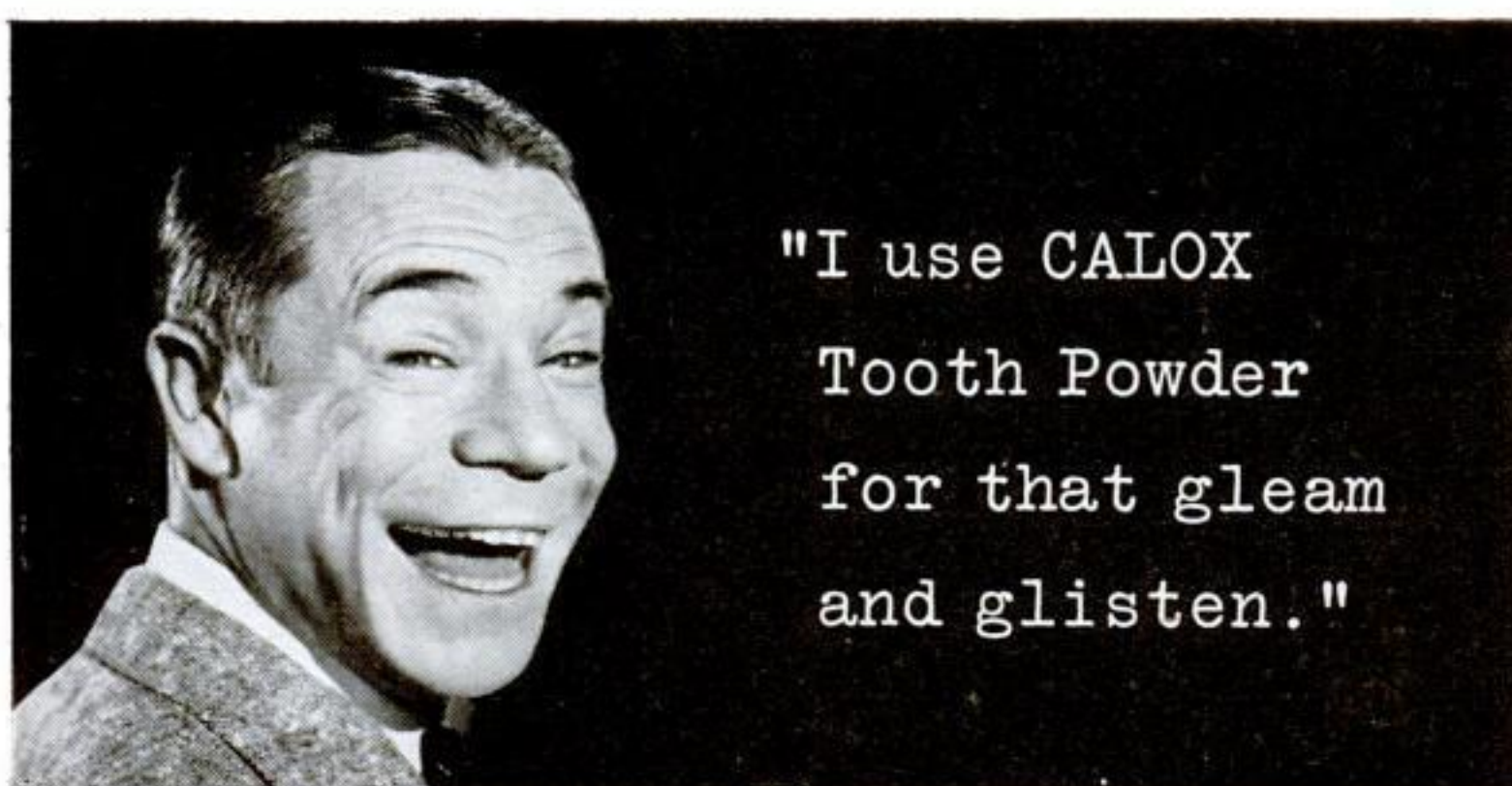
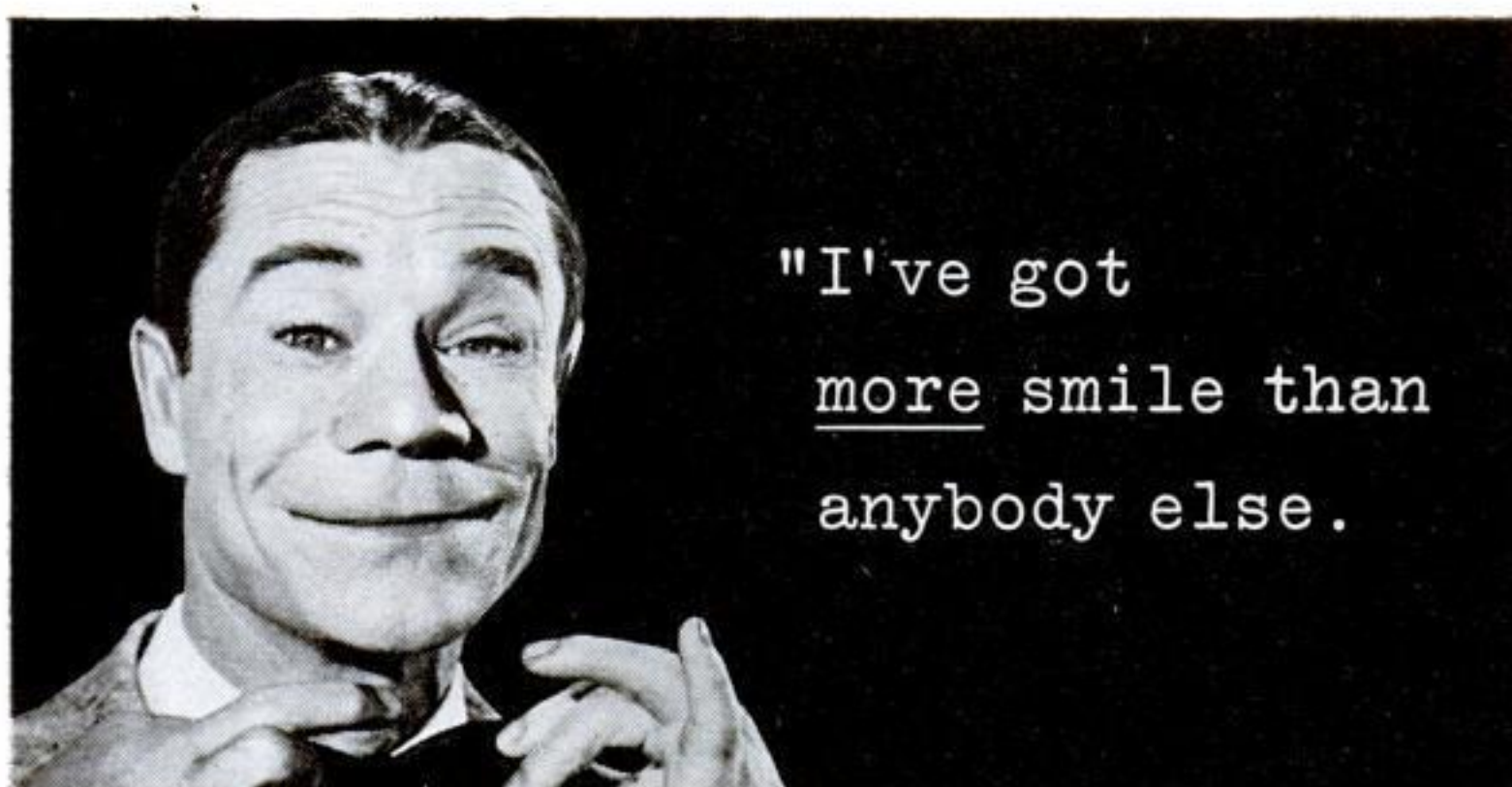
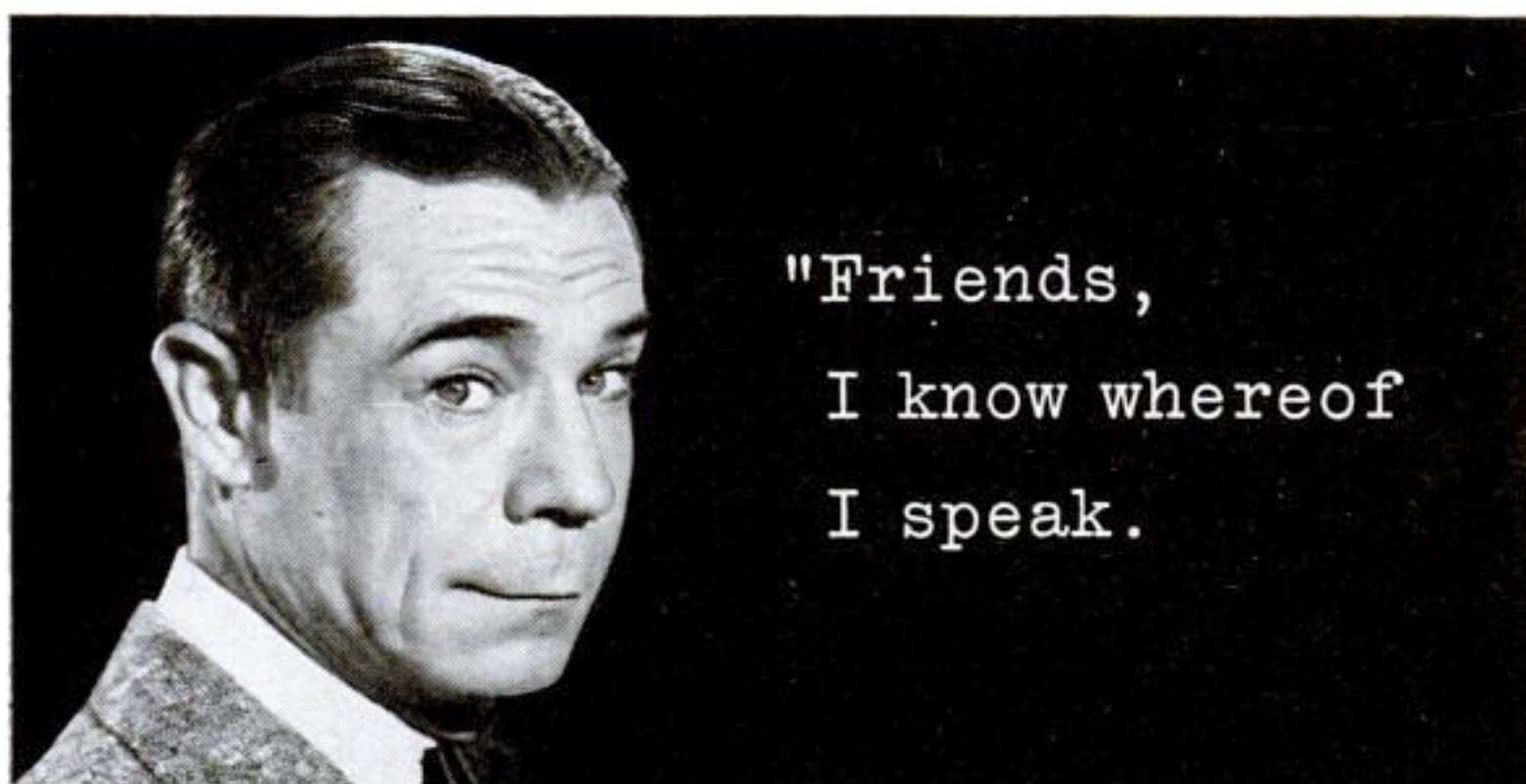
Most of these millions of messages go through all right but sometimes the Long Distance lines to war-busy centers get crowded. Then the Long Distance operator may ask your help by saying — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



JOE E. BROWN says:

(Star of "STOP OR GO," the quiz-bang show,
SUNDAY 8:30-9:00 P.M. EWT, the Blue Network)

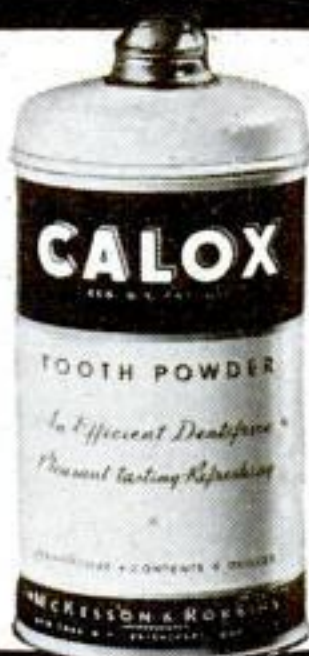


A dentist's

Calox was developed by a dentist. Look for these Calox features:

Contains 5 cleansing & polishing ingredients. Yes, Calox is a multiple-action powder—to help you remove all those surface stains.

Calox is gentle. Contains no harsh particles because Calox is double-



dentifrice

sifted through 100-mesh silk screen.

A cool, clean taste. So pleasant it encourages regular use. Children love it!

Made by a famous laboratory. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—with 111 years' experience in making fine drugs.

C A L O X



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

formation with tank-destroyer companies, antiaircraft batteries, field artillery, chemical, engineer and medical outfits, they probably thought all parades were like that, not having viewed parades for some time. I was certainly fooled.

At dawn the next day the division struck at the Germans between Le Bourget and Bois de Montmorency. By noon, Aug. 30, 24 hours after the start of the parade, the division's 1st Battalion had advanced 10 miles to the town of Villeron. By nightfall the division had moved and fought 15 miles' total advance from their Paris parade ground.

MARY WELSH

Paris

BOOM FOR GHOSTS

Sirs:

In your story on "The Boom" (LIFE, Oct. 16), look at that barroom picture again. Are even ghosts splurging now?

SGT. SAM B. SOLTER, AUS
Herington, Kan.



PHANTOM CUSTOMER (AT BAR)

● The picture was a time exposure. The girl moved and became a phantom figure.—ED.

BOOM FOR OIL MEN

Sirs:

I resent the classification of oil men along with the profiteers of the war boom. . . . If an oil man came "down from his office, his pockets lined with cash," (LIFE, Oct. 16) the chances are his pockets were lined with his capital, not his profits.

Oil, the commodity that is greasing the wheels of victory for the Allied countries, has been treated as a stepchild here at home. Why, I couldn't trade a barrel of oil for two dozen eggs or two dozen oranges! And it costs me the equivalent of three barrels of oil to hire a baby sitter at night!

I'll bet the Texan who spent \$10,000 in six weeks at the Broadmoor was NOT an oil man!

MRS. GENE AMES

San Antonio, Texas

● But he was. ED.

"I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS"

Sirs:

. . . About three weeks ago I dreamed I was in Newport. It seems that I was one of a group touring the countryside when a terrific thunderstorm came up. Looking around for shelter, we saw a large white house, off from the road, and we decided to take refuge there. It was boarded up but we gained entrance through a rear door.

We remained in the "furnished living room on the left of the front entrance" until the storm abated, after which it seems I went through a large door lead-



"They go together
at the Ambassador...
a **RAINFAIR** raincoat
and a well-dressed man"

says Annice Wadsworth, check-room girl at
Los Angeles' fashionable Ambassador Hotel

Good company for your smartest suit
...a Rainfair will see it safely through
the rain, and do it proud when the sun
shines. Depend on Rainfairs for fine
fabric and expert tailoring...look for
Rainfairs at better stores everywhere.

smart as a topcoat, and ready for rain!

Tackle Twill...
\$16.75 A distinctive
raglan style
made of the
famous, long-wear-
ing Tackle Twill...
showerproofed for
wet weather. Slash
pockets, deep yoke
and sleeve lining.
Eggshell or tan.

Lustre Twill...
\$16.75 Soft, supple
fabric that drapes
beautifully...
lustrous cotton and
rayon twill in
grey, tan or sand.

FREE BOOKLET
...how to make
your raincoat last
...Our new free
booklet gives you
detailed instruc-
tions, and illus-
trates the latest
Rainfair styles.
Write for it...
today!



buy war bonds first

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seal and Zephyr
Plastic-Coated Rainwear

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin

(continued on p. 6)

FOR THIS CHRISTMAS... AND A LIFETIME

THIS Christmas, give the best, the most treasured possession of all — the bright gift of knowledge.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, with its twenty-four handsomely bound volumes, prepared by the world's finest minds, is a gift that will bring pleasure to every member of your family. The most complete and authoritative reference set in the world, it will enrich the lives of those who own it for long years to come.

Encyclopaedia Britannica is easy to own; you will be particularly interested in the special purchase plan effective between now and Christmas. With it comes the Britannica Book of the Year, a graphic summary of the past year's achievements in every field of human endeavor. The Britannica Book of the Year keeps you constantly up to date on encyclopaedia material.

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This year, more than ever before, Encyclopaedia Britannica is a necessary part of the life of every thinking American family. Make this Christmas a time to remember for a lifetime.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

BRITANNICA JUNIOR

BRITANNICA JUNIOR

The Boys' and Girls' Encyclopaedia

A modern encyclopaedia for young people, easily within the mental grasp and understanding of children of Elementary and Junior High School age. Edited by the staff of world-famous Encyclopaedia Britannica. Profusely illustrated. New owners receive the privilege of obtaining up to 50 confidential, individually prepared Library Research Reports in answer to questions relating to the customary problems of children.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
20 NORTH WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS



Why don't
YOU take it,
Mommy?



NO WONDER Billy wanted *me* to try a spoonful! That awful-tasting laxative I used to give him was enough to sicken a person. And I didn't discover how upsetting it was until I had taken some, myself!

Some laxatives are too strong!



THEN I SWITCHED to another laxative—one that was supposed to be very mild. But Billy didn't like that one any better—said it was "nasty stuff". And the worst part of it was that the "mild" medicine only stirred up his little tummy, without giving him the relief he needed!

Some laxatives are too mild!



THANK GOODNESS, Billy's gym teacher guessed what his trouble was... and told him to tell me about Ex-Lax! I got some for Billy. He just loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to find a laxative that's so effective, yet so gentle. Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

ing on to the porch in the front. I was impressed with the four large white columns in the center of the front entrance, and the other smaller white columns.

It was then that I awoke to find that I had been dreaming. I knew I had never been to Newport; I had never seen that particular house, or one like it.

Last week, while reading my copy of LIFE, imagine my surprise when I noticed your "LIFE Visits a Fading Newport," and a picture of my "dream



house." Believe it or not, that's the same house I was in during that dream. That's the same door I went through, the same porch I was on, the same yard. The moment I saw the picture I knew at once that that was the house and the place.

I have never visited Newport; I have never seen that house or one like it.

Well, that's a true story, dream or what have you. Because it struck me as rather uncanny and as an interesting incident, as dreams go, I have bothered you with it.

HOYT W. BOONE

Greensboro, N.C.

NIGHTCLUB PESTS

Sirs:

Orchids to Danny Kaye (LIFE, Oct. 16). I've wanted to do something about these nightclub pests for years.

CHARLES W. CHANDLER

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:

THE STORY OF DANNY KAYE ILLUSTRATING NIGHTCLUB PESTS TAKEN AT CIRO'S HOLLYWOOD HAS CAUSED UNUSUAL COMMENT. NONE OF THESE PICTURES HAS BEEN INSPIRED BY "OUR" PATRONS WHO ARE ALL WONDERFUL PEOPLE.

H. D. HOVER

Ciro's

Hollywood, Calif.

"GUNG HO!"

Sirs:

Pepper Martin's report in your issue of Oct. 16 asserts that a lieutenant of the 1st Marine Division while enroute to Palau remarked, "The marines saw Gung Ho! and thought it was the epitome of the ridiculous to cinematize live grown marines charging ashore all bunched up and yelling 'Gung Ho!' It reminded them of a high-school cheering section." This extremely adolescent remark does injustice to marines of the old 2nd Raider battalion and Producer Walter Wanger. In the first place the picture *Gung Ho!* does not show marines charging ashore while yelling "Gung Ho!" It is true they were "bunched up" during the raid and so were they during the actual landing when we made the raid on Makin Island which the picture portrayed. It will be remembered that the raid was made under cover of a moonless night and that the first object was to get the men ashore as quickly and silently as possible. ... Occasionally on the battlefield the cry "Gung Ho" or "Hi Raider" would be heard. The purpose in such instances was either to identify the location of a raider to adjacent comrades in order that they might not fire into him

(continued on p. 8)

Embarrassing Adventures of "Whirly" McBurdy



WHOA! "Stop? Go? Right turn? Left turn? Is he a traffic cop or a whirling dervish?" ponders Paula. Patience, Paula! Poor McBurdy's old-style underwear has him down. It binds. It bunches. It tickles and tortures his tummy. But stick around...



SO! McBurdy's sighted Healthknit "comfort-wear." He'll cut a real figure in KUT-UPS—the amazing shirt with the exclusive vent feature. It stays tucked in! And MACDEES will put him at ease. They're the bottoms famous for Cantilever Support—the firm, yet gentle lift. NO CREEP, NO BUNCH, NO BIND!



GO! Traffic's unsnarled and so's McBurdy! He's the pride of the force in his new Healthknit underwear. "My KUT-UPS never creep up," says he. "And MACDEES give swell support. There's nothing like 'em for a man who's on his feet all day!" Their soft, fine-combed yarns guard him against chills and colds, protect outer clothing against perspiration, too.

TIP FOR YOU:
Change to
Healthknit
Underwear



Kut-Ups
Give comfort
from the waist up

MACDEES
Give comfort, and
support, from the
waist down. Choice
of ankle, knee and
mid-lengths.

Healthknit
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
UNDERWEAR

At Haberdashers and Department Stores
Standard Knitting Mills, Inc., Knoxville 3, Tenn.



"You've got to give up something"

★ **B**EFORE I ever saw action—how long ago that seems—I remember discussing with the rest of the boys the cost of each shell and griping about it.

"Then came the Japs, and we wised up. They're tough fighters, hard to stop. And when you realize that stopping them is the one important thing, price no longer matters.

"It cost *me* a foot. But I don't mind. You've got to give up something, you know."

War Bonds are investments, you know, not sacrifice! How many of them is a foot worth?

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED is working now to analyze every job which men with physical disabilities could perform, so that these jobs can be made available first to returning wounded service men.

We have reprinted this series of messages from wounded Americans to you in a brochure which gives far more complete details of the interviews they gave. We also have reprints of this advertisement suitable for posters. Write to: REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED, Executive Offices, 230 Park Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

This is Coxswain Antone Joseph Mell, of Loletea, Calif., whom we Americans sent to do our fighting with our fleet in the Pacific.



I'll never be lonely again

To think—I was afraid to meet you, my darling!

Ted and Laura said you were so attractive; all the girls were excited about you.

And I—well, I was a shy kind of person. I couldn't see why you'd like me.

But—"You have such darling hands," you said. "Feminine; soft. I love your hands." I was so proud, darling, so happy.

Now the thought of you is always with me. My hands work hard to help win this war. But what if the work does take the natural softeners from my skin? I use Jergens Lotion. And I can count on Jergens to help keep my hands nice and soft, dear, for you to come home to.



College girls know the smart hand care. They use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1. Next thing to professional care. Treats your hands with 2 ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough skin become attractive, desirable. No sticky feeling. Easy to use! To be sure... always use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

or as a challenge to comrades who might possibly be in the line of friendly fire to identify themselves. No member of this Raider Battalion was ever a victim of friendly fire. If it reminds some people of a high-school cheering section then I suggest we have more high-school cheering sections in the armed forces. If shouting "Umbriago! dat's ma boy" inspires men to fight and work with unremitting fervor for... our American conception of a democratic society, then let us join in shouting "Umbriago!"

LIEUT. COLONEL EVANS F. CARLSON, USMC
Escondido, Calif.

● LIFE's thanks to the leader of the famed 2nd Marine Raider Battalion (LIFE, Sept. 20, 1943). Lieut. Colonel Carlson is now recuperating from wounds he received when he attempted to rescue a wounded private first class during the Saipan campaign.—ED.

UTILITY BEEF

Sirs:

In the Oct. 16 issue, page 61, "Utility Beef" has proved of great value to my wife. To be taken into the secrets of proper selection of meats is quite new for a consumer.

WILLIAM B. RITTERBUSCH
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BEDROOM SCENE

Sirs:

What is the woman doing under the bed in *To Have and Have Not* (LIFE, Oct. 16)?

COLIN EISLER
New York, N. Y.



● After administering ether to her husband (*on bed*) she inhaled some, passed out.—ED.

DIAGNOSIS

Sirs:

Sincere congratulations on having at long last printed the picture of a movie star who actually looks like a human being and not like a grinning, empty-headed fool (LIFE, Oct. 16). My cordial compliments to Miss Lauren Bacall.

JOHN FASSETT EDWARDS, M.D.
Easton, Pa.



HUMAN BEING



Pert, pretty Barbara Britton, starring in the Paramount Picture, "Till We Meet Again," declares, "Stockings are important to any girl who knows the first thing about grooming!" And a good stocking must be all that Cannon Rayons are. They fit divinely. They're dull—and extra sheer. They wear and wear!

Barbara gives you a tip about stocking care, too: "Suds your rayons gently!" Even rayons as beautiful as Cannons don't take to rough treatment. And for longest wear, allow 36 hours for drying!



Cannon Hosiery
HI-TWIST RAYON

Made by the makers of famous Cannon towels and sheets

Exclusive Exciting Exquisite



Perma-lift
BRASSIERES

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Another fine Hickory product

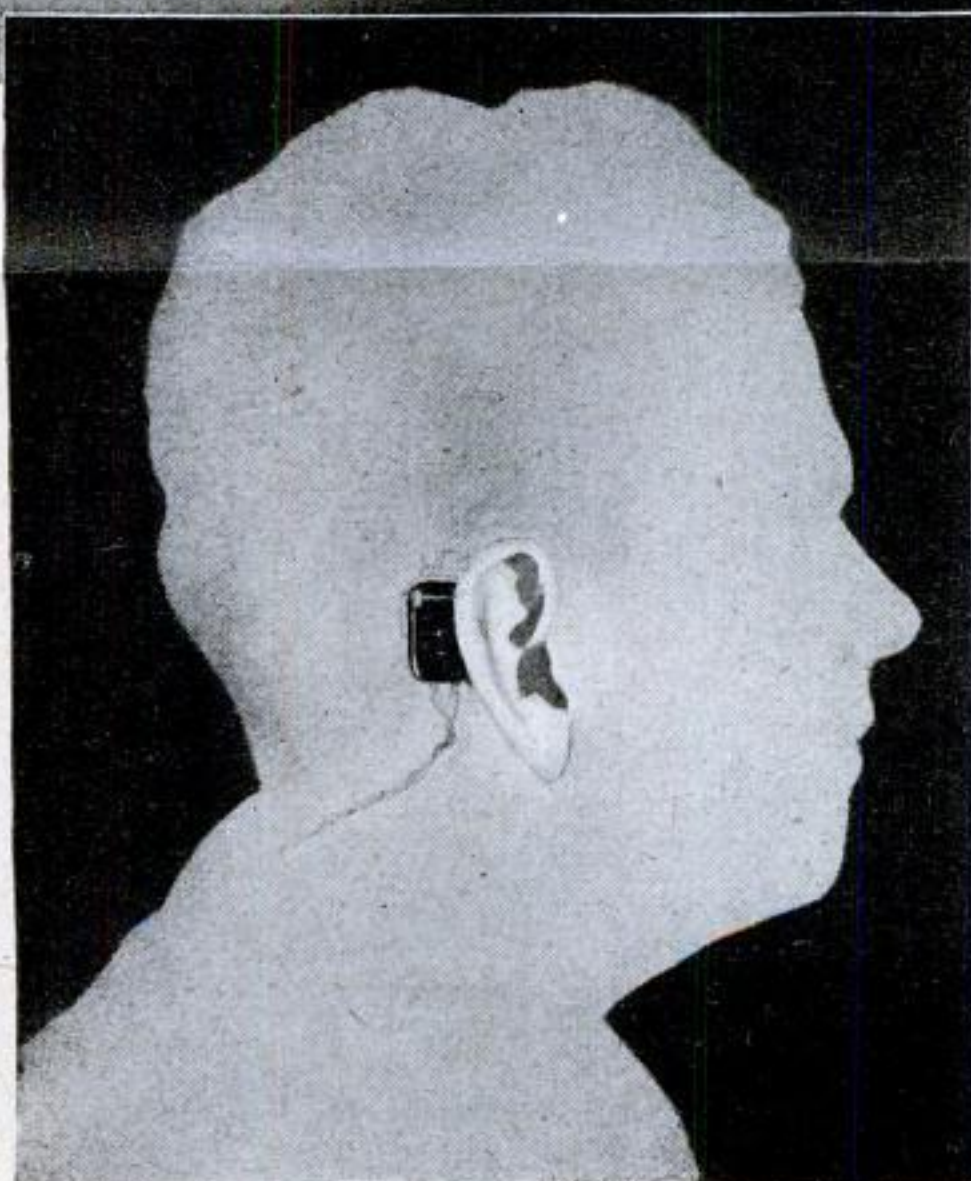
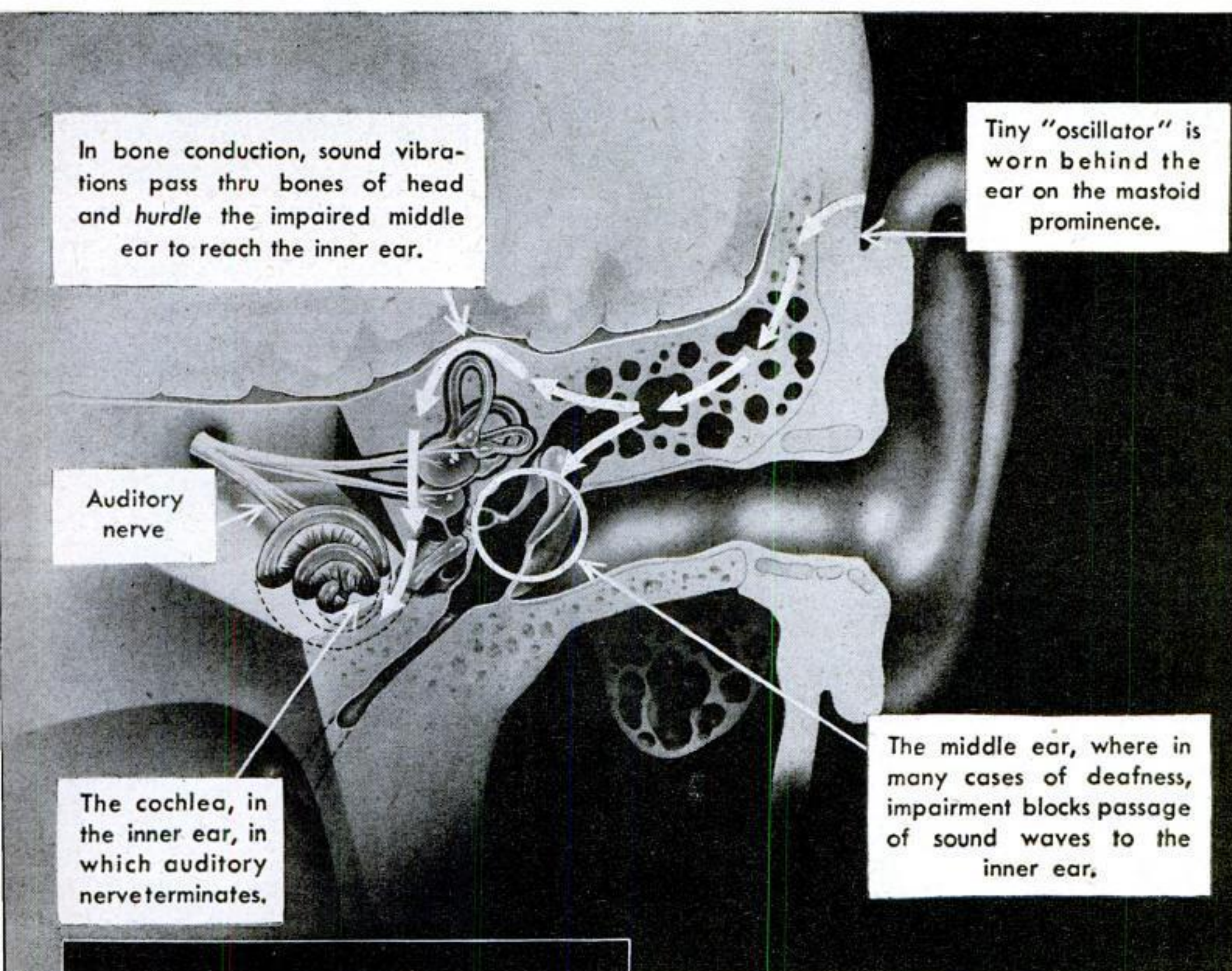
You'll enjoy wearing PERMA-LIFT—America's fastest growing bra—America's only bra with the exclusive cushion inset. PERMA-LIFT gently lifts your bosom, never becomes limp or lax through constant washing and wear. At fine stores everywhere \$1.25 to \$2.50.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

Sonotone's Revolutionary

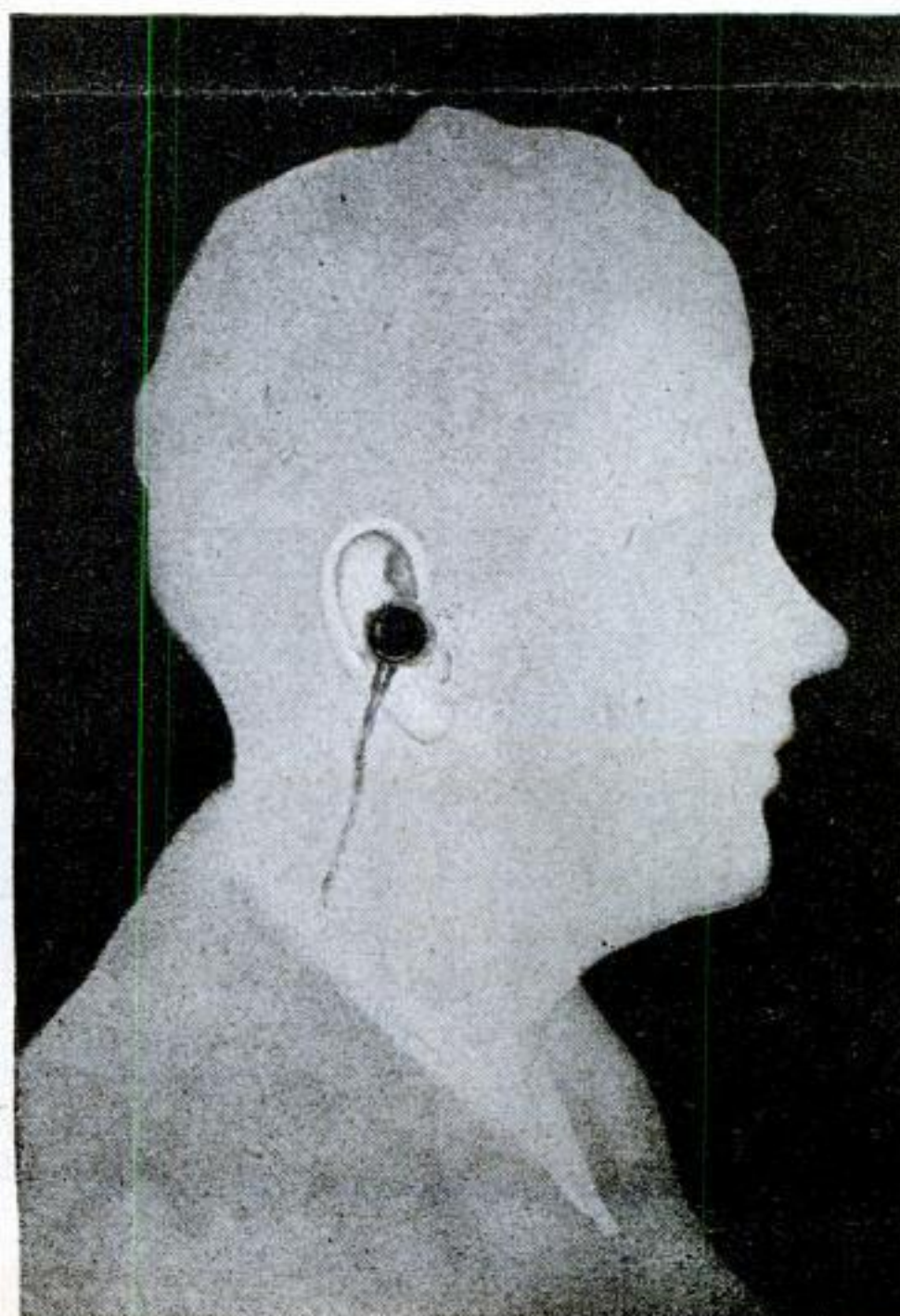
Bone Conduction Invention

nearly doubles your chances of better hearing



Bone Conduction (above) was first made practicable by the invention of the bone conduction oscillator on which Sonotone holds basic patents. It transmits sound vibrations through the bones of the head, and is always fitted **BACK OF THE EAR**.

Air Conduction (right) has been in use for many years. It transmits the amplified sound waves through the **air** passages of the ear, and is always fitted **IN THE EAR**.



IN 1932, Sonotone presented its patented new Bone Conduction Oscillator, thereby nearly doubling the world's chances of better hearing!

Up to that time there had been plenty of other hearing aids . . . but all based on the same principle of amplifying or "high-pressuring" sound through the air passages of the ear. In a high percentage of cases, however, disease or injury had so blocked up these passages that sound couldn't be forced through the middle ear and in such cases, of course, Air Conduction was useless, or at best only half effective.

The Sonotone Bone Conduction Oscillator opened a second door to the auditory nerve. It gave a man two chances of hearing instead of only one. And when experience proved that this tiny device enabled the deafened to hear through the bones of the head with amazing clarity and purity of tone, it brought a new hope of better hearing and happier living to nearly half of America's deafened millions.

Today when you see that little button back of a man's ear, say to yourself . . . "there's another man who has more fun living because of a Sonotone invention." And a man for you, perhaps, to imitate! For if you are having difficulty with your hearing, or if you ever tried a hearing aid and didn't get the help you hoped for, it may be that you need Bone Conduction.

In your choice of a hearing aid, the maker is as vital as his instrument. What has he done in the hearing aid industry? For over 15 years Sonotone has been dedicated to better hearing . . . and nothing else! Sonotone has carried on the most extensive scientific research ever done on hearing aids and made more improvements in the design, fitting and servicing of hearing aids than any other single manufacturer.

Bone Conduction is one classic example. Selective amplification (which permits individualized fitting) is another. So, too, is audiometric fitting. Radical improvements in the little vacuum tubes that give life to your hearing have brought Sonotone recognition as one of the country's foremost miniature tube makers. From Sonotone's war work for the U. S. Signal Corps there has just come a new series of tinier, easier-to-hear-with receivers. And a record like that is one big reason for going to the Sonotone office . . . you can expect to get better hearing there.

SONOTONE

A personal service that seeks to give you **BETTER HEARING** *FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE*

Accepted by the Council on Physical Medicine of the American Medical Association

There are over 160 Sonotone offices. The office nearest you is listed in your local telephone directory. Phone for information or write SONOTONE, ELMSFORD, N. Y. In Canada: write 229 Yonge St., Toronto. In England, 144 Wigmore St., London, W. 1. Also available in the world's principal countries. If you live in the U. S. A. write for a free copy of "Hearing Through the Years".

© 1944, Sonotone Corp.



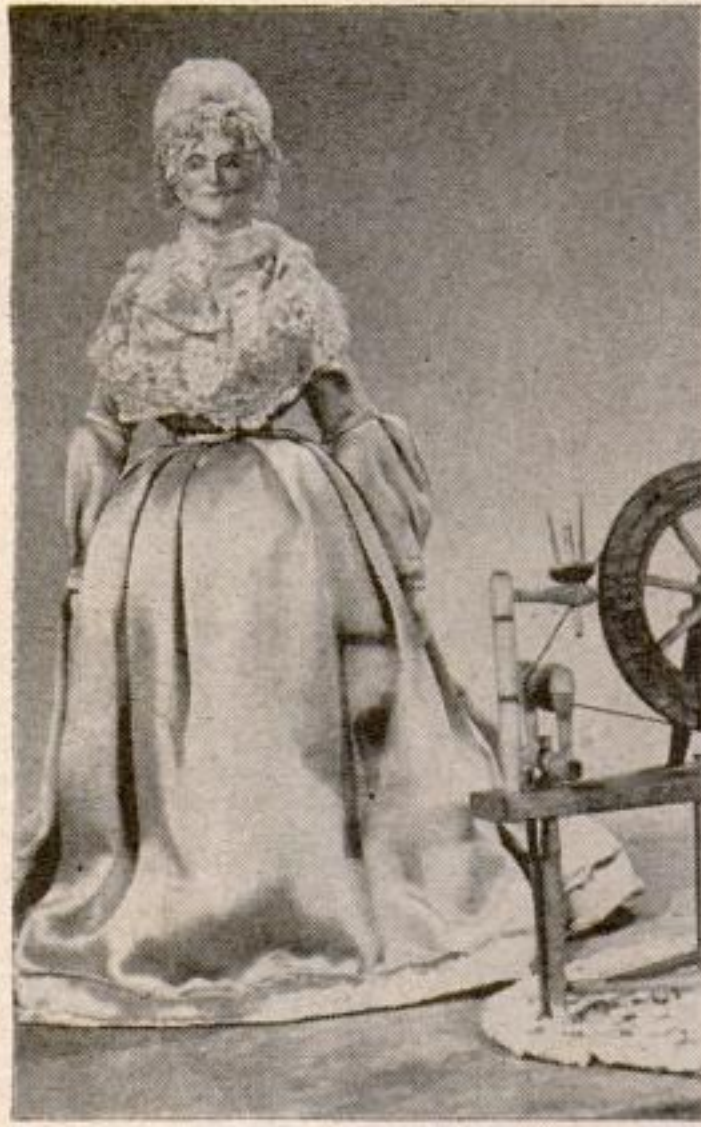
Plan to buy a 6th WAR LOAN BOND!

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... AMERICA'S FIRST LADIES HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS



Mrs. George Washington was rich, beautiful widow when the future hero married her. She loved roses and named them for her friends.



Mrs. John Adams was the first President's wife to live in the White House and didn't like it. She hung laundry in the East Room.



Mrs. James (Dolly) Madison was gayest of Presidents' wives, later became fat and poor. She is said to have invented ice cream.



Mrs. James Monroe was rich and snobbish. As First Lady she never returned calls, spent up to \$100 a night for White House candles.



Mrs. John Quincy Adams was the first President's wife to work as a secretary—for her father. She disliked Boston, her Adams in-laws.



Mrs. Andrew Jackson had snapping black eyes, smoked corn-cob pipe, died heartbroken over vicious political slanders against her.



Mrs. William Henry Harrison bore 10 children, lost eight. Her newly inaugurated husband died before she reached Washington.



Mrs. John Tyler used to have the Marine band play at the White House and introduced *Hail to the Chief* as the Presidential theme song.



Mrs. James K. Polk barred cards and dancing from the White House. Her husband died soon after his term; she outlived him 46 years.



Mrs. Zachary Taylor didn't want her husband to be President for fear it would "shorten his life." He died after a year in office.



Mrs. Millard Fillmore was an ex-village schoolmarm who started the White House library. She also installed first bathroom.



Mrs. Franklin Pierce is shown in mourning. She is holding picture of her 11-year-old son who was killed in a tragic railroad accident.

These beautifully costumed wax statuettes were made by Miss Ethel McLean of Sharpsburg, Md. to show how the wives of U.S. Presidents have looked over 150 years. Many of the gowns are exact copies of dresses worn by their owners to their Inaugural Balls. Three Presidents—Tyler, Cleveland and Wilson—

married in the White House. Tyler and Wilson were widowers, Cleveland was a 49-year-old bachelor who courted his 22-year-old bride with flowers while she was still in college. Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Martin Van Buren and Mrs. Chester Arthur died before their husbands were elected. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison

died just before end of husband's term and he remarried later. James Buchanan was only President to die unmarried. None was divorced. Five Presidents' widows are now living and receiving \$5,000 pensions—Frances Cleveland (now Mrs. Thomas J. Preston), Mary Harrison, Edith Roosevelt, Edith Wilson, Grace Coolidge.



Mrs. Abraham Lincoln nagged her husband for using the wrong knife at table and ran up big bills in the dress shops of Washington.



Mrs. Andrew Johnson was a 17-year-old schoolteacher when she married. She taught her illiterate husband how to read and write.



Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant was fat and comfortable and had a craving for rice pudding. Her husband gave federal jobs to her relations.



Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was a strict prohibitionist and barred all liquor from the White House. Sports called her "Lemonade Lucy."



Mrs. James Garfield was left penniless when her husband was assassinated in Washington. Congress voted her \$50,000 plus a pension.



Mrs. Grover Cleveland was prettiest White House bride. Cleveland had been her guardian and she had called him "Uncle Cleve."



Mrs. William McKinley accepted her husband's proposal on buggy ride in Canton, Ohio. He treated her, an invalid, tenderly.



Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was T. R.'s second wife. Her big family of growing children made the White House a warm and lively place.



Mrs. William H. Taft persuaded her husband to run for the presidency instead of becoming Chief Justice in 1908. She died last year.



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (the first) was her husband's companion for 30 years, died in 1915 during Wilson's first term as President.



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (the second) married him three and a half months after first wife died. She is still living in Washington.



Mrs. Warren G. Harding was the second divorcée to be a President's wife (first was Rachel Jackson). She henpecked her husband.



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was a charming hostess. Cal called her "Ma-ma." Now 65, she lives in Northampton, Mass.



Mrs. Herbert Hoover was a scholar and devoted to husband. Her specialty was Girl Scouts. She died last year at 68.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is most spectacular President's wife since Dolly Madison and first to marry a cousin. She is also the first to write for newspapers, the first to hold press conferences and she has traveled farther than all the rest put together.

Proof of the pudding

You've got the right idea, Son! The way to tell if anything's good is to try it. That's what we do—and here's how it has proved its worth.

Plenty of new devices and products look good—on the blueprints.

But our engineers have always been just hard-boiled enough about our products to give them the final, conclusive check of actual field trials.

That's why, long ago, General Motors built the first automotive Proving Ground as a real aid in making more and better things for more people.

It's a 1245-acre outdoor laboratory—laced with miles of all kinds of roads and

crowded with driving hazards. Cobblestones, grades, curves, bumps—everything here to show up a weakness or to prove a strength. Millions of test miles were run every year to improve your car.

Then everything changed—literally with a bang! New war machines appeared, all in need of tests that might mean everything to our fighting men. And the Proving Ground was right there ready to try them out.

If you could visit the General Motors Proving Ground today, you would see tanks standing on their heads, half-tracks slewed around at impossible angles, strange vehicles of war speeding waist-high through flying



water. They are proving their good points, and showing up the bugs that might cause trouble to American fighters.

Here is a pressing wartime need met fully because of peacetime enterprise. It was possible because, in our country, men are justly rewarded for such enterprise.

This idea helped make America great, good to live in, good to bring up a family in. It proved its worth in war. And it will produce more and better things for more people as time goes on.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG



Buy More War Bonds





Introducing Mrs. Eugene Singer. And the "family," Patricia, 7, and Jimmy, 4. They'll tell you proudly, "Dad's a lieutenant in the Navy!" Mrs. Singer (who actually *does* sing) often helps entertain servicemen's groups in and near Chicago.



The Singers' home is pleasant, roomy. They're anxious to "fix the inside like new" after the war. "There are loads of things we want to do," said Mrs. Singer, "but Gene's promised me we can have the kitchen done over first!"

The Singers, of Highland Park, Ill.,
invite you to an

Exciting Kitchen Preview



Before

Their kitchen as it is today—average-size, a bit old-fashioned. "The most exciting thing about a postwar all-electric kitchen," declared Mrs. Singer, "is that it costs surprisingly little—whether you're building, or remodeling, as we plan to do!"



After

And now—take a preview peek at the Singers' kitchen of "tomorrow." It's the same kitchen, redesigned by the General Electric Home Bureau to save steps, save work—and be one of the brightest rooms in the house.

In it, there'll be all these after-victory marvels...

G-E dishwasher. Washes a day's dirty dishes sparkling-clean, with never a chip or crack. Rinses, dries, all by itself. (And there's always plenty of hot water, thanks to G. E.'s automatic Water Heater.)

G-E Disposall (fits into the sink). Grinds up every scrap of garbage—even bones—and scuttles it all down the drain.

G-E refrigerator, with crisping compartments and butter conditioner to keep butter spreadable. **G-E range**, to let you in on the joys of electric cooking. And all the "little helpers" ... for example ...



Sleek new G-E Automatic Toaster. No more burned, scraped toast! This G-E wonder pops it up when it's crisp and golden, or can be set to keep toast warm as long as you want it. Easy to clean.

TUNE IN: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC — "The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS!



All-Electric Kitchen

Everything Electrical for After-Victory Homes

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIFE'S REPORTS



GERMAN WOMAN REFUGEE PULLS WHEELBARROW FULL OF FAMILY BELONGINGS

NOW THE GERMANS ARE THE REFUGEES

by WILLIAM WALTON

Sometimes war is very personal when you see it all around you. It was that way when we went down from the surrounding hills into Aachen. The shelling and bombing had ceased because our infantrymen were creeping from house to house, rooting out every German with rifles, machine guns and grenades. Gunfire sounded, now loud, now whispering as we entered the streets of Aachen.

Every building was damaged or destroyed. Not a window remained. Dense smoke swirled over rows of houses that looked like the brownstone fronts of New York's East 80s, but in ruins. The air was full of tiny cinders that were grit in your eyes and bitter on your tongue.

We stopped at an intersection to watch spurts of rock thrown up by mortar shells farther down a side street. Then commenced one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen. Slowly from a huge basement shelter down that street the people of Aachen began streaming out into the smoky sunshine. Heavy with weariness, with fear, and with the bulging bundles of their last possessions, they plodded in double files toward us. One block behind them guns poked from windows and ruined doorways and were blasting at one another, shattering chipped masonry, raising clouds of dust and smoke. The people walked on, casting only occasional frightened looks over their shoulders. For almost 10 days they had lived in that basement; some had been there for months. They blinked in the sunlight.

Three-fourths of them were women, many of them old. The old

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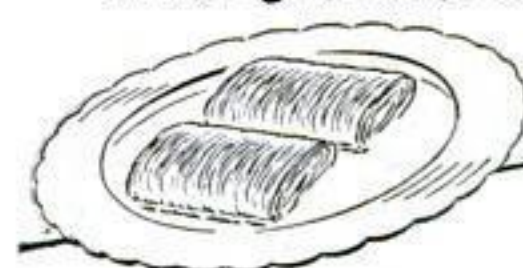
THE PLODDING PEOPLE OF AACHEN CARRY THEIR POSSESSIONS OUT OF TOWN



ENERGY-BUILDER BREAKFAST SPEEDS THE MORNING'S WORK

Make your main dish tasty, satisfying
Nabisco Shredded Wheat!

THERE'S MORE BOUNCE in your step, more sparkle in your eye—when you start the morning well, with Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Add milk, sugar, fruit, for a real wide-awake breakfast.



**NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT**
contributes these
essential food elements:

1. PROTEINS for strength
2. CARBOHYDRATES for energy
3. VITAMIN B₁ aids assimilation
4. IRON for blood-building
5. PHOSPHORUS for strong bones

**ENERGY-BUILDER
BREAKFAST SALE**
NOW AT
FOOD STORES

MADE FROM 100% WHOLE WHEAT
for quick energy. And wheat is one of the Basic 7 Foods advised by our Government. For a better day, start it this Nabisco Shredded Wheat way.



BAKED BY NABISCO . . .
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY, bakers of Nabisco Cereals, Ritz Crackers, Premium Crackers and other family favorites.



LET'S HAVE
ANOTHER
FLYING
LESSON!

OKAY—I'LL
SHOW YOU
HOW EASY IT
IS TO TURN.

by
HAWLEY
TURNER

AS WE FLY STRAIGHT AHEAD
AND ON THE LEVEL—NOTICE

THE RUDDER (FOOT)
PEDALS ARE
NEUTRAL AND —

THE STICK IS
STRAIGHT UP.

SEE
FIG. 1

FIG. 1



PLANE IS FLYING
STRAIGHT
AND LEVEL

OKAY, TOM—NOW
HOW DO WE TURN?

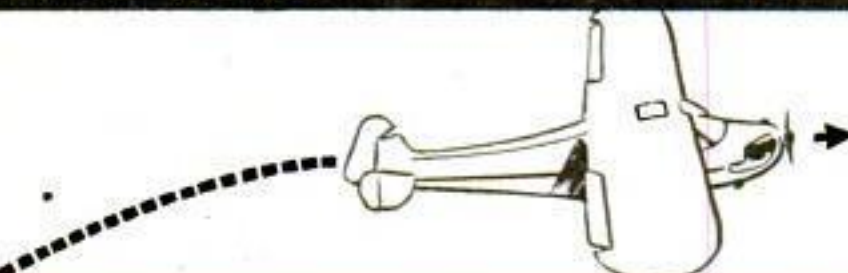
TO TURN TO THE
RIGHT, PUSH THE

RIGHT RUDDER PEDAL
FORWARD AND —

MOVE THE STICK
TO THE RIGHT.

SEE
FIG. 2

FIG. 2



PLANE BANKS
AND TURNS TO
THE RIGHT

SAY, THE CONTROLS ARE
BACK TO NEUTRAL AND
WE'RE STILL TURNING!
HOW DO WE FLY
STRAIGHT
AGAIN?

THAT'S EASY, MARY—
JUST PUSH THE

LEFT RUDDER PEDAL
FORWARD AND —

MOVE THE
STICK LEFT
UNTIL WE
STRAIGHTEN OUT.

THEN RETURN
ALL CONTROLS
TO
NEUTRAL

LEARN ALL THE FLYING
FUNDAMENTALS WITH NEW
"HOW TO FLY" BOOKLET!

Over 50 step-by-step photos and descriptions. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Write Dept. L114, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY?

It should plan landing facilities now—for its citizens and its future. The booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates various types. It covers benefits, where to build and how to start. For your free copy, write Department L114W.



PIPER "PLANE QUIZ"

1. Which is simpler, the engine in your car or in a Piper Cub?
The engine in the Cub is much simpler.
2. What is the upkeep and depreciation on a Piper Cub?
Considerably less than on a popular-priced car.
3. Who can learn to fly a Piper Cub?
Anyone 16 to 60 with normal health and judgment.
4. How long does it take to learn to fly a Piper Cub?
8 hours instruction required before soloing.

This lesson explains only the fundamentals. Keep it with the others that follow. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction. Write us "Plane Quiz" questions you want answered.

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION—LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.



PIPER CUB

Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

move very slowly even when the war is breathing hot behind them. They panted under loads of paper, suitcases, packages of clothing, shopping bags stuffed with small possessions. They panted and plodded on. One old crone in wooden-soled shoes pushed a baby carriage full of household goods. She seemed to see and hear nothing. Another passed, muttering gutturally, the wind ruffling her straggling white hair. Middle-aged ones looked more harassed and some were black with anger. In twos and threes they trudged, a long, winding line up the street.

The younger ones herded frightened children. One pushed a baby carriage in which a blank-faced one-year-old sat wedged among sacks of food. Another young woman, her face working with emotion, clutched the hand of her 8-year-old son, who looked wild with terror.

Two girls of 20 came abreast. They gave us a fierce burning look and then turned their faces to the wall as they walked by, not a casual gesture but a slow, studied movement of hate and revulsion.

"Can't we stay here?"

The only smiles were from an elderly man who walked alone and waved as he passed, and from two blue-eyed women, who looked as though they might be charwomen and seemed to think their struggle with a two-handled basket was uproarious.

The men were old, some shepherding wives. Some pushing carts, some so elderly they barely shuffled, some moved 10 yards, set down mountainous bundles and took a breather before wearily plodding on. Only one old man walked without a single parcel or bag. In his arms was cradled a great gray cat.

Behind a cumbersome steel cart three people struggled up the hill while a fourth guided the cart from the front. One pusher was a fortyish woman in a neat, black, pin-stripe suit with a simple black hat. Twice she faltered on the hill but each time kept grimly on. The muscles in her slim legs bulged with the strain. She gave one more heave and then stumbled to a halt. The cart kept on going. Tears were streaming down her face. She shook convulsively and groped in her pocket for a handkerchief. A poorly dressed woman with a huge bundle strapped to her back walked up beside her and put a comforting

In wind or sleet, in cold or heat
This fact is emphasized
Your lighter's quicker—works far slicker
When it's

RONSON-ized



Avoid
inferior
imitations

For Better Lighter Service

USE

EXTRA-LENGTH

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'

RONSONOL quick-lighting FUEL

RONSON high-absorption WICKS

In demand on all fighting fronts

If your RONSON needs attention
send it to Ronson (Dept. 5 Newark 2,
N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

FOR ALL LIGHTERS

RONSON REDSKIN LIGHTER ACCESSORIES

BY RONSON • WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

Looks better...
lasts longer

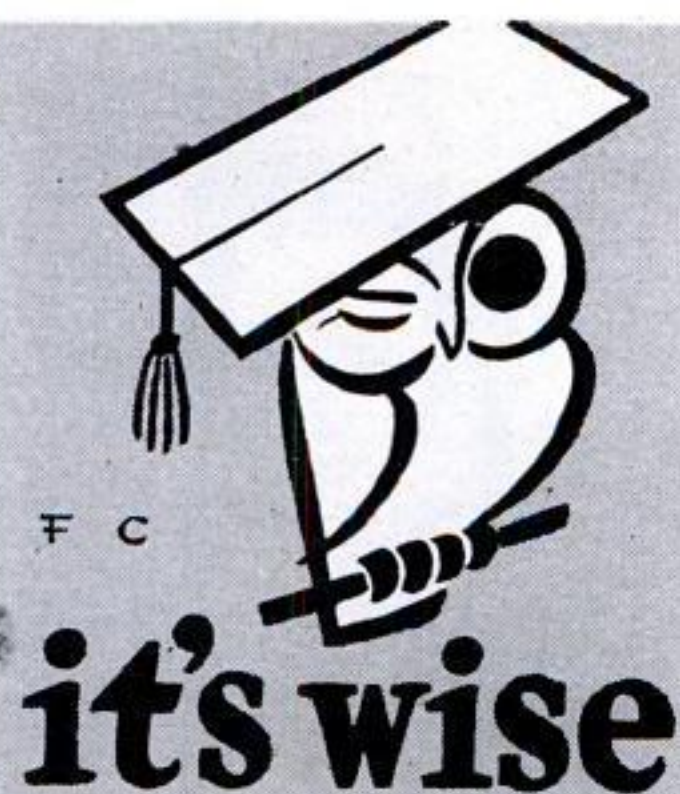


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Individual pieces
from \$2.

Well designed Krementz jewelry is always in good taste... With an overlay of enduring 14kt gold, it will always look richer... last much longer.

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JEWELRY

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Krementz & Co. Newark 5, N. J.



for a man to guard himself against the embarrassment of dandruff. Easy, too. You can get rid of loose dandruff... keep your hair under well-groomed control... simply by massaging a couple of minutes a day with

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for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops

WINDBREAKER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
JOHN RISSMAN & SON

LOOK FOR
THIS LABEL

BUY
WAR
BONDS



SUPER-WARM JACKETS
GABARDINE OR POPLIN OUTER FABRICS
VARIOUS FINE WOOL LININGS
SOLD EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON • MAKERS • CHICAGO

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

arm around the woman in the black suit. She shook her head, then tentatively put one foot forward, then the other, and with infinite weariness continued on up the hill.

One flighty woman stopped to ask if she could wait for her crippled sister-in-law. In German she said, "We are very glad you have come. Anything to end this terrible war." They were all obedient, turning into another street just as the dough-boys directed. When they neared a cross street, some tried to turn off. "These are our homes," they said. "Can't we stay here?"

No. All civilians must leave the city until it is cleaned up entirely. Infantrymen could not risk having Germans, even old ones, at their backs.

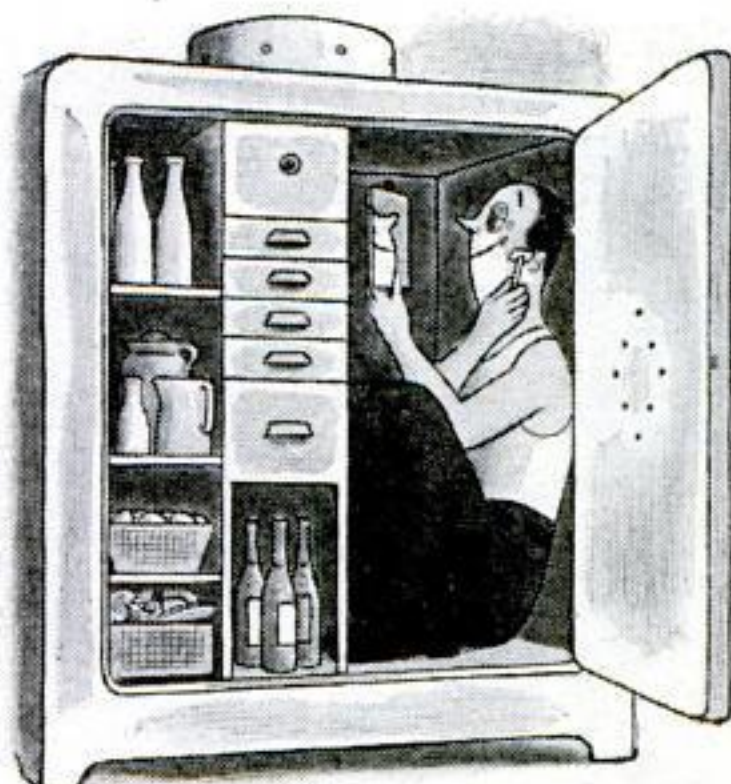
Leaning against the wall beside me, Sgt. Eldridge Benefield said in his Texas drawl, "I hope I never live to see anything like this happen in America. These ruins. These people." He shook his head. "But sometimes I wish people over there could at least see it. Sometimes I think they don't quite understand what it's like."

This was history

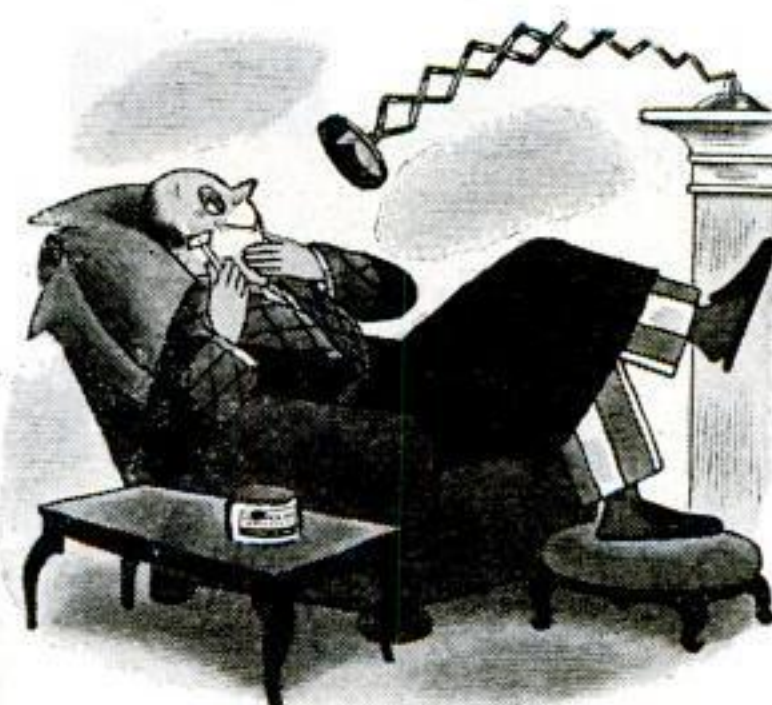
As we watched the people of Aachen straggle down the street we saw them pass two first-aid men carrying a stretcher out of a half-ruined building. On the stretcher was the inert, blood-stained body of an American soldier. Machine guns still echoed behind that building.

More than an hour went by before the last weary refugee plodded out of sight. The sergeant and I had witnessed an historic turning point in World War II. For the first time the people of Germany were joining the long lines of Europe's refugees along the road over which they had forced so many other peoples before them. Now the German people would know how it had been for the Poles, Russians, Greeks, Norwegians and French. Now they would know where their politicians and generals and strutting Nazi youths had led them. Perhaps this was the only way they could learn the fruits of cruelty and oppression which their country had spread over all Europe and far beyond. None of the politicians and generals and strutting youths were in that procession. It was only the very old, the very young and helpless, moving past their ruined homes through the blasted streets of Aachen in poverty and in fear.

1—Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable shave EVERY TIME? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



3—Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



2—Want a Face so COOL you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

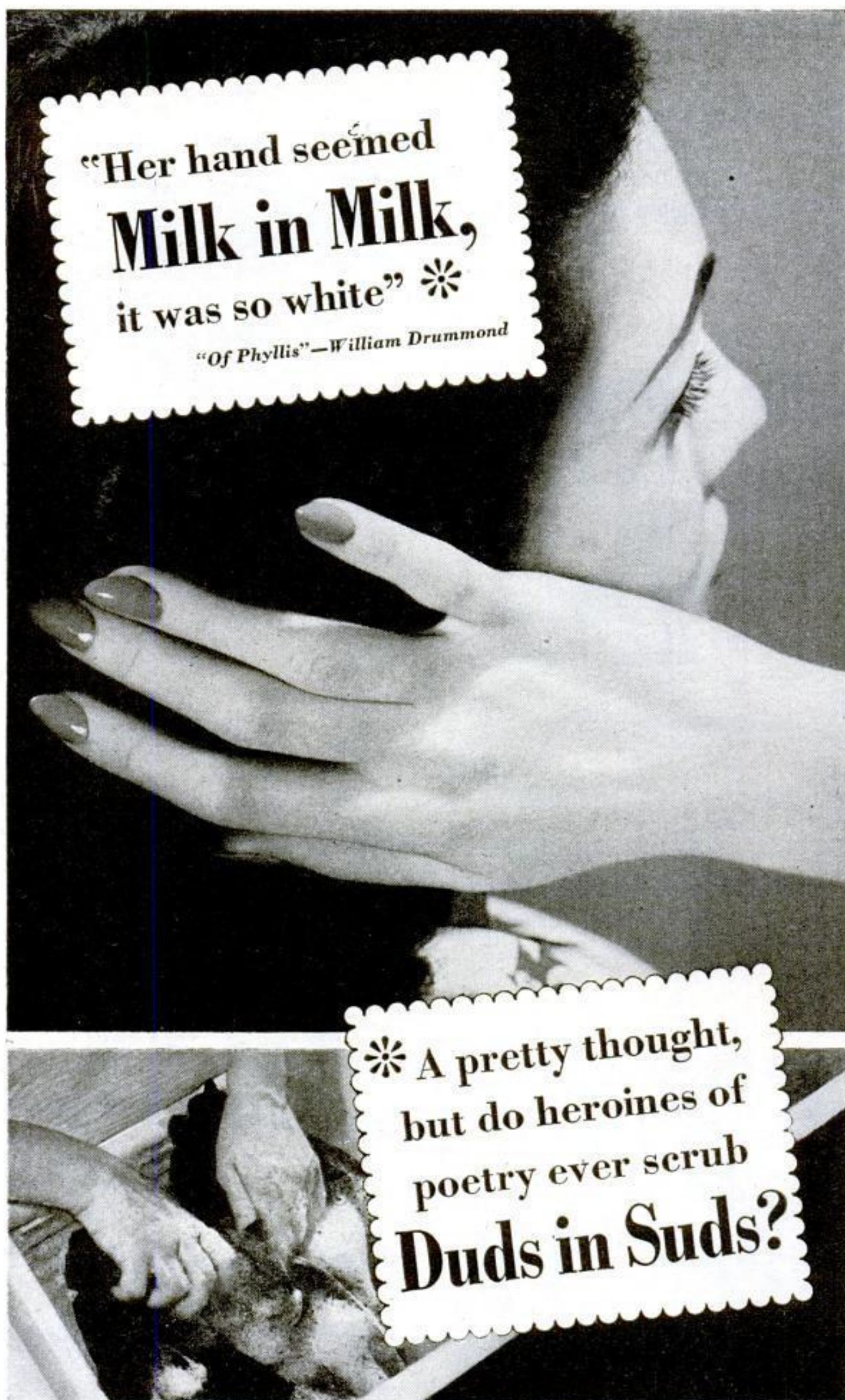


4—Want a shave that allows no Biting, no Stinging, no RAZOR BURN—even with Tender Skin? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

Only **PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS**
Guarantees* You *4-Way* Shaving Comfort!



*Yes, only Palmolive Brushless guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort! That's because this easy-to-spread, greaseless cream wilts whiskers fast — makes tough beards easy to cut even with cold or hard water. And at the same time, Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin — cushions your face against your razor. You shave without scratching, scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways —or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



"Her hand seemed
Milk in Milk,
it was so white" *

"Of Phyllis"—William Drummond

* A pretty thought,
but do heroines of
poetry ever scrub
Duds in Suds?

Don't let washing and ironing AGE your pretty hands

DON'T let any work or weather age your hands with a coarse, red look... a chapped, leathery feel. So shocking to a man in a tender, romantic moment!...

Pamper the milky whiteness... the thrilling softness of your hands... with Pacquins Hand Cream. Used every day, this famous hand cream helps keep your hands look-

ing as smoothly young as your face. So effective in protecting your skin against dryness and chapping!

Start using Pacquins Hand Cream right away. See if your hands don't smooth out *faster*... stay smooth *longer*. It's wonderful for scratchy-rough elbows, knees, and ankles too. Creamy-smooth, fragrant, non-greasy... you'll like Pacquins!

**Pacquins
Hand Cream**



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

The hoop-skirted girl on the cover is Celeste Holm, the heroine of *Bloomer Girl* (see page 67), Broadway's biggest musical-comedy hit since *Oklahoma!* She herself appeared in *Oklahoma!* (LIFE, May 24, 1943; March 6, 1944). Miss Holm, who is 29, was born in New York, received early education in France and Holland. She has appeared in *The Time of Your Life*, *Papa Is All*, *The Damask Check* and has sung nightclub songs in *La Vie Parisienne* (LIFE, Aug. 30, 1943).

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why it

makes sense

to pay 10c

for a razor blade



After all, to make that daily chore of shaving easier, wouldn't you—wouldn't anybody—invest a few extra cents? A fine blade gives a fine shave. But a fine blade does cost a little more—because of the way it's made. Personna blades are made **twice as slowly** as "commercial" blades. And inspected **17 times**. **Hollow-ground**, for a flexible super-sharp edge. **Leather-stropped**, like a barber's razor. **Triple-wrapped** for protection. In short—Personna is a true, fine, **precision** instrument—worth many times that dime in shaving ease, in skin health. Discover Personna!

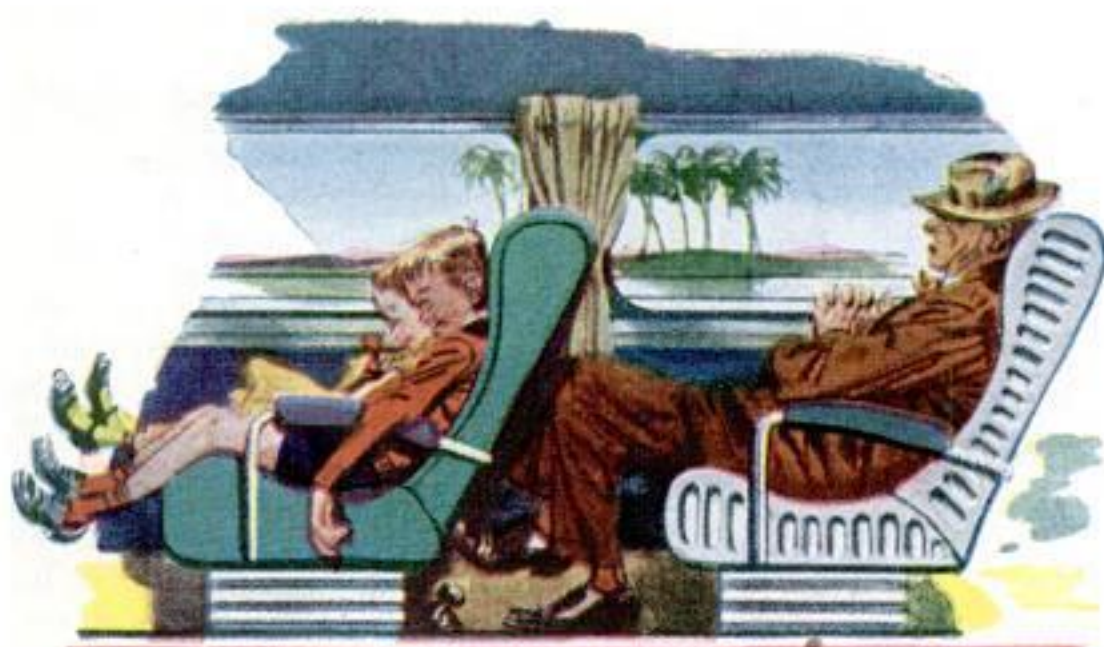
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If your dealer cannot supply you, write Personna, 599 Madison Avenue, New York City



"GEE, HE'S SLEPT ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK!"



Cut-away section of Airfoam-cushioned bus seat, showing how Airfoam provides restful, floating support that conforms to the body and relaxes weary muscles.

AND why not? There's nothing like the feather-bed comfort of a modern Airfoam-cushioned bus to help dream away the longest journey. It's that restful!

Fact is, *Airfoam* cushioning was revolutionizing travel before the war. Passengers rode all day unfatigued on this wonder-soft latex material — every bounce and jounce absorbed by its millions of tiny air cells. You just float on air—on *Airfoam*.

And here's something else. Thirty months of peak wartime loads haven't caused *Airfoam* bus seats to break down and need replacement. They're still just as soft and cushiony as when new — and few other seats are today.

Sorry, there'll be no more *Airfoam* until after peace. Every ounce Goodyear makes is now needed to cushion delicate military instruments. But after V-Day, this product of Goodyear Research will be the mark of de luxe travel in buses, cars, trains and planes — and a guide to glorious comfort in fine furniture and mattresses.

Airfoam
THE NEW NAME FOR COMFORT
GOOD YEAR

Airfoam—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

BUY WAR BONDS • BUY FOR KEEPS

Pace Setters

What is the key to the unparalleled productivity of the American system?

The American Way has provided the largest yield in peace and in war alike because it inculcates the spirit of freedom under which the creative mind flourishes.

Gallant applied scientists and practical men who make dreams come true are in



perpetual rebellion against the outmoded, no matter how well established by custom.

Pathfinders, they are forever dissatisfied with "good enough" and are ever restless to achieve "something better."

Such creative men and women who have thrived under American freedom would be stunted by an authoritarian government, which attempted to set up bureaucrats, with static minds, to pass judgment on their dreams, their explorations, and their experiments.

Under the American system, industry, which is the service supply of all the peoples in war and in peace, has wisely hitched its wagon to the stars of science, invention and engineering.

Like other modern enterprises, Armour and Company values highly the creative side of man and to further that inspiration, maintains an elaborate research department which seeks to improve products and services through shaking new secrets from the bushes of hidden knowledge.



Launched under the title "Neo-Fat" (products resulting from the separation of fatty acids) come many new discoveries, developed to meet today's economic needs for domestic sources of necessary raw materials, rendered scarce by war conditions. By-products of the packing industry, these Neo-Fats blaze a trail down which will travel to the consumer a caravan of new, improved and much needed industrial products. In this group are soaps, cosmetics, polishes, drying oils, resins, enamels, and printing inks. Along with these, Armour's research in fatty acids and oils has yielded ingredients for many other things the American people can use to advantage, such as weatherproof electrical insulation and plastic moulding compounds.

Recognizing that nothing is permanent in life except change, the Armour personnel is forever seeking better ways of doing the day's work. It pioneered in bringing into acceptance many basic innovations in the food industry, on which American civilization depends.

Ed Bastwood
President, Armour and Company

Fifth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.



To Make a Thrifty Dinner Mighty Elegant!

Baked Treet with Fruit Stuffing

1 can Armour's Treet	2 tbsps. brown sugar
1/4 cup Cloverbloom	1/4 cup seedless raisins
Butter	1 1/2 cups chopped apples
1/4 cup chopped onion (if desired)	4 cups soft bread crumbs
1/4 cup chopped celery	
3/4 tsp. salt	

Lightly brown onion and celery in melted butter. Add seasoning, raisins, apples and bread crumbs. Place in bottom of square baking pan and arrange sliced Treet on top. Bake covered, in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes. Remove cover and bake 10 minutes more. 6 servings.

Treet is the meat



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

To Make a Barbecue New and Different!

Barbecued Treet on Buns

1 can Armour's Treet	
<i>Barbecue Sauce:</i>	
1 tbsp. Cloverbloom	4 tbsps. sugar
Butter or Mayflower	1 tsp. mustard
Margarine	1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup chopped onion	1/4 cup catsup
1 tsp. paprika	3 tbsps. vinegar
1/4 tsp. pepper	

Melt butter. Add chopped onion and cook until clear. Add dry seasonings, Worcestershire sauce, catsup and vinegar. Cut the Treet into eight slices and bake in barbecue sauce 30 minutes in a 350° F. oven. To serve, place 2 slices of Treet on toasted, buttered buns. Garnish other half of bun with dill pickle. 4 servings.

BUY THE BEST

BUY ARMOUR'S TREET

Treet has tempting goodness hot or cold. It makes "surprise" dishes like these so easy. Sliced as it comes from the tin, Treet makes fine sandwiches. Fried Treet is wonderful for winter breakfasts. And Treet, heated in the oven, makes a dinner loaf families love. Treet is all meat—choice, pork shoulder, delightfully seasoned, tender and flavorful, because it's vacuum-cooked in its own rich juices. Treet is economical—one tin serves four.

ARMOUR
and Company

Tune in Armour's Exciting New Radio Show
Featuring Hedda Hopper, Every Monday Night over CBS.
See Local Papers for Time.



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

1944 Election Campaign Ends	23
Editorial: "The Whole Story"	32
White House Waits for New Paint Job	33
Philippines Naval Battle	34
Girls of the "Times"	39

ARTICLE

A Plea for France, by Vercors	55
-------------------------------	----

CLOSE-UPS

John W. Bricker, by Eliot Janeway	102
Harry S. Truman, by Gerald W. Johnson	103

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Tito's Men	93
------------	----

THEATER

"Bloomer Girl"	67
----------------	----

ARMY AND NAVY

Japanese Civilians on Saipan	45
How to Survive in the Southwest Pacific	74
Wounded Veteran Gets New Face	79

MOVIES

"The Princess and the Pirate"	87
-------------------------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors	2
Speaking of Pictures: America's First Ladies	10
LIFE's Reports: Now the Germans Are the Refugees, by William Walton	15
LIFE Visits the Stork Club	119
Pictures to the Editors	126

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LIFE'S PICTURES

After 18 months in the Near East John Phillips (right) has photographed everyone from nightclub dancers in bawdy, overcivilized Cairo to Marshal Tito, and everything from King Farouk's palace in Egypt to Teheran conference. Here Photographer Phillips is with Captain James Goodwin, U. S. liaison officer in Yugoslavia who suffered 23 shrapnel wounds in Partisan raid whose story Phillips tells in pictures and words on pages 93-101.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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10—HORACE P. LANE
11—HORACE P. LANE *exc. rt. cen.* JEAN SNOW
12—JEAN SNOW, HORACE P. LANE—HORACE P. LANE
15—ACME
23—VORIES FISHER
24, 25—GEORGE SKADDING, THOMAS D. MCAVOY, GEORGE SKADDING, THOMAS D. MCAVOY—A. P., GEORGE SKADDING, GEORGE SKADDING—GEORGE SKADDING (3)
26—PHILIPPE HALSMAN—A. P., HAROLD CARTER, GEORGE M. LACKS—KARSH, OTTAWA, from BRITISH COMBINE; ACME; H. & E.; ACME; GEORGE SKADDING
27—H. & E.—ACME, W. W., THOMAS D. MCAVOY—A. P., W. W., ACME, W. W.—*lt. cen.* ACME, MYRON H. DAVIS, HAROLD TRUDEAU
28, 29—WILLIAM VANDIVERT
30, 31—JERRY COOKE-PIX
33—NINA LEEN-PIX
34, 35—Drawings by A. LEYDENFROST
36—Maps by FRANK STOCKMAN & AN-

THONY SODARO, charts by B. G. SEIELSTAD
39, 40, 42—EILEEN DARBY-GRAPHIC HOUSE
45 through 50—W. EUGENE SMITH
55—DAVID E. SCHERMAN
56—INT.
57—PIX
58—P. I.
60—PIX
62—P. I.
67, 68, 69, 70—EILEEN DARBY-GRAPHIC HOUSE
74, 75, 76—OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS
79—T. *rt.* WALTER SANDERS
80, 82, 84—WALTER SANDERS
87—HAROLD TRUDEAU—HAL MCALPIN for SAMUEL GOLDWYN—HAL MCALPIN for SAMUEL GOLDWYN
88, 89, 90—HAL MCALPIN for SAMUEL GOLDWYN
93—JOHN PHILLIPS—maps by ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN
94 through 101—JOHN PHILLIPS
103—Bot. JACK WILKES
112, 113—Lt. A. P. (2)
117—GEORGE TAMES
119 through 125—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT-PIX
126, 127—FRED P. ROULLARD
128—T. MEURISSE-MONRIAL-ROL

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Do you like mid-morning coffee? Use Nescafé... made in a minute... Saves so much work and trouble.



A teaspoonful in a cup
Add hot water it's ready

A quick cup of FULL FLAVORED COFFEE —that's Nescafé

FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, all the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

And Nescafé is so easy to prepare... a coffee extract, powdered for your convenience, it saves so much time and work. There's no coffee maker to get ready or to clean, no grounds to dispose of. Each cup is made to individual taste, always delicious, always the same.

Nescafé is economical, too, especially so as you make only the amount you want... you get all the advantages of Nescafé for about 1¢ per cup.



NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR.

AWARDED SUNBURY NESCAFÉ PLANT

NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

how much **WHITE LIGHT**



in a pound of **BLACK COAL?**

THE lamp has a 100-watt bulb in it and the lump of coal weighs one pound.

Pulverized and blown into the big boiler of a modern power-plant, a pound of coal* provides enough steam to generate one kilowatt-hour of electricity.

That much electricity, in turn, will light the lamp for *ten* hours—long enough to read this magazine and a couple of novels. Or it will run a small radio for 25 hours, a food mixer for 13 hours, a washer for almost 7.

“So what?” you say. The point is this.

*Some plants use less than 1 pound; some more, because of differences in coal and equipment. The nation-wide average is 1.3 pounds per kilowatt-hour.

25 years ago, it took about *three* times as much coal to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity as it does today!

The all-around efficiency which gets several times as much white light from black coal has benefited YOU in many ways.

It has made your electric service better and cheaper year by year. It has met tremendous wartime demands for electric power, without delay, shortages or rationing. It has held the price of electricity at an all-time low, while other costs went up.

These results come from the sound *business* management of the nation's light and power companies—and from the hard work of men and women who *know* their business. The same companies are preparing for even greater accomplishments tomorrow.

• Hear NELSON EDDY every Wednesday in “The Electric Hour”—with Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. 10:30 P.M., EWT, CBS

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*
SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES
★ Names on request from this magazine.



IN THE CHICAGO STADIUM, PACKED WITH 25,000 PEOPLE, DEWEY ATTACKS THE "RUDIMENTARY HONESTY" OF THE NEW DEAL. OUTSIDE MORE THOUSANDS CLAMOR TO GET IN

1944 ELECTION CAMPAIGN ENDS

As Nov. 7 neared, the tension heightened. It was a campaign run by professionals—a solemn campaign and a bitter one, too. Ready to go to the polls, the American people listened while the final charges and countercharges flew. Candidate Roosevelt had abandoned all pretense of not campaigning "in the usual sense" (see next page). He took to the stump, appearing in New York, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Camden, Fort Wayne, Chicago and Clarksburg, W. Va. In the East and Middle West, Candidate Dewey spoke before great crowds (above), continued his role of prosecuting attorney, attacking the New Deal administration and hammering home the Republican case against incompetent and confused administration.

By now Dewey knew how big a job he had assumed in taking on the chief of the victorious American Army and Navy. Sometimes it seemed as if the breaks were against him. Roosevelt had rain for some of his outdoor speeches, but for Dewey the political weather sometimes turned bad. The country's most respected newspaper (the *New York Times*) and one of the country's most promising young Republicans (Senator Joseph Ball of Minnesota) came out against

him. In the war on the Western Front, where rapid and continuing victories might have produced a Republican swing, the Allied armies were stalemated. In the Pacific the Commander in Chief was able to announce a resounding victory over the Japs for Navy Day. And to make matters worse the gambling odds were more than 3 to 1 on Roosevelt. This fact of itself was likely to produce Democratic votes because many people want merely to be on the winning side.

But in spite of these bad breaks, Dewey kept up his effective attacks on Roosevelt, confident that the Republican tide was running strong enough for him to win. In this opinion he was seconded by many an astute political observer. At the end of the week Dewey got one lucky break when Senator Truman was accused of being a member of the Ku-Klux Klan. And he could take heart from a *Fortune* announcement of a secret poll taken in industrial communities, which revealed a higher percentage for Republicans than the regular poll answers had indicated.

While the people were discussing these polls and trying to guess the winner, Dewey was speaking before some of his biggest, most enthusiastic crowds.

In Minneapolis he denied Roosevelt's charge that isolationists would be in control of Congress in event of a Republican victory. From Senator Wallace White, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Senator Warren Austin, Senator Robert Taft, Senator Kenneth Wherry and Representative Joseph Martin, all of whom would be responsible leaders of a Republican Congress, he received and made public telegrams promising enthusiastic cooperation in the organization of a world peace league. Roosevelt, he insisted, could not even count on loyal support within his own party.

In Chicago (above) the next day Dewey ticked off his charges of New Deal dishonesty. On the evidence of two Arkansas Democrats' fund-raising letter, he charged that, "For \$1,000 laid on the line to finance the fourth-term drive, this administration bluntly offers for sale 'special privilege,' including the special privilege of assisting in 'the formulation of administration policies.'"

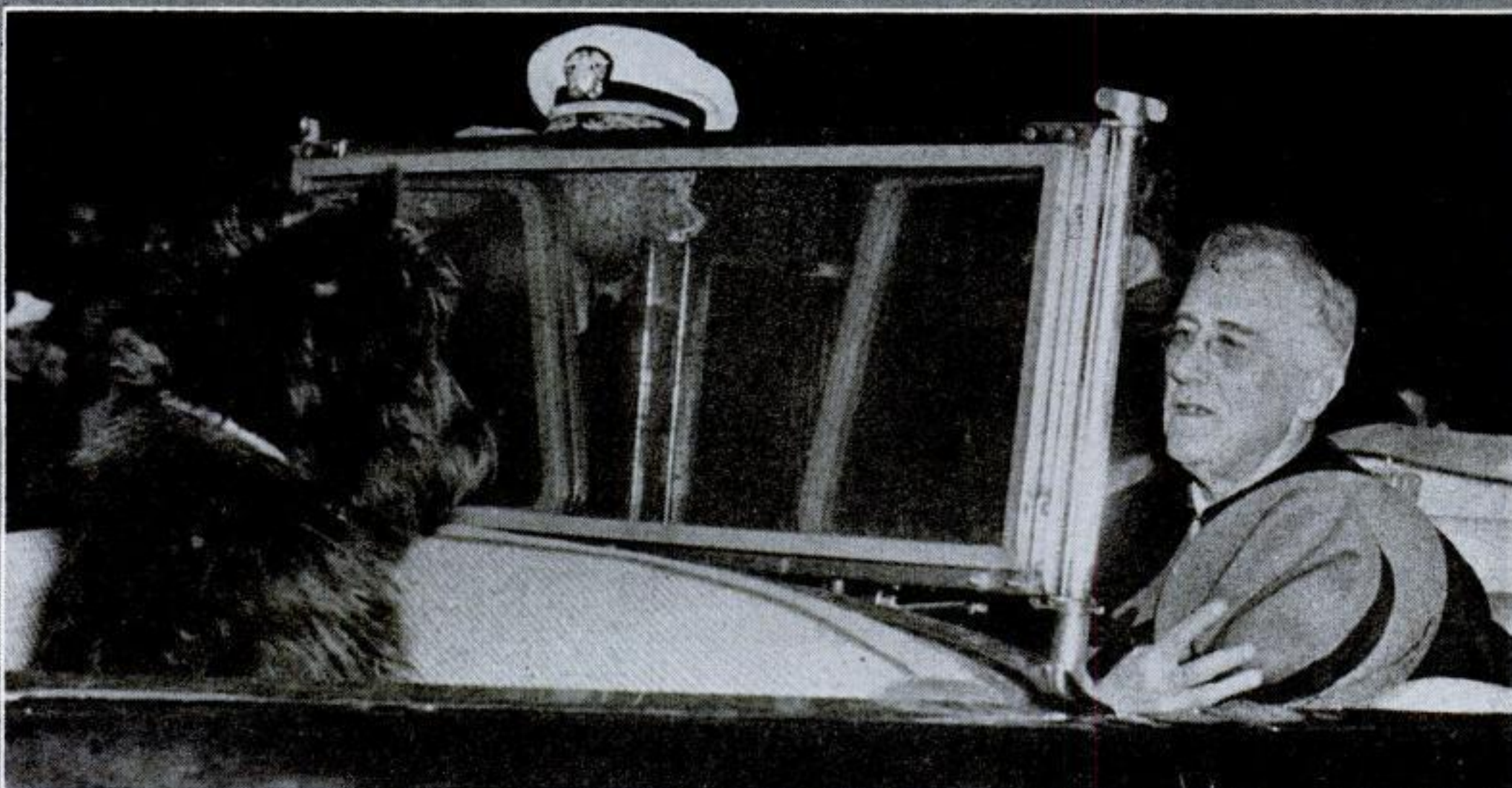
In this way Dewey kept the campaign pot boiling to the end. If American people still found no great quality of personal warmth in him, they had certainly learned to respect his courage and fighting abilities.



IN BRONX, PRESIDENT RIDES WITH CAPTAIN AMSDEN, LOCAL COMMANDER OF NAVY WAVES



AT THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD ADMIRAL H. F. LEARY GETS IN PRESIDENT'S CAR



FALA ACCIDENTALLY SAT UP AT ATTENTION DURING PLAYING OF "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" AT NEW YORK NAVY YARD



PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT DINNER IN WALDORF HOTEL. AT



THE PRESIDENT DEFENDS HIS WAR RECORD BEFORE 50,000 PEOPLE AT PHILADELPHIA'S SHIBE PARK ON FRIDAY NIGHT



WEARING CAMPAIGN HAT AND NAVY CAPE, HE WAVES

THE PRESIDENT

As Candidate Roosevelt he makes campaign trip in bad fall weather

It was like a series of great county fairs. The people flocked from miles around to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. They listened to the bands, threw confetti and stood in the blustering rain. But mostly they came to gawk at the President. Since Pearl Harbor, his travels had been cloaked for security reasons in the same secrecy that guards the movements of a battleship. The people wanted to see what the President looked like after three terms in office, to judge for themselves whether he was well enough and strong enough to stand four more arduous and critical years.

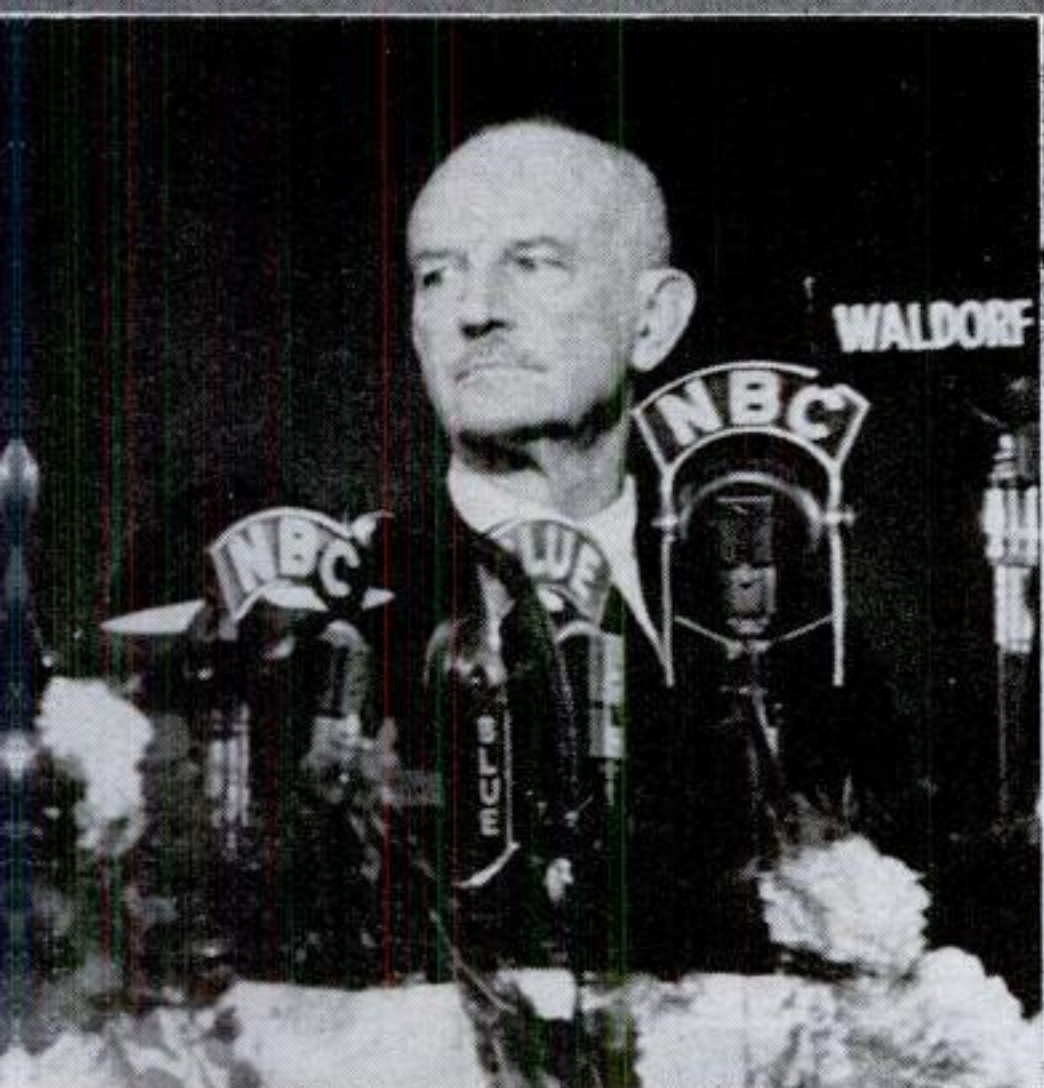
What they saw, if they got close enough to him, is shown in these photographs. The President's face was thinner, more deeply lined and more haggard than they remembered. But it was cheerful, even when the rain ran in rivulets down its creases. It looked ruddy and tanned. When the President rose to speak he sometimes wore no hat or overcoat in spite of the bad weather. When he drove through the cold, wet streets of New York and Philadelphia he donned his Navy cape and his old campaign fedora but kept it off his head most of the time, waving it at the milling crowds.



MRS. ROOSEVELT SITS BESIDE HIM DURING DRIVE THROUGH MANHATTAN STREETS



HE GREETS A FRIEND AT THE NAVY YARD. IT RAINED DURING ENTIRE NEW YORK DRIVE



RIGHT IS FRANK R. MCCOY, ASSOCIATION'S PRESIDENT



IN HIS CONVERTIBLE THE DAY AFTER THE NEW YORK TOUR THE PRESIDENT DRIVES FALA AROUND HYDE PARK ESTATE



TO CROWD. AT RIGHT, POSTMASTER GENERAL WALKER



HE CONCLUDES HIS PHILADELPHIA ADDRESS IN SHIBE PARK: "AND SO I SAY GOD BLESS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA"

Such a personal-appearance tour was a strain for any man of 62. The President probably would not have made it if he had not been worried about what might happen on Nov. 7. The tenor of his speeches also indicated he was on the defensive. At Wilmington he quoted a remark Abraham Lincoln made in 1860 about opponent, Stephen A. Douglas: "In every way possible he tried to prove that a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse." Added the President: "That applies very neatly to some of the Republican political oratory which has lately been agitating the air waves."

In Philadelphia, where it was estimated that 800,000 people saw the President, the crowds lined the streets in the cold. In his speech at Shibe Park, Roosevelt was concerned with a detailed defense of his administration's record on preparedness and the war. Answering Governor Dewey's charges that he had been guilty of a lack of war planning, the President pointed to Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet which had "just . . . helped to give the Japanese navy its worst licking in its history." All the battleships of that fleet, all the cruisers except two and all the aircraft carriers, he

said, had been authorized before Pearl Harbor and construction of most of them had begun. Said he: "And, speaking of the glorious operations in the Philippines, I wonder whatever became of the suggestion made a few weeks ago that I had failed for political reasons to send enough forces or supplies to General MacArthur. . . . Never before in history . . . have the soldiers and sailors of any nation gone into battle so thoroughly trained, so thoroughly equipped, so well fed, so thoroughly supported as the American soldiers and sailors fighting today in Europe, Asia and the Pacific."



HERBERT BROWNELL JR., 40, OF NEW YORK IS CHAIRMAN OF G.O.P. NATIONAL COMMITTEE

The Election (continued)

BROWNELL VS.

The two national chairmen use a wide assortment

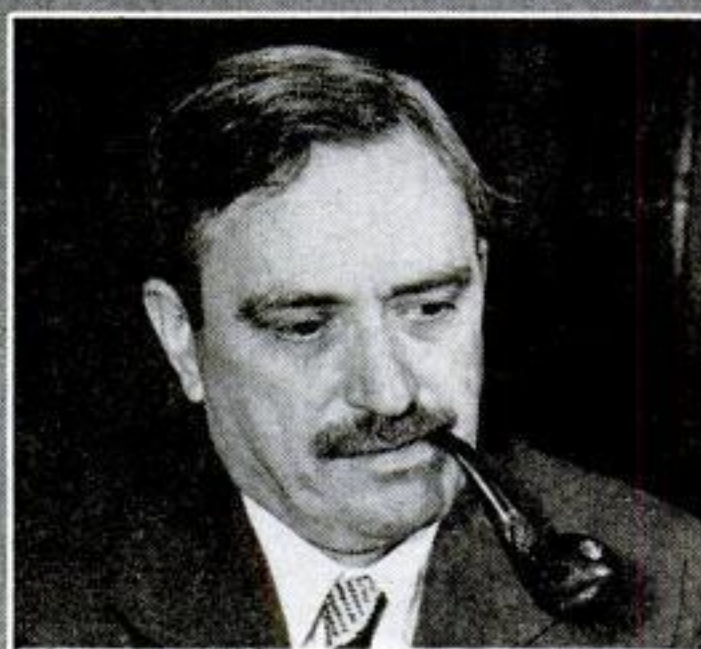
Herbert Brownell Jr., chairman of Republican National Committee, is a Yale Law School graduate. He is slick, friendly, liberal. Politics are his hobby. Robert Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is a St. Louis University graduate. He is smart, gusty, conservative. Politics are his business.

Each has a big job: elect a president. They run campaign headquarters like huge advertising agencies—radio, publicity stories, personal contacts, testimonials. Each of them has a bankroll, a list of speakers and a collection of issues. Some of the issues, employed by each of them and often debated back and forth, are pictorialized below.

Brownell's campaign has been slickly run. A close political friend of Dewey, he has worked hand in glove with the Republican candidate. Together they established a research staff in Albany, supplied data and complete speeches to Republican orators. They got the complete cooperation of most of their party's leaders. Gradually their themes became evident. Roosevelt had let the country enter the war poorly armed . . . He was running with communist support. . . . Too many years in power had corrupted his administration. . . . Now it was



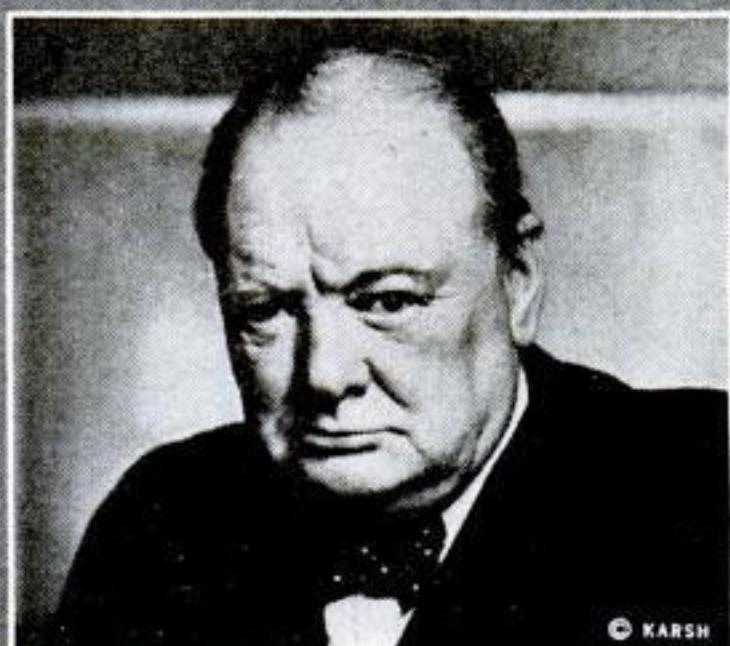
Frederic A. Delano, the President's uncle, was partially quoted by Dewey as proof of New Deal plans for slow demobilization.



Earl Browder, Communist, was let out of jail, according to Dewey, to organize campaign for Roosevelt's fourth term.



Charlie McCarthy was brought into the campaign by Representative Clare Luce. She said that in a presidential speech the American people were greeted with wisecracks. She added, "Franklin Roosevelt played Charlie McCarthy to Sidney Hillman's Bergen."



Winston Churchill was pounced on by the Republicans for complimenting the President, calling him "my august friend."



Lieut. Dickinson furnished ammunition for Republican press by getting mixed up in a brawl with pro-Roosevelt Teamsters.



Adolf Berle, said Republicans, thought government would come to own most productive plants. Berle said: "Distortion."



Fala was not left in the Aleutians and a ship sent after him, said President in answer to Republican rumors.



Dutch Schultz was exhumed by Dewey who declared that Democratic Leader Ed Flynn once made Schultz a deputy sheriff.



Ed Flynn got \$25,000 from the Railroad Brotherhoods who were forced to hire him to get raise from President, said Dewey.



Warren G. Harding was used by Democrats as a symbol of isolationism. Truman said that Dewey was "another Harding."



Sidney Hillman was accused of seizing Democratic Party. G.O.P. slogan was, "Clear everything with Sidney."

HANNEGAN

of individuals to drive home campaign issues

tired, defeatist, out of step with the people. . . . It was time for a change. . . . At first apathetic, the people began to listen. A Republican tide started to rise.

Hannegan's campaign has not been so slickly run. By his blunders he has antagonized some of the leaders of his own party. In large communities he has let P.A.C. do much of the important doorbell-ringing work. But he has one important asset not enjoyed by Brownell. His candidate is the Commander in Chief. In the beginning Hannegan expected lesser Democratic lights like Senator Truman to carry the political ball. But as the Dewey tide rose higher, he was forced to urge the President to go campaigning. In Roosevelt's speeches the Democratic themes have also become evident. The administration saw the war coming, prepared for it in spite of Republican opposition. If the Republicans are elected, it will mean a return to isolationism. On the domestic front the best hope for humanitarianism and prosperity is the continuance of the New Deal.

After Nov. 7, if his candidate wins, Brownell will be a new, important political big shot in the Republican administration. If his candidate wins, Hannegan will remain a politician all but obscured by the big shadow President Roosevelt casts.



ROBERT HANNEGAN, 40, OF ST. LOUIS IS THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE



Toots Shor, Manhattan restaurant owner, was invited through Hannegan to a White House reception. Reported Toots: "I kept eating cake. It was damned good cake. I wish I could get the recipe for my joint." Republicans sneered at such a trip in wartime.



Admiral McIntire, the President's Physician, was kept busy proclaiming Roosevelt's good health to counteract rumors.



Hiram Johnson, old "isolationist," would be chairman of Foreign Relations Committee if G.O.P. wins Senate, said Roosevelt.



Herbert Hoover's depression, a Democratic issue both in 1936 and 1940, was unsuccessfully trotted out again.



General Hershey was quoted by Dewey as proof that New Deal would demobilize men slowly because of fear of unemployment.



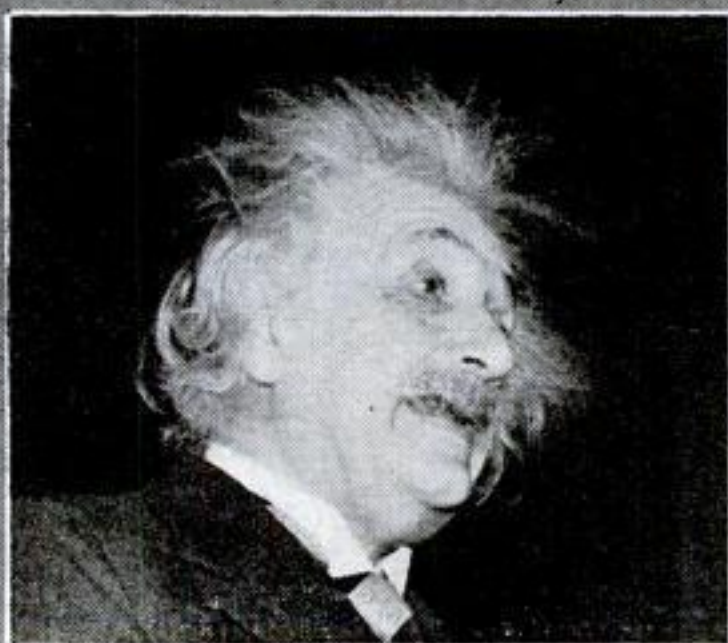
Admiral Kimmel is entitled to an immediate court-martial to fix Pearl Harbor responsibility, said the Republicans.



General Short has same rights, said the Republicans, implying Pearl Harbor blame should be assigned to President Roosevelt.



Frank Sinatra said he was a common man. To elect Roosevelt "I'm willing to give everything, every cent I earn."



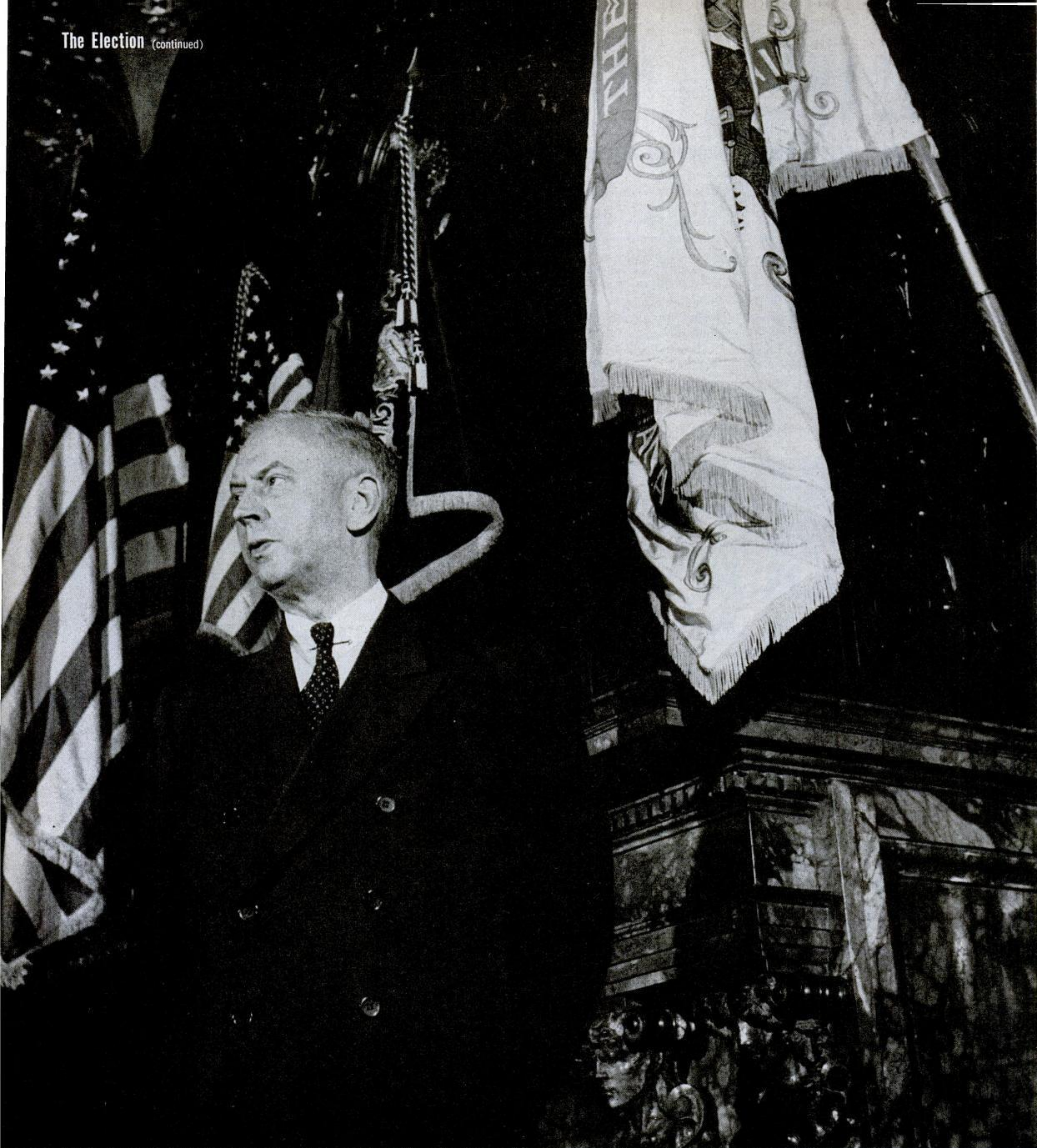
Albert Einstein favored Roosevelt, said "All domestic issues depend on solution of the problem of world security and peace."



Harold Ickes would be fired, said Dewey. Ickes, Democrats' best wise-cracker, dubbed Dewey a "chocolate soldier."



Shirley Temple, who according to movie bosses should be impartial, got into some trouble by producing a Dewey button.



STANDING BESIDE GOVERNOR'S FLAG, MARTIN WEARS SUIT OF MILITARY OLIVE DRAB. BY CHANGING COATS HE USED TO SHIFT FROM CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO OFFICER'S UNIFORM

PENNSYLVANIA

It is crucial for both sides but
result may hinge on soldier vote

The election will probably hinge on the industrial states of the northeast. There no contests are more important, nor more bitterly fought, than those in New York and Pennsylvania, which have the nation's biggest electoral votes (New York, 47; Pennsylvania, 35). Last week the polls indicated Dewey was slightly ahead in New York, slightly behind in Pennsylvania.

The possibility that the one who wins Pennsylvania may win the election can be demonstrated in another fashion. Since 1940 there has been a general drift away

from the Democratic Party to the Republican. This shift might enable Dewey to carry not only all the Willkie states of 1940 but also the states which gave Roosevelt less than 53.4% of their votes. In this case Dewey would have 255 electoral votes. If Roosevelt should carry only the states he won by more than 53.4% in 1940, he would have 241 electoral votes. By these calculations the state on the exact electoral dividing line is Pennsylvania. In 1940 it went for Roosevelt by 53.4%. Its 35 votes this year could carry either



IN VAULT AT THE UNION TRUST COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH ARE STORED THE BALLOTS RETURNED FROM SOLDIERS, SAILORS, MARINES WHO ARE RESIDENTS OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY

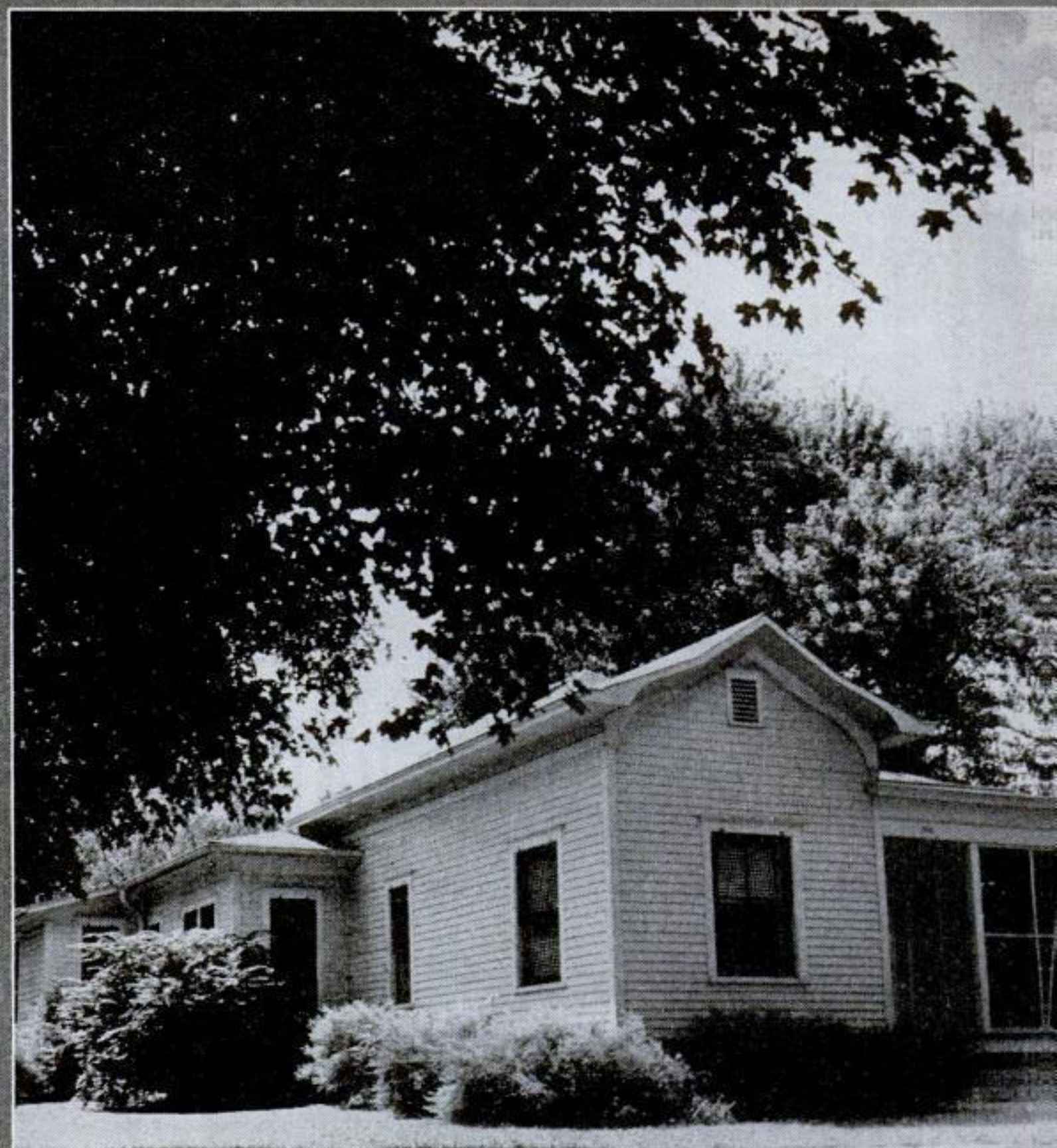
candidate over the 266 electoral votes necessary to win.

If Dewey does succeed in carrying Pennsylvania, a large part of the credit will go to the square-shouldered, six-foot ex-soldier shown above, left. He is Pennsylvania's popular Republican governor, Edward Martin. The people like Governor Martin because he has given them a sound, efficient administration and because he has freed the Republican Party in Pennsylvania of the stigma of boss control. He was elected in 1942, a few months after he had been retired as the

major general commanding the 28th National Guard Division. Before that he had been state adjutant general and chairman of the Republican State Committee. He fought in the Spanish-American War and was gassed in the Argonne during World War I.

Last week Governor Martin claimed Dewey would carry the state by at least 250,000 votes. Such a guess seemed too optimistic. Dewey still had to face the fact that big majorities would be rolled up against him in the cities and among the Negroes, the steelworkers

and—in spite of John L. Lewis—the miners. His support was to be found in the suburban communities, in the smaller towns and among the farmers. The race might be very close. In that case, safe places like the large steel vault which is shown above might hold the key to the decision. Here are stored the soldiers' ballots, 644,000 of which have been mailed out. The returned ballots will not be counted until Nov. 22, two weeks after the election. Pennsylvania and the nation may have to wait until then to learn who has won.



Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri, Phil M. Donnelly, and his wife pose for a portrait. He has been a member of the Missouri State Senate since 1924, president pro tem twice.

The Donnelly home is on South Adams Street. He represents Frisco railroad, whose tracks run right by the house. Trains make so much noise they keep Donnelly house guests awake.

MISSOURI GOVERNOR

Both candidates come from Lebanon

Missouri, too, is a key state. Even if Roosevelt should take Pennsylvania, he could still lose the election provided Dewey takes New York, Missouri and either Michigan or Massachusetts. Furthermore, like most of the border states, Missouri is a barometer of national sentiment. In every presidential election since 1904 its electoral votes have been cast for the winner. Aware of the importance of Missouri, the Republicans have

campaigns hard there. Governor Bricker has spoken in St. Louis and Kansas City and Dewey himself has come to St. Louis twice—once for a conference with Republican governors and once for a major address.

Last week's figures reflected the closeness of Missouri's race. The Gallup poll showed the state right on the line, 50% for Roosevelt and 50% for Dewey. The question was whether the Republican farm areas would

The Republican candidate for governor of Missouri, Jean Paul Bradshaw, his wife and two sons pose for their formal portrait. He has been the prosecutor of Laclede County since May 1942.

Bradshaw home is on a shady street two blocks from the Frisco railroad. One of the town's oldest houses, it was originally in Oldtown, now the Negro district, but was moved in 1869.





From his law office over the state bank, Phil Donnelly in his shirtsleeves looks out across Commercial Street (called Main Street) to the office of his opponent, over Heuers' Shoe Store.



On base of statue of Lebanon's famous "Silver Dick" Bland, advocate of free coinage of silver, Phil Donnelly reads legal papers. The statue is right in front of Laclede County Courthouse.

cast more votes than the Democratic big cities, or vice versa. Almost any new political factor might upset the fine balance and swing the state.

For this reason Missouri's race for the governorship assumed national importance. The party which won the governorship would be in a good position to win the presidential electors. The importance of this race turned the nation's attention last week to the little

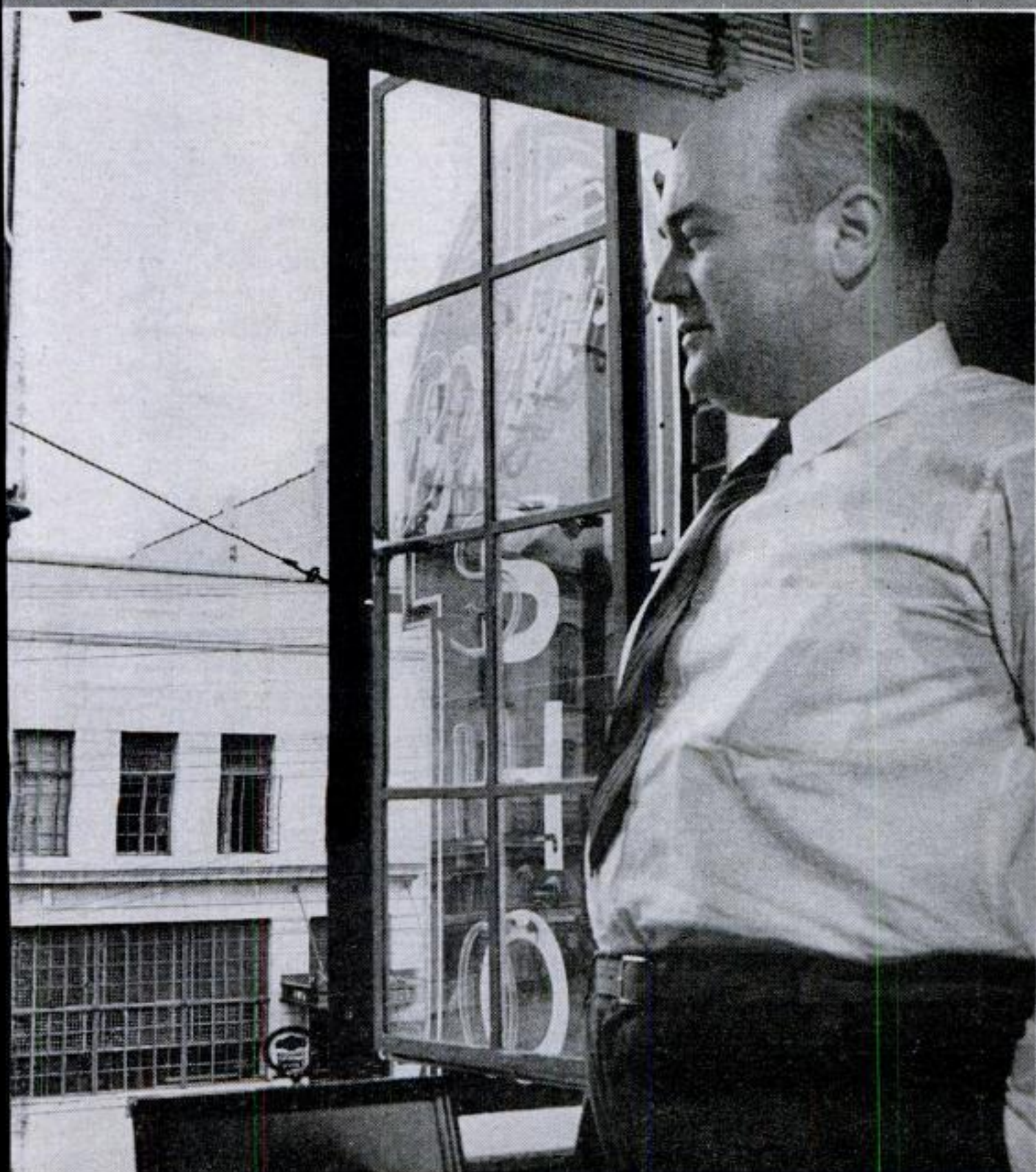
town of Lebanon (pop. 5,000), in the south central part of the state. There live both the Democratic candidate, Phil M. Donnelly (*above*), and the Republican candidate, Jean Paul Bradshaw (*below*).

The two candidates are legal and political rivals and don't like each other. Their law firms are the two best in Laclede County. Their offices are right across the street from one another. And their political race presents

an interesting parallel to the presidential campaign. Democratic Candidate Donnelly is an experienced old-time politician—tall, silver-haired and handsome. Republican Candidate Bradshaw thinks of himself as another Tom Dewey—young, vigorous liberal. He, too, is conducting his campaign as if he were a prosecuting attorney. He declares: "The election of Donnelly will mean return of the Pendergast machine to Missouri."

From his office Jean Paul Bradshaw, in shirtsleeves, looks across Commercial Street to the office of his opponent. Because of their legal positions, they are often opponents in the court.

On the base of same statue Bradshaw reads his legal papers. Like Donnelly (*above*), he carries a briefcase. Just 38, Bradshaw says he is youngest man ever to run for governor of Missouri.



"THE WHOLE STORY"

OUR FOREIGN POLICY PROBLEM IS NOT SOLVED BY MR. ROOSEVELT'S READING OF HISTORY

In his recent speech to the Foreign Policy Association the President of the United States undertook to review the history of American foreign relations for the past quarter of a century. What he said may or may not have been justifiable as the speech of a candidate seeking office. But Candidate Roosevelt wished to convey the notion that his reading of history—especially of his own—was not "partisan" but had a historian's historicity. And so finally, near the end of his recital of history, he said: "I am giving you the whole story."

That statement reveals that whatever else Roosevelt may be, he is no historian. For no man with respect for historical truth would claim that he could give the "whole story" of so vast a subject in half an hour. And since Candidate Roosevelt made such a point of telling the whole truth, it became necessary to fill in some of the gaps in the Presidential narrative. The immediate job was ably done by Governor Dewey in Minneapolis. His speech, and some brilliant columns by the veteran Wilsonian, David Lawrence, show that the President's recital of America's foreign relations since 1919 should be amended almost line by line. We shall cite only three rather important examples of his failure to tell the whole story.

Example No. 1 concerns the League of Nations. Roosevelt tried to put on the Republicans the entire blame for keeping the U. S. out of the League. But Roosevelt is himself a prominent deserter from the cause of Woodrow Wilson. In 1932, a candidate for the Democratic nomination, he publicly repudiated the League. In 1933, 1934 and 1935, Roosevelt also repudiated all political commitments with Europe.

Example No. 2 concerns Hullism and economic policy. Roosevelt said: "We know after this administration took office, Secretary Hull and I replaced high tariffs with a series of reciprocal trade agreements." The historian knows no such thing. For the whole story is that while the Hull agreements increased our imports slightly, Roosevelt reduced the gold content of the dollar, thereby at one stroke raising the effective wall against imports and more than nullifying everything Hull had done since.

History Lies Ahead

Example No. 3 concerns neutrality and impotence. Roosevelt said: "In July 1939 I tried to obtain the repeal of the Arms Embargo provisions in the Neutrality Law that tied our hands, tied us against selling arms to the European democracies in defense against Hitler and Mussolini."

There is just one gap—a yawning one—that has to be filled in here. How did the neutrality act happen to be on the statute books in the first place? Mr. Roosevelt put

it there with his own pen and with an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress. This they did in 1935; and the same combination stiffened it up with new amendments in 1937 so tight that even old "isolationist," Bill Borah, thought they had gone too far.

The historical question of how much credit and discredit is to be given to Mr. Roosevelt in the conduct of foreign affairs is not going to be settled in this election. But neither is it very important.

Having taken exception to Mr. Roosevelt's partisan reading of the record, we will close our discussion of the election by turning to the future rather than the past.

The whole story of recent American foreign policy cannot be told because the most important part of the story lies in the future. The upshot of everything both candidates have said on the subject is simply this: that America's foreign problem, like (or perhaps unlike) the poor, will be always with us. It will remain more alarmingly and excitingly important than ever before in our history.

Mr. Roosevelt, by stating that he foresaw our present troubles, wishes us to feel that our future troubles will be safe in his hands. But his foresight must tell him that there will be much more to the problem than any one man can solve. What, for example, are the other great world powers doing?

The Real Problems

The British Foreign Office, the Vatican and the Kremlin—to name the three most professional diplomatic powers—are undoubtedly training entire new teams of professionals to cope with the specialized and unprecedented problems of the new international order. As Americans in Italy noted with bewilderment, the delegation of technicians Russia sent to the Advisory Council on Italy not only made our delegation seem amateurish; it also surpasses any team that could be put together from all the men now trained as experts in Italian matters in the entire U. S. government.

In the world security organization now aborning, what America will not need is just one delegate-spokesman for American opinion, more or less independent of Congress. We will need a trained team of delegates able to deal with their opposite numbers representing America's partners in the world. The problems these experts will face will be new problems, whose answers are not written in any record.

The talent for these jobs exists in America, though sadly untrained. Much of it may be found among the thousands of men and women who have flocked abroad in emergency agencies like OWI, OSS, FEA, CIAA—as well as among those who have seen the world in the Army and Navy. War has familiarized many Americans with primer

facts about foreign countries and the diplomatic art. But to make of their brief experience a great new permanent branch of the foreign service, trained, purposeful and effective, is above all an organizing task. For that task, Dewey's executive talents can serve America better than Roosevelt's intuition.

Although he needled the President on Poland, Italy and other weak spots, Dewey has worked like a trooper to eliminate the larger questions of foreign policy from the campaign. He has endorsed all our announced war aims and reassured us about Dumbarton Oaks. Anything to stop politics at the water's edge.

Dewey has also insisted on his right to debate foreign policy, and to air any and all details in public. And that, for our future welfare, is the most important stand a candidate can take. For any "unity" we may achieve in foreign policy will be a synthetic and vulnerable unity, unless it is firmly based in popular understanding and assent.

The most serious foreign-policy question confronting America is not what, but how. Under the Constitution, foreign affairs are almost wholly a White House responsibility subject to the Senate's veto on treaties, and the House's willingness to vote funds. But this allocation of power was made in a day when foreign affairs were largely a technical matter between chancelleries. Today they vitally affect the daily lives of all the people, as the people are finding out. Hence Congress, from now on, must inevitably take a more responsible—and thereby less obstructive—part in our foreign policy. Resolutions have been introduced in both Houses demanding as much. The Roosevelt administration has done practically nothing to improve or democratize our techniques of making foreign policy. It is one of the most urgent tasks ahead.

America is Strong

Said Dewey at Louisville: "Only with unity of purpose can America influence the rest of the world in the manner for which its real strength has entitled and equipped it." Given anything like real national unity, this country can be the most influential in the world. It will be the strongest anyway. The aims, the honesty and the imagination of the man in the White House will therefore be of crucial importance to everybody in the world. For the first time America owes it to the world, as well as to ourselves, to hasten this great quest for clarity, unity and responsibility in our foreign relations.

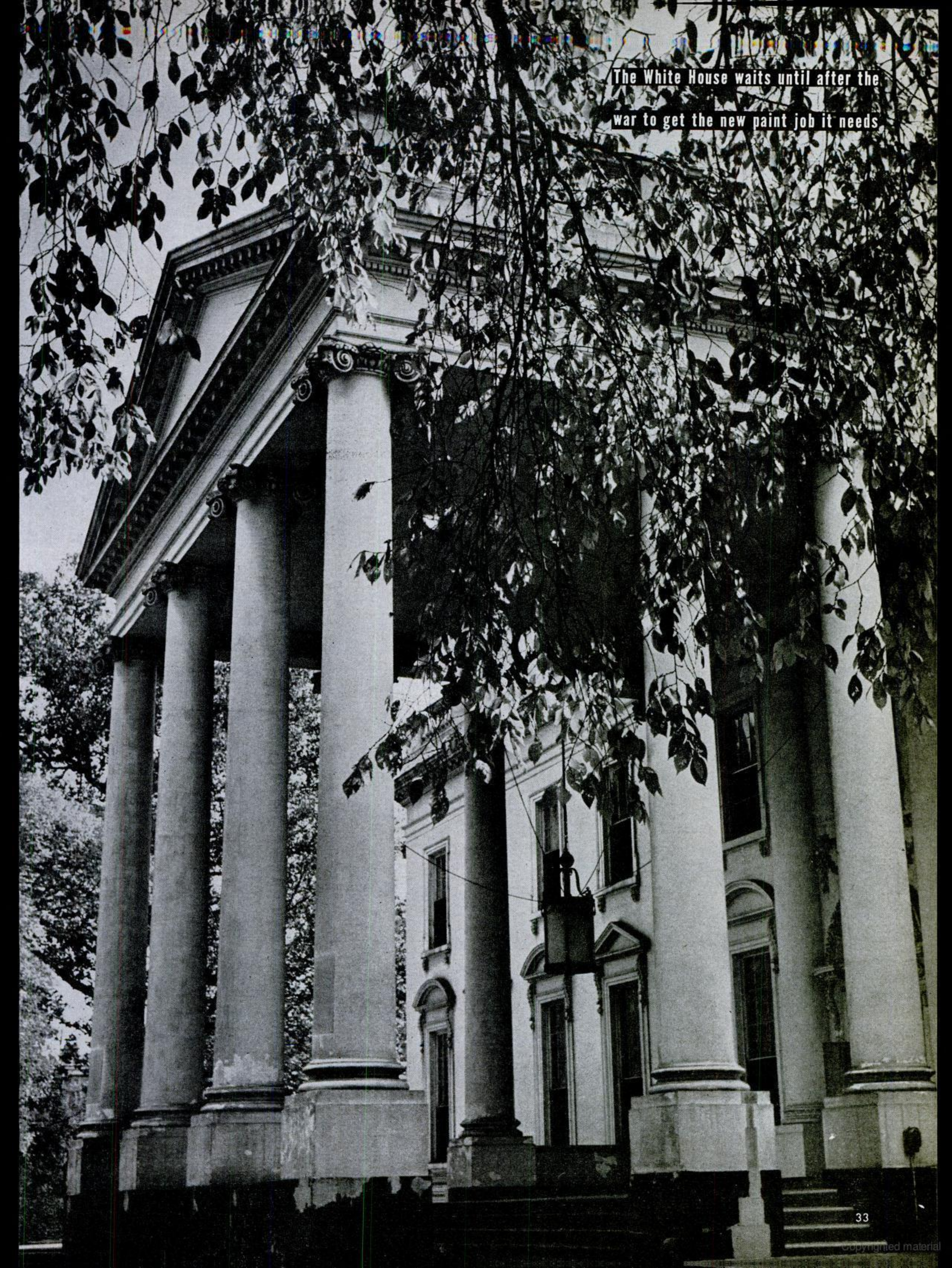
Much time has been lost in stupid argument about the past. The "whole story" of our foreign policy is that world peace, and America's part in it, cannot be won by any single election. "When we have ceased to wage war," said Dewey, "we shall have to wage peace." And that waging will go on for generations.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Last week Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt explained at her press conference why the White House looks so shabby and run-down in little places like

the bottoms of the pillars (*see opposite page*). Everybody knows the White House badly needs a new coat of paint, she said, but the painters feel

they will have to burn off all the old paint first and then work around the grounds for a long time. So the job has been put off until after the war.



The White House waits until after the war to get the new paint job it needs



O. Seydenrost

Carrier task groups drive forward after retreating Japanese off northern Luzon, where U. S. Third Fleet met and defeated

biggest of three Japanese task forces in Philippines battle. Planes have already hit at Japanese ships (*smoke on horizon*).

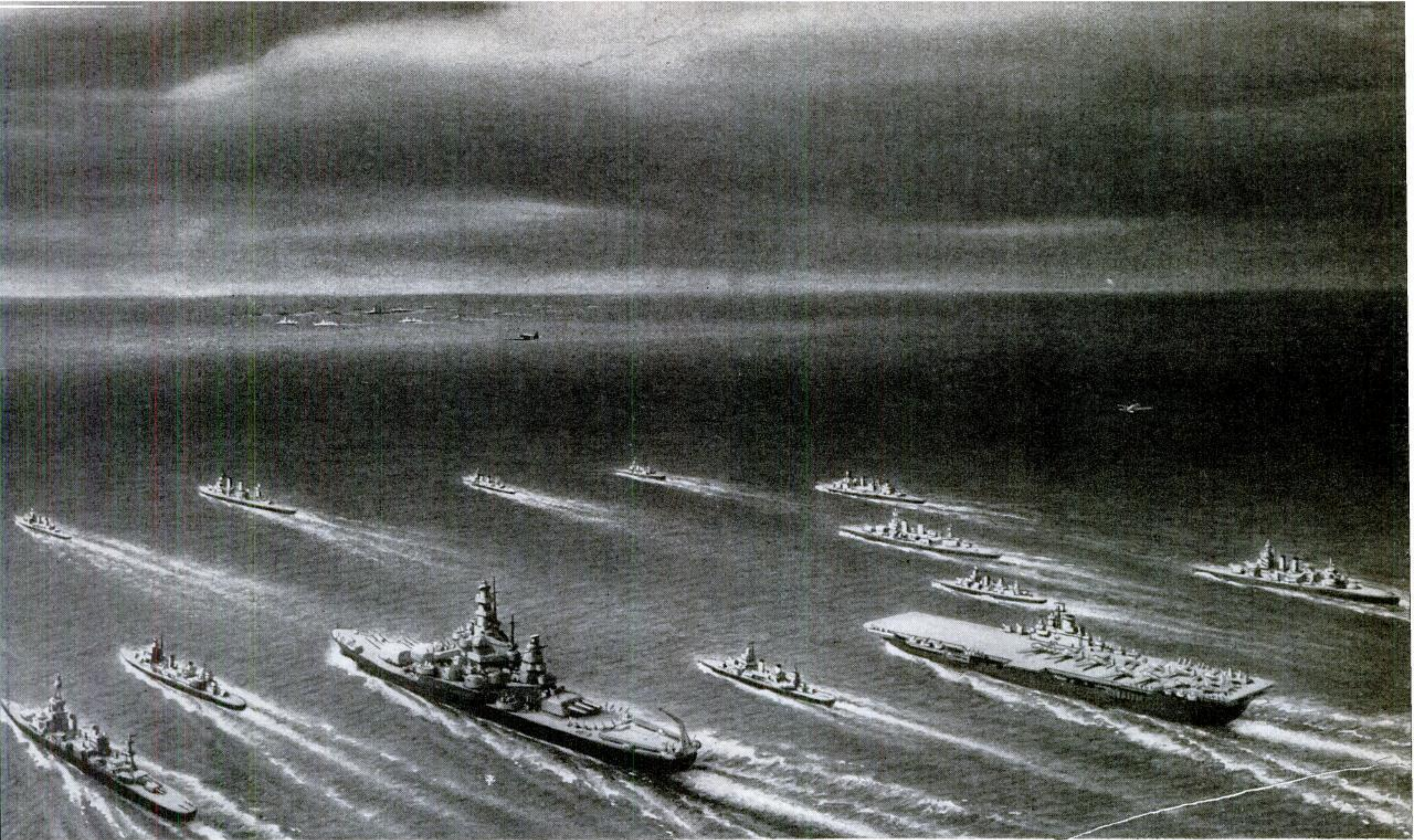
This drawing, compressed for clarity, shows how U. S. Navy task-group formation is designed to give carriers best possi-



U. S. carrier planes sight enemy off Luzon. Drawing shows how they go into battle. At the lower left are torpedo bombers

(Grumman TBFs) in flights of four. Dive bombers (Curtiss SB2Cs) are at right, in flights of six. Fighters patrol over-

head. Torpedo planes have begun to drop down to make runs. Dive bombers keep altitude, then hurtle down to attack first.



ble protection against air, surface and submarine attacks. Carrier at the right is screened by eight destroyers, two light

cruisers, two heavy cruisers and a battleship. Fighter planes patrol sky overhead. Unlike Seventh Fleet in central Philip-

pines, Third Fleet outnumbered Japanese who faced it. Third Fleet at present is main force of fast, new U. S. fleet vessels.

PHILIPPINES NAVAL BATTLE

U. S. fleet goads Japanese navy into decisive, disastrous fight

The Japanese navy made a desperate attempt to stop the relentless progress of the U. S. Pacific offensive last week. It was too late to prevent the Philippine landings, but there was still a chance to break up the flow of supplies to MacArthur's army on Leyte. The Japanese sent in three great task forces. Two came through the narrow Philippine straits from the west, headed for Leyte. The third came down from north of Luzon. The result: Japan's worst naval defeat.

The Japanese had one great chance in the Philippines battle. They muffed it badly. When two of their task forces went into the central islands they outnumbered the U. S. Seventh Fleet which was covering MacArthur's land offensive. The U. S. Third Fleet was out of reach, guarding against a Japanese stroke from the north. Still the Japanese took a terrific beating. The drawings on these two pages show a little of how the U. S. Navy worked in the battle. On the following page, maps illustrate how the battle was fought.

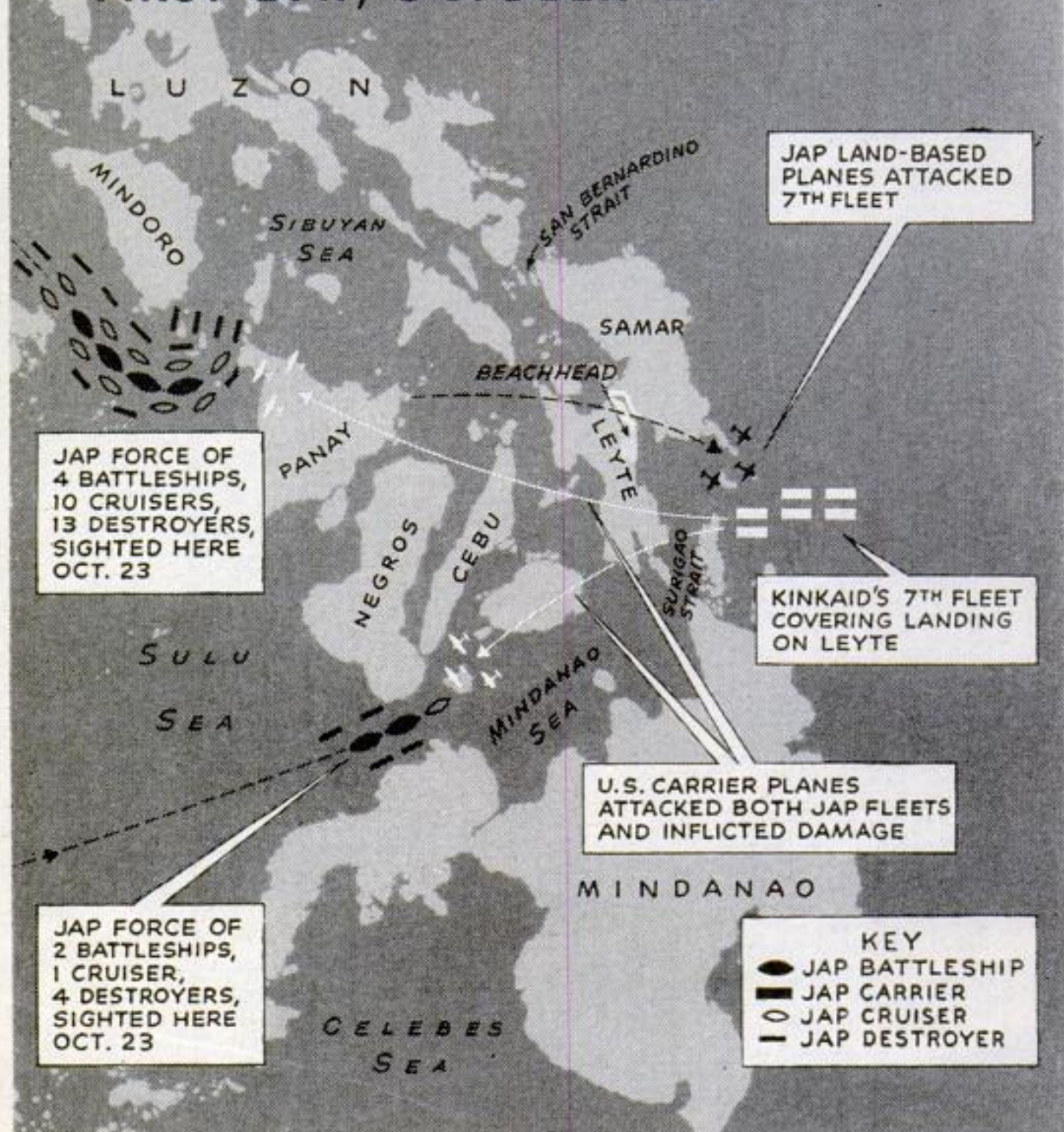
It was brutally apparent that the U. S. Navy had better naval brains and weapons as well as greater naval strength than the Japanese. On land, too, the U. S. forces were proving too much for the Japanese. MacArthur's men last week had driven Leyte's defenders into the hills. They had also crossed from Leyte to overrun Samar, the island next to Luzon—and Manila.



Big Japanese carrier, burning from dive-bomber attack, is hit by torpedo planes at close range. One torpedo (left) foams to-

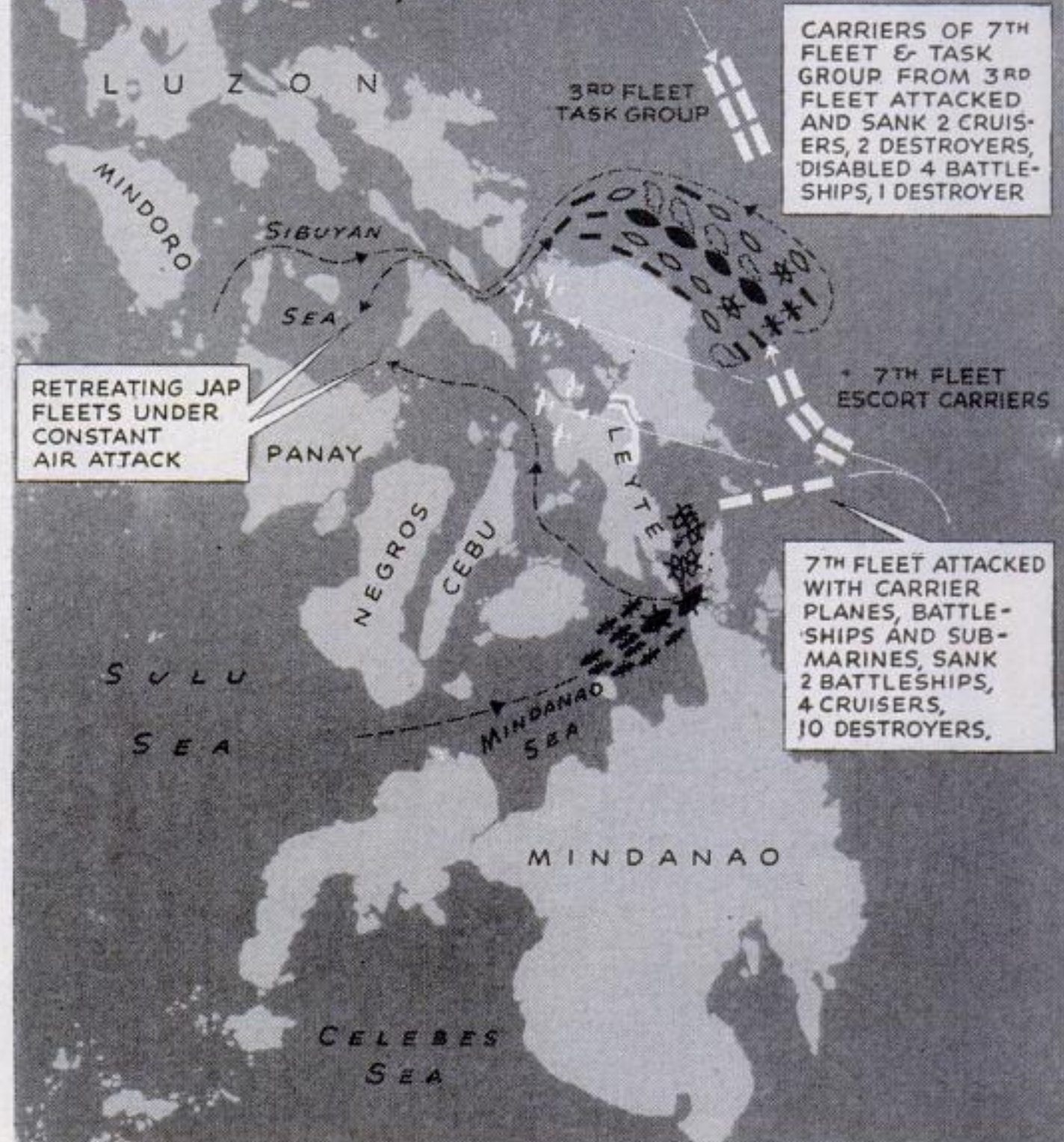
ward carrier as second torpedo hits water. Fighters strafe carrier. In background badly hit Japanese destroyer heels over.

THE BATTLES OF LEYTE FIRST DAY, OCTOBER 23



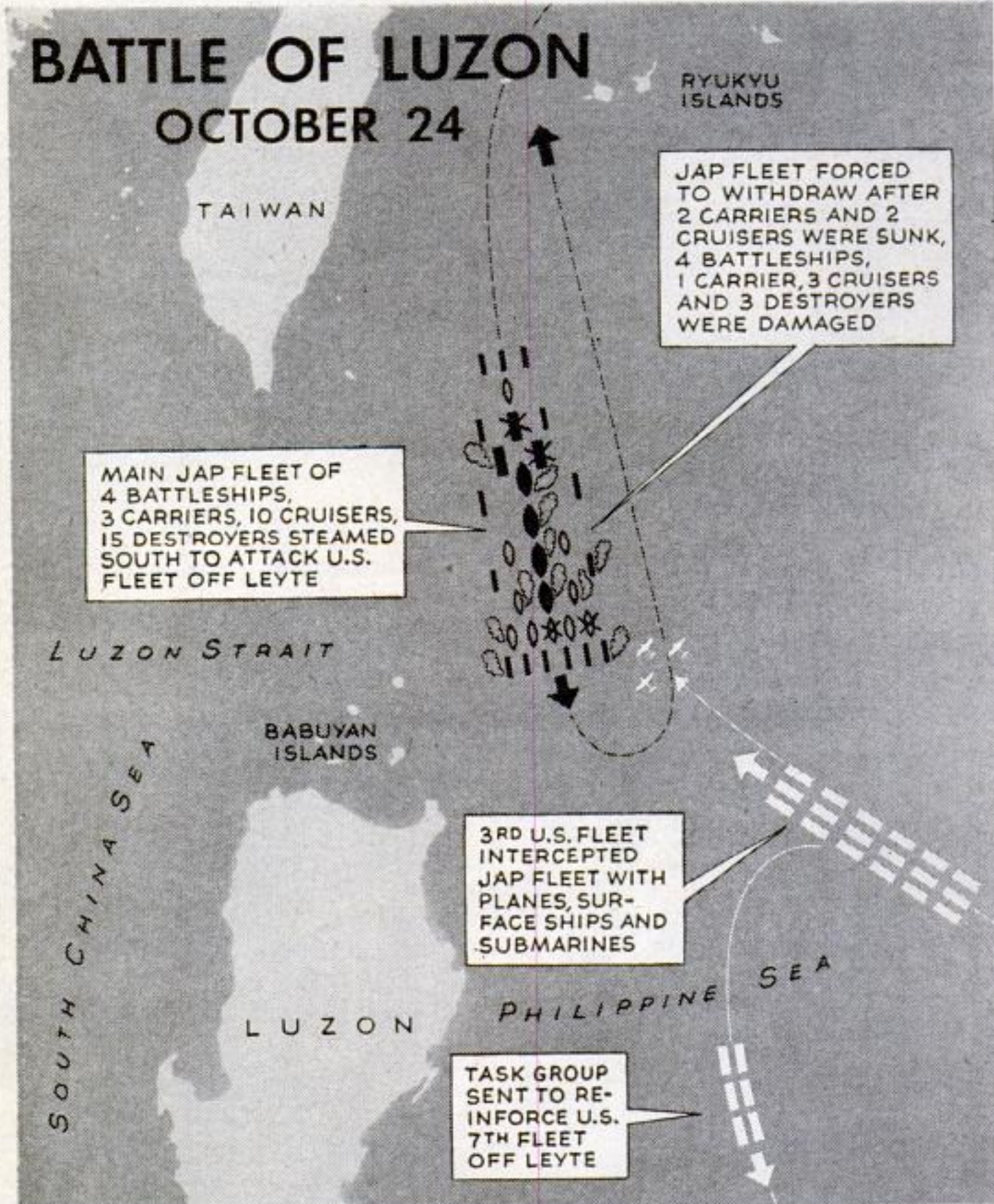
Two Japanese task forces, supported by land-based planes, were sighted by U. S. planes and submarines near island passages of west-central Philippines on Oct. 23. Their objective appeared to be to get into Leyte Gulf and sink MacArthur's cargo vessels. Seventh Fleet carrier planes hit both forces, but the Japanese kept heading for the straits into the Pacific.

THE BATTLES OF LEYTE SECOND DAY, OCTOBER 24



Pincers against Leyte by two Japanese task forces were almost closed on Oct. 24. Northern force, which was the stronger, got through San Bernardino Strait, was driven back by escort carriers of Seventh Fleet and one Third Fleet task group. Southern force was hit in Surigao Strait by U. S. group composed mainly of surface vessels, including battleships.

BATTLE OF LUZON OCTOBER 24

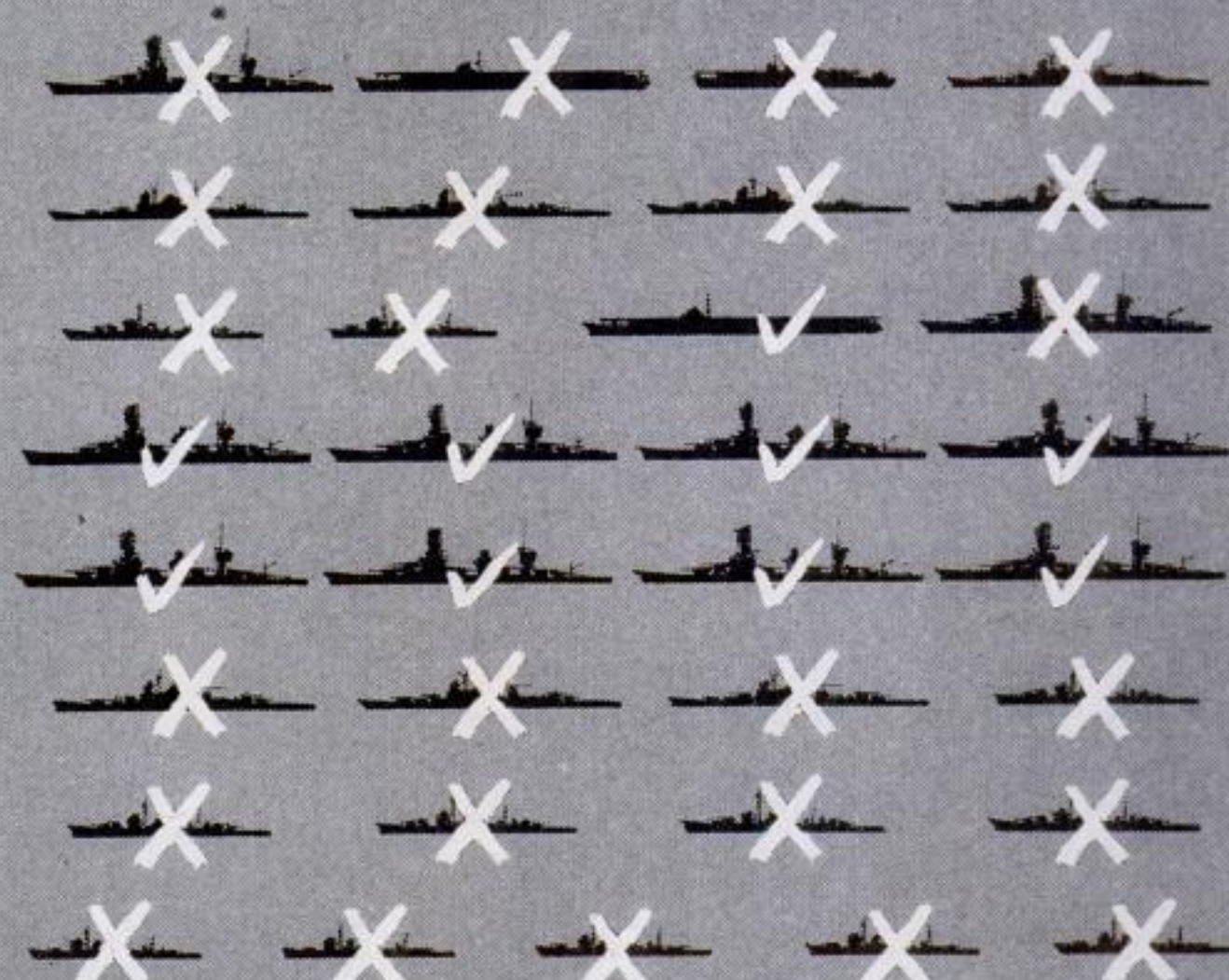


Biggest battle was fought off northern Luzon on Oct. 24 between Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet and the third Japanese task force. Third Fleet appeared to have nearly all fleet carriers and new battleships in Philippines. Vice Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, commander of Seventh Fleet, had force of cruisers, destroyers, small escort carriers and old battleships.

U. S. LOSSES



JAP LOSSES



X = SUNK

✓ = DAMAGED

The ratio of losses in the Philippines, based on incomplete reports of the first six days, enormously favors the U. S. Navy. Japanese ships sunk: two aircraft carriers, two battleships, eight cruisers, 12 destroyers. Hard hit: one carrier and eight battleships. U. S. ships sunk: one 10,000-ton carrier, two escort carriers, two destroyers and one destroyer escort.

HUNCHES ABOUT LUNCHES

... AND SUPPERS



HUNCH!

MEN LIKE THEIR FOOD HEARTY...SO...

what could be better than big, piping bowls full of Scotch broth? There's a special heartiness about it that comes from choice mutton simmered for every bit of goodness and nourishment. To this are added garden vegetables, barley and pieces of mutton, which make a dish sure to win appetites from the very start. This soup is more than a "hunch"—it's the answer.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH



HUNCH!

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"...SO...

how about a soup that's made of fresh garden peas, selected for their plumpness and sweetness? These peas, gently puréed, then smoothly blended and seasoned, produce a soup that's not only "different" but especially delicious. It's extra-nourishing, too, with milk added instead of water, as cream of pea soup. Have it soon.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP



HUNCH!

**CHILDREN ALWAYS
LOVE A "TREAT"...SO...**

for lunch they'll be delighted with chicken noodle soup. In fact, whole generations of Americans have loved it since Colonial times. As Campbell's make it—with rich chicken broth, generous pieces of chicken and noodles—you'll enjoy it as much as the children!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label





"Don't blame the poor man," says Dinah



1. "When talk turns to food," remarks Dinah, "I always think of Birds Eye. For example, when I start out to buy Birds Eye Peas, and the dealer has none right then, do I blame the poor man? Certainly not! For under today's wartime conditions, Birds Eye hasn't been able to pack . . .



2. "... enough of all varieties to suit everyone. So I then select *another* from the 50 different Birds Eye Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, and Poultry. (Some of these are plentiful.) All are top-quality, with farm-or-ocean-freshness sealed in by Quick-Freezing. ALL are waste-free, work free!



3. "Now here's a sad admission: because of conditions beyond control, no Birds Eye Turkeys will be available this year. We're telling you early, so's you can order elsewhere. And *maybe* your Birds Eye dealer can get you a market turkey (he's very resourceful)! In any event, you can . . .



4. "... find some grand 'fixin's' for your Thanksgiving dinner in the Birds Eye case. Look them over! After the war, we'll have delicious, country-fresh, plump Birds Eye Turkeys and Chickens for you again. Fine, selected birds, loaded down with extra full-flavored white meat!"



Warning!

Not all frosted foods are Birds Eye. So, the only way to get that famous Birds Eye quality is to make sure the package says, plainly, "Birds Eye!"

TRY 'EM! Birds Eye Peas are wonderful—sweet young things of uniform tenderness and deliciousness. Picked at peak tenderness, they're shelled, washed, and Quick-Frozen—all within 4 hours! That matchless summertime flavor is sealed in—held for you. And plus this farm-freshness, there's NO WASTE, NO WORK to Birds Eye Peas! Get them when you can.



BOARDWALK IN NEW YORK "TIMES" FASHION SHOW FEATURED AMERICAN-MADE BEACH COSTUMES. GIRLS INCLUDED "MISS CONNECTICUT," "MISS FLIRT" AND "MISS CUDDLES"

GIRLS OF THE "TIMES"

Sober New York paper puts on snappy style show with 41 gorgeous models

Last week the sedate New York *Times* staged a fashion show which knocked a lot of peoples' eyes out. All of the styles were American-made, most of them from New York's teeming garment district. Throwing off its accustomed mantle of dignity and sobriety, the *Times* hired 41 of the prettiest models it could and put them through a series of acts ranging from a day at the seashore with a bevy of bathing beauties (above) to a procession through an arbor with six

little lambs. At times the models tripped through the aisles to permit closer inspection by the audience. Theatrical Producer Brock Pemberton later told a *Times* reporter, "Magnificent production! Could run for six months on Broadway." Said a store executive from Cincinnati, "Terrific."

The main purpose of the fashion show was to sell U. S. designs and products, and the buyer's pencils scratched busily through all the eight performances.

What to feed 'em after the game?



Ah, of course...



And they'll cheer for these!



Players, spectators, everyone loves RITZ
...it's America's Favorite Cracker!



TRUST THE CRUNCHY GOODNESS...the delicious nut-like flavor of Ritz Crackers whether served alone or as a companion to other foods to be a favorite treat with everyone. For the same high quality in other crackers and cookies, look for the red Nabisco seal...it's the symbol of wonderful eating in all bakery products.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Fashions (continued)



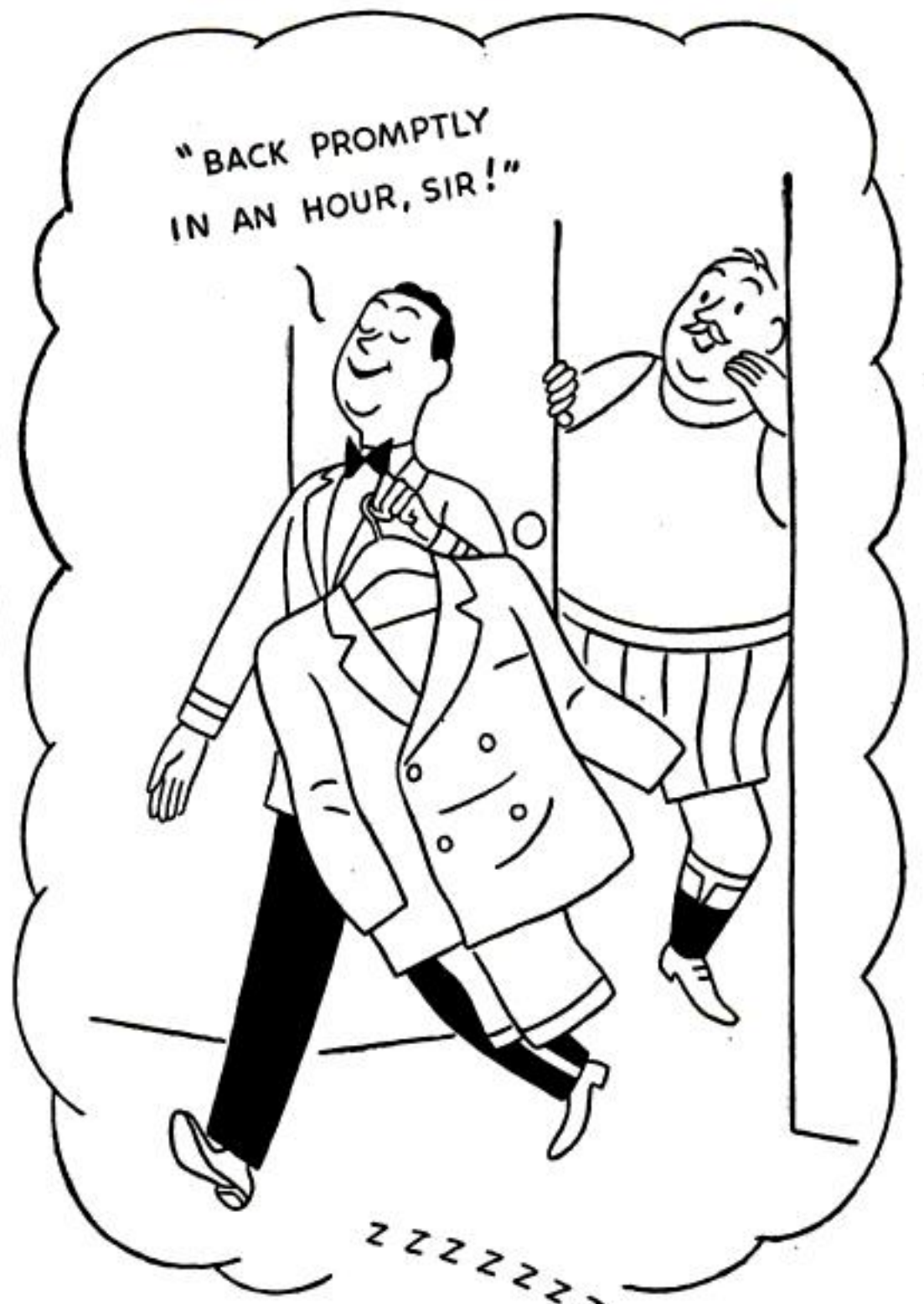
"Cotton Queen" Rosemary Sankey wears an organdie dress, cotton lace mitts, crown of cotton violets. Guns in background shoot cotton to show how it has gone to war.



"Miss New York" (Ruth Woods, above) wears a wool jersey swim suit designed by Claire McCardell. Below: O'Connor twins model an interchangeable four-piece set which includes clothes for a weekend—navy wool shirt, dress, checked shorts, jacket.



CONTINUED ON
PAGE 47



WELL — a hotel manager can still DREAM, can't he?

Yes, in these days this is a hotel manager's dream. But—

At Hotel Pennsylvania and at all of the seven other Statlers, we are striving to come as close to

traditional Statler hospitality as is possible under wartime conditions.

It's true that some of the minor services aren't quite what you and we would like to have them. But you'll still find that all Statlers offer you the things which really count . . .

Cheerful rooms, with their sleep-inducing Statler beds . . . delicious meals which are still the pride of our skillful chefs . . . restful

relaxation, which you need even in wartime.

Meanwhile, you can help make traveling more comfortable for yourself as well as others by observing what we call the "Three Golden Rules of Wartime Travel." They are . . .

Reserve your hotel room far enough in advance so that we may confirm it. Cancel unwanted reservations promptly. Release your room as early as possible on the day of departure.



YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS

HOTELS STATLER IN				STATLER-OPERATED	
BOSTON \$3.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00		HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$3.00	WASHINGTON \$4.50		NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH

Rates Begin At Prices Shown



*Are you a
little Scorpio?*



IF YOU were born under the sign of Scorpio*, according to the Zodiac you are dignified, reserved, emotionally undemonstrative, and the proud possessor of an analytical mind.

And if such is the case, it's a foregone conclusion that you wear Arrow Shirts. For after analyzing the shirt situation, you easily discover that only one shirt

gives you: the Mitoga figure-fit, the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar, the Sanforized label (shrinkage less than 1%), and anchored buttons. Arrow, naturally. \$2.24 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he's out of your favorite Arrow. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again. Arrows are worth waiting for!

*The Scorpio period—Oct. 23 to Nov. 23. (A perfectly swell time to buy War Bonds! Buy an extra one today!)

Arrow Shirts

Fashions (continued)

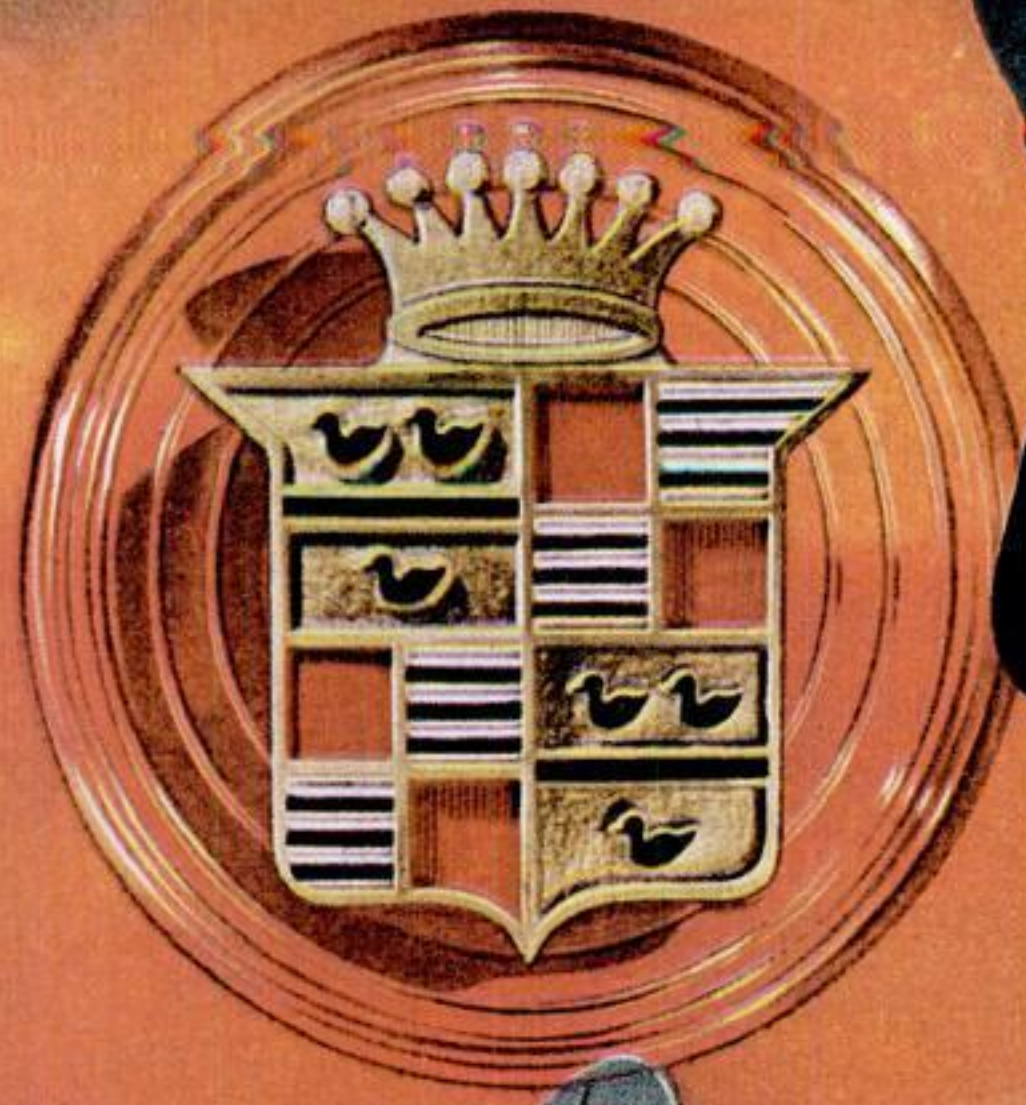


"Good Night" scene shows Model Alice Maulsby all set for bed in sheer white wool nightshirt modeled after the kind grandpa used to wear. She is taking doll with her.

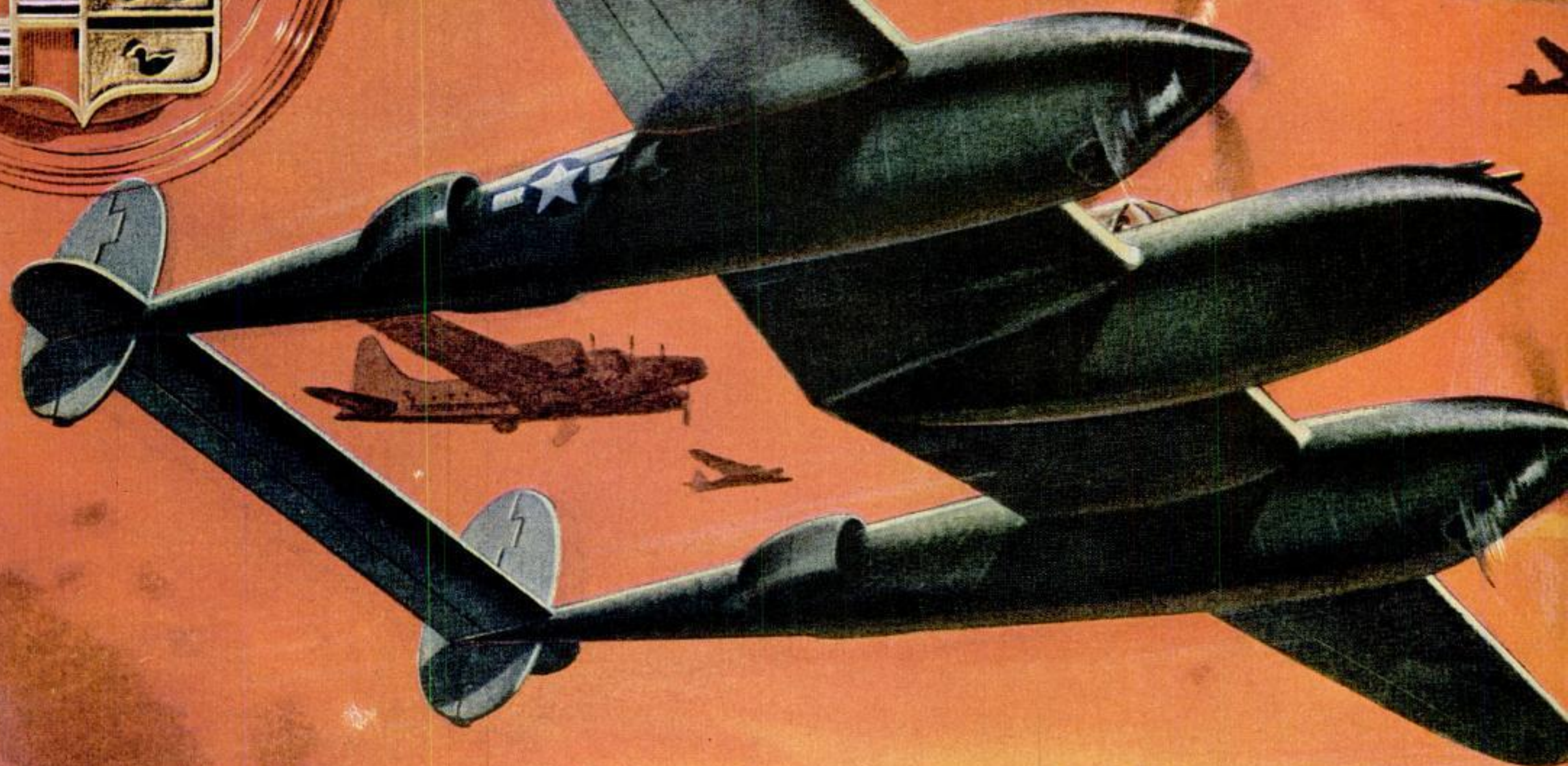


"Rumba in Rio" (Jo Waltz, above) shows what a postwar girl might wear to the beach after flying down to Rio in her helicopter: pale blue shorts under a tie-around skirt of Celanese jersey. Below: Helen Archer models a possible postwar flying costume.





Cadillac



Pay-off for Pearl Harbor!

Three years ago, the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor found America unprepared to defend its rights. Yet, even at that early date, Cadillac was in its third year of building aircraft engine parts for military use. Today we look hopefully forward to the time when this important contribution to America's air power will pay off in such a scene as that illustrated above.

For more than five years we have been working toward that end. Back in 1939, we

started building precision parts for Allison—America's famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine—used to power such potent fighters as the Lightning, the Warhawk, the Mustang, the Airacobra and the new Kingcobra.

In addition to our work for Allison, which has included more than 57,000,000 man-hours of precision production—we assisted Army Ordnance Engineers in designing the M-5 Light Tank and the M-8 Howitzer motor carriage, and have produced them in quan-

ties. Both are powered by Cadillac engines, equipped with Hydra-Matic transmissions.

We are now building other weapons which utilize some of our Cadillac peacetime products. We can't talk about all of them yet—but we are confident they will prove significant additions to Allied armor.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

Copyrighted material



1. Before the war, you could pile your shelves with different soaps for this and that. And, if you ran short of any special one-purpose soap, you'd whisk down in the car and buy some more.



2. But, look . . . it's different today! You shop on foot, and trudge home loaded down like a pack horse! So you gotta be *smart* when you buy soap these days! . . .



3. That's why clever housewives stick to SWAN . . . *one* wonderful soap that behaves like *four*. With pure, sudsy Swan in the house you're set for practically every washing job.



4. **Swan is ideal for baby!**
Pure as fine castile! Swan is mild, gentle as a mother's caress to baby's delicate skin.



5. **Swan is a whiz for dishes!**
Swan suds quick as a wink, even in hard water! It's firm. It lasts and lasts. Easy on hands, too, 'cause it's so mild!



6. **Swan is a peach for duds!**
Baby-gentle Swan helps keep your precious fine things like new!



7. **Swan is perfect for bath!**
What gorgeous lather . . . rich and creamy! And do those May-mild suds agree with your skin! Buy Swan today—and Swan everything!

Swan is **4** swell soaps in one



GRACIE ALLEN
SAYS

"Our show's a honey!
Tune in! So funny!"

George Burns &
Gracie Allen—CBS
—Tuesday nights



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**Hurry! Enter Swan's \$35,000
Prize Contest!**

Grand prize is \$100 a month for life! 506 other big prizes! See your dealer for entry blank and details. Contest closes December 15th.



JAPANESE WOMEN BATHE THEIR CHILDREN IN THE SEA ON SAIPAN'S WESTERN SHORE, WHERE U. S. TROOPS LANDED, IN JUNE. ON THE HORIZON IS A FLEET OF U. S. CARGO SHIPS

JAPANESE CIVILIANS ON SAIPAN

LIFE ON THE ISLAND TODAY SHOWS THAT AMERICANS CAN'T KEEP FROM HELPING PEOPLE IN TROUBLE

The Americans who landed on Saipan last June discovered that Japanese civilians had the same maniacal willingness to destroy themselves as Japanese soldiers. The implications of this ugly fact were alarming. If all the Japanese wanted to die instead of surrendering, the war in the Pacific would be the bloodiest in history. On Formosa, which could possibly be a next step of the U. S. Pacific offensive, there are 5,000,000 civilians. In the main islands of Japan there are 70,000,000.

What has happened on Saipan since June is much less foreboding. After the first shock of fear, largely due to efficient Japanese propaganda about American brutality, Saipan's civilians found that they would much rather live than die. At first they came slowly from the caves in Saipan's green hills. When they saw that no one was mistreated they came faster. Soon civilians who had given up were going back to the hills to cajole friends and relatives into doing the same. Today there are more than 18,000 civilians in Camp Susupe, Saipan's internment center.

The people who live in Camp Susupe (13,000 are

Japanese, 1,500 are Koreans and the rest Caroline Kanakas and native Chamorros) have neither luxury nor much comfort. Saipan is still a place of hardships since the main stream of supplies in the Pacific goes to support the war beyond Saipan.

The Americans on the island are still eating B and C rations. Camp Susupe has been built of materials salvaged from villages ruined in Saipan's month of battle. Its people have been dressed in any clothes available, including Japanese uniforms. Even when shortages like these are over, Saipan's people will have a hard time making a living. The sugar plantations and refineries which employed most of them were almost completely destroyed in the fighting.

Under the circumstances the Americans have been generous with Saipan's civilians. They have given the Japanese whatever supplies there are and have paid them to work. American doctors help Japanese doctors take care of people who are sick from weeks in the caves. In return the civilians manage Camp Susupe pretty much by themselves and provide a good part of their own food by fishing and farming.



WIRE, MORE WARNING THAN BARRIER, GIRDS THE CAMP

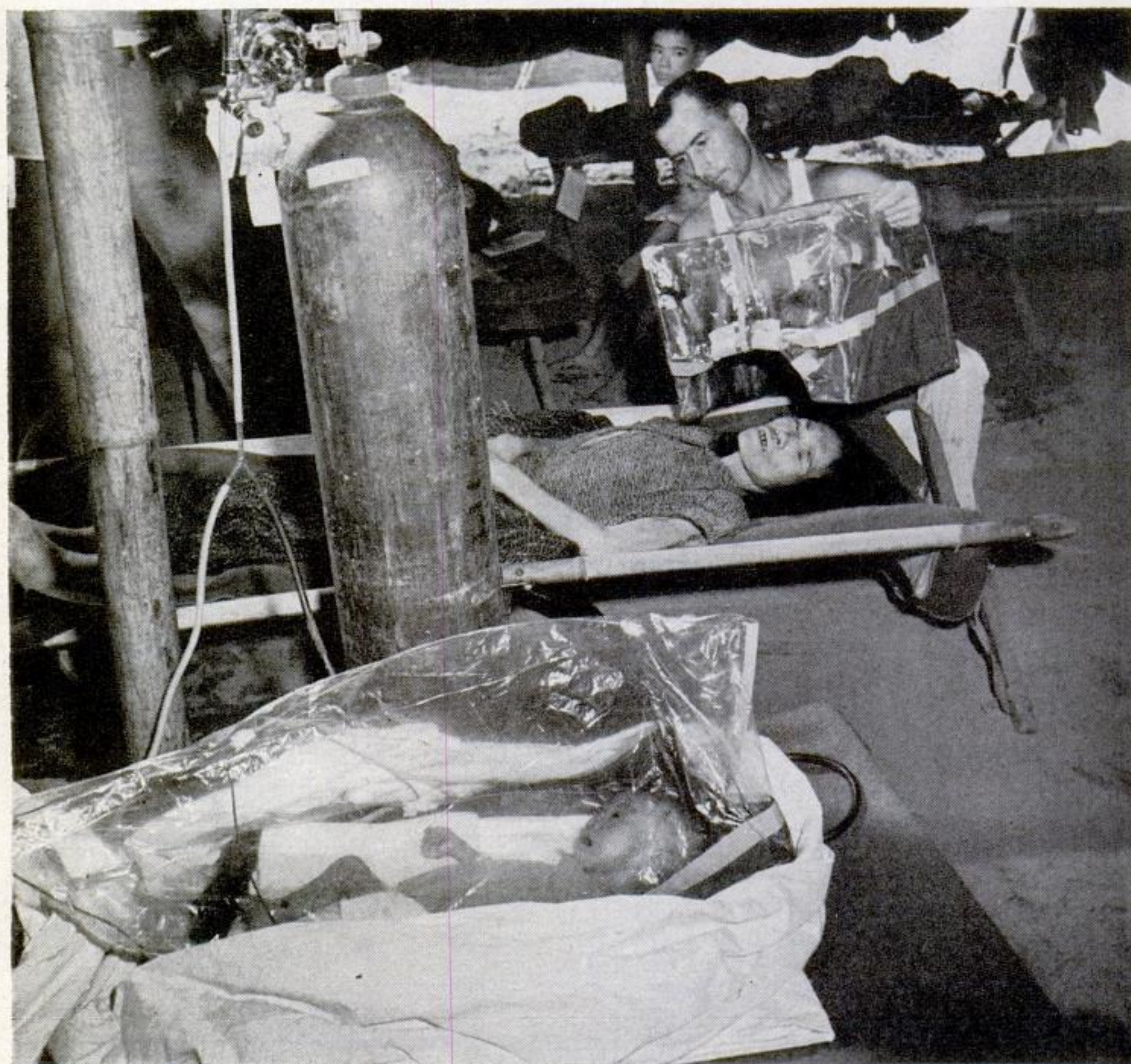


Camp Susupe's food supply is partly provided by its inhabitants. Men make good hauls of fish and both men and wom-

en grow vegetables. Most of camp's food comes from captured stores which Japanese had hidden in caves in the hills.



Buddhist Priest Hideki prays in his little chapel. Some of Japanese are Shintoists. Native Chamorros were converted



In dispensary an American doctor places homemade oxygen tent over sick Japanese woman. Child in foreground is under

cellophane oxygen tent. Japanese and American doctors and nurses treat 1,200 cases a day, mostly forms of malnutrition.



Japanese children pass time in camp with games, rudimentary schooling. Camp's population of children is enormous.



to Christianity by the Spanish, who preceded the Germans, Japanese and Americans as Saipan's controlling authorities.



At community bathing center men and women bathe together, in keeping with Japanese country custom. People in camp do

everything in groups. They have a passion for organization. Unit within camp is the *han* and its leader is called *hancho*.



Between 10 and 15 babies are born every day. Many of the children are wan and undernourished from weeks in caves.



A modest Japanese girl at center washes her clothes as she takes a bath. In background is one of the camp's ramshackle

buildings. Many were built out of wrecked sugar refinery at Charan Kanoa, where one of early Saipan battles was fought.

**WHEN I TAKE
VITAMIN B-COMPLEX,
I WANT TO BE SURE
THAT I GET THE BEST!**



**THEN DO THESE
3 THINGS WHEN YOU
BUY B VITAMINS**



- 1 Be sure that the vitamins you buy are made by a well-known, reliable firm.
- 2 Be sure that the vitamins you take have two-way quality control. That is to say, be sure that their potency and quality are checked, both before they reach your druggist and after.
- 3 We recommend that the Vitamin B-Complex you take also contain Iron. This is because many who suffer from a deficiency of B Vitamins, also suffer from a deficiency of Iron.

Stan-B Vitamins are made by a pharmaceutical subsidiary of Standard Brands, with over 100 years of experience in the drug field. And a reputation of reliability and quality built up over more than a century.

Stan-B Vitamins undergo 31 separate and distinct tests to assure their potency and quality before they reach your drug store. An elaborate system of field quality control also checks them constantly while they are on your drug store shelves.

Stan-B gives you both Vitamin B-Complex and Iron in one, easy-to-take tablet. Thus, assuring that you get your full daily minimum amount of Iron when you take Stan-B's.

**The Potency of Stan-B
Vitamins is Unconditionally
Guaranteed or Your
Money will be Refunded**

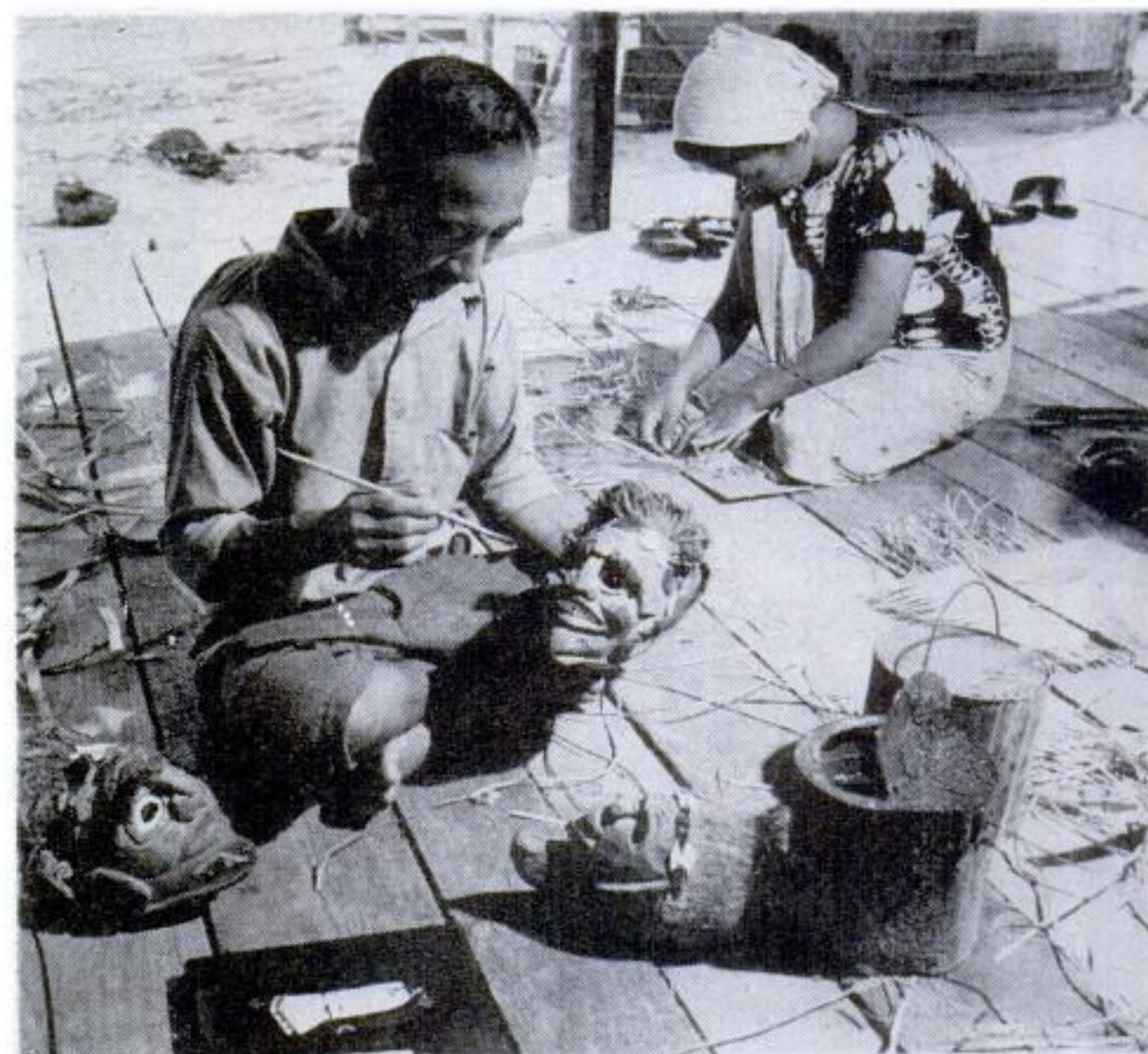


Pharmaceutical Division,
Standard Brands, Inc.

Japanese Civilians on Saipan (continued)



Camp police, wearing U. S. helmet liners, were picked by Chief Hirasawa (foreground), who was an official under the Japanese government. U. S. officer tries cases in camp.



In handicraft shop Otomo, a woodcutter, carves coconut-shell masks. A girl weaves matting. The masks are sold in post exchanges to Americans, who send them home.



On community farm, Camp Susupe's women hoe sweet potatoes. Produce is given free to civilians. Farmworkers are also paid 35¢ a day, flat rate for unskilled labor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



In your heart... a love song.
In your hands... smooth feminine
magic.

Keep them lovely, all through
these busier days. Before every
household task, smooth on
Trushay.

It's a new-idea lotion. The
"beforehand" lotion. So lush... so
creamy-rich it guards soft
hands, even in hot, soapy water.

You'll love Trushay... its fragrance
...the way it helps keep your hands
romantic. Try it today

TRUSHAY

The
'Beforehand'
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



Hot-house roses
are no more coddled
than you'll feel
inside the cosy warmth
of Munsingwear
ponies and vests.
Knitted soft and fine
of cotton and wool,
they're smooth as nothing
at all under dresses.
And you'll wash them
out in a wink.
Now don't they make
wonderful sense?
At better stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Underwear, Sleeping-and-Lounging
Wear, Foundation Garments, Hosiery*



Child carries water from well in an old paint bucket. The people in Camp Susupe live in groups of 20 to 50 in a single shelter. Shelters are tents or ramshackle huts.



Homemade cart is one of few toys the children have to play with. Mostly they entertain themselves with huge games (see pp. 46-47). Playground is next to cemetery.



Little Japanese girl brings baby and bottle of water home at the same time. Japanese often carry their babies this way. When baby falls asleep, his head lolls backward.

TRY THIS...



FOR SOUNDER SLEEP...



AND

Morning Freshness



SOUND SLEEP FOR THOUSANDS!

Taken at bedtime, Ovaltine induces sleep in this safe, drugless way! It has the power to relieve "nervous tension," also to prevent certain types of unrest that so often cause night-time tossing. Furnishes food elements known to be necessary for sound, restful sleep!



REBUILDS VITALITY WHILE YOU SLEEP!

To restore body and nerve cells, replenish vitality to meet the morning; Ovaltine is specially processed so you can get the good from it while you are sleeping.



Here's a way thousands have discovered—for sparkling morning freshness and happier, more vigorous days! They simply drink a cup of Ovaltine each night and morning.

For Ovaltine does three things—to bring early-morning vitality that sees you through the day.

First, taken at bedtime it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it furnishes certain food elements to rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells *while you sleep!*

Third, it supplies extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way for all-round good health and increased vigor.

So to start the day looking and feeling fresher and more "alive," why not turn to Ovaltine, starting tonight?

OVALTINE

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



TO START THE DAY IN "HIGH"—

Just a cup of Ovaltine night and morning! An easy, happy way to wake far fresher—to find new vigor that starts you out for the day "in high". Try it—see if you don't get more fun out of life!



NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY TREATMENT!

For beauty that's more than skin-deep, drink Ovaltine at bedtime for a while. Then in the morning ask your mirror if you aren't looking far more sparkling, radiant and clear-eyed!



1247



1311



1223



1317



1261



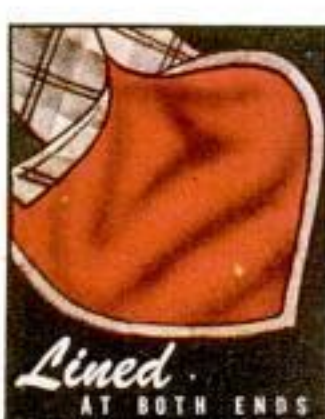
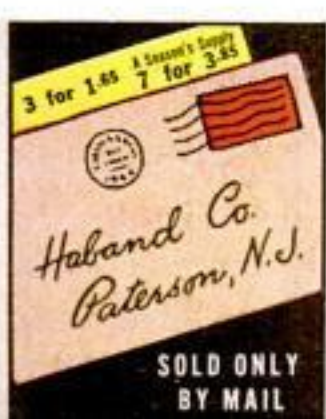
1443

From the Necktie Super Market. These remarkable direct color photographs show 12 style leaders from the mail order house which sells ties to the business and professional men of the U. S. From practically every city and town men send for ties to Haband in Paterson, N. J. and these 12 are the current favorites. Many have wondered why men send to Paterson year after year for them when other good ties can be bought just around the corner almost anywhere. The answer lies right here in these pictures. Excellent good taste is combined with well chosen patterns and exceptional coloring. And

more obviously, of course, there are the factors of economy and convenience. All of this, particularly the styling and the economy, is the result of super intensive concentration upon one objective, i.e.—Haband sells absolutely nothing other than neckties and only this one special quality. Look the pictures over, leisurely and carefully, and you will find it interesting to discover how neatly the group will fit into your own wardrobe. The pictures are honest. They neither flatter nor harm the product and as such they serve their purpose well, for men can match them up with

their suits and shirts in full confidence that there will be no let down when they see the actual ties, cut from today's standard rayon fabrics to regulation shape and length and expertly finished to the last detail. If you would like to get acquainted further with them you need feel no hesitation in ordering, for Haband is vouched for by all usual commercial agencies and is probably known by some of your friends and neighbors — most certainly by your Postmaster.

© Esquire Inc. 1944





1416



1474



1240



1228



1475



1202—ROYAL
ALSO AVAILABLE
IN
1203—NAVY
1204—MAROON
1206—BROWN
1209—GREEN
1229—BLACK

Check off or Jot Down the Numbers you would like to wear and send them to the company with your remittance. The ties will reach you by return mail, bringing you a thrill and satisfaction because you will find them more than you expected in fullness of body, depth of color and plain dollars and cents value—none of which can be shown in any picture. But, if for any reason you don't want to wear them, you need only send them back to have your money refunded with equal dispatch. Economical handling requires a minimum order of 3 ties. But take 7, a season's supply, and you will receive with that order a timely gift of a 1945 Easel Type Desk Calendar. Or, every tie here shown (12) plus the Desk Piece for only \$6.65.

FREE Varga Girl Desk Calendar—1945
WITH EVERY ORDER OF SEVEN OR MORE TIES

CALENDAR—approximately 6½" by 5"—Easel Type Desk Calendar. Two tone imitation embossed leather frame. Separate calendar card or page for every month, and on each a new picture in full color by the famous Varga. NO ADVERTISING MATTER OF ANY KIND APPEARS ANYWHERE ON THE GIFT.

55¢ per tie

—We pay the postage—

3 for 1.65

Minimum Mail Order

A Season's Supply

7 for 3.85

plus Desk Calendar FREE

HABAND COMPANY, Paterson 4, N. J.

You may send me the ties I have listed and for which I enclose herewith,

a \$..... remittance.

It is understood that if upon receipt of ties, I find any that I don't want to wear I can return them and have my money refunded promptly and without question.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

CHECK CHOICE BELOW

1247 <input type="checkbox"/>	1317 <input type="checkbox"/>
1311 <input type="checkbox"/>	1261 <input type="checkbox"/>
1223 <input type="checkbox"/>	1443 <input type="checkbox"/>
1416 <input type="checkbox"/>	1228 <input type="checkbox"/>
1474 <input type="checkbox"/>	1475 <input type="checkbox"/>
1240 <input type="checkbox"/>	Solid Color.....

**REMITTANCE IN FULL
MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER**

NO C. O. D.

Full price refunded if for any reason you don't want to wear the ties and return them to us.

**WE GUARANTEE
Immediate Delivery and
NO SUBSTITUTIONS**

Copyrighted material

U.S.A. ONLY

Better than Frosty Air for Perkin' up Appetites!



Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce Sure Makes Folks Enjoy their Vittles!

"When the 'frost's on the pumpkin, and Snider's Chili Sauce is on the table, folks sure like to eat hearty," says Grandma Snider, clearin' away the empty dishes from the table!



There's something about the spicy flavor of Grandma's Chili Sauce that makes food taste so good folks clean their plates good and proper.

That's because it's real old fashioned Chili Sauce ... made from ripe, red, juicy tomatoes, all flavory with peppers and celery and onions. Lan's sakes, we even chop tomatoes up by hand to give it that home-made kind of chunkiness, and when it comes to seasonin' and spicin', nobody can beat Grandma's country-style way!



Grandpa Snider says to tell the ladies that if they want to please the men folks these zippy fall days to serve 'em good solid vittles like meat loaf—or crisp browned hash—or baked beans hot from the oven—all with plenty of Snider's Chili Sauce!



Don't forget the tasty farm-fresh fruits and vegetables the Snider Folks put up too. Take, for instance, those famous **Snider's Beets**—sliced, or whole—put up pretty as a picture in glass jars so you can see how good they are! Delicious—and that's just one example of how the Sniders bring the garden to your table all year round! You can depend on it—if the Snider Folks put it up, it tastes like home!



"Ahoy, there!" says Old Salt Snider. "If you folks never tasted **Snider's Cocktail Sauce** you've been missin' something extra special. You just don't know how good sea food and meat dishes can taste till you've tried 'em with our Cocktail Sauce!"

"Raised a lot of mighty fine tomatoes this year," says Farmer Snider. "Enjoy 'em, folks, in **Snider's Catsup** ... the famous quality catsup with the mild country-kitchen kind of spicin' that gives it that real homey taste!"



The Snider Folks

Copyright 1944 by General Foods Corp.

If the Snider Folks put it up ... it tastes like home

A Plea for FRANCE

A NATION WEAK AND UNCERTAIN
NEEDS OUR UNDERSTANDING

by Vercors

"Vercors" is the *nom de plume* of a young French illustrator named Jean Bruller who, in late 1941, formed an underground publishing house in Paris. This group produced 20 volumes of stories, poems and experiences, and distributed them under the noses of the enraged Germans. The first was *The Silence of the Sea* by Vercors, which LIFE published on Oct. 11, 1943. For LIFE Vercors has now written this plea for understanding of France.

There is at present on the walls of Paris a very beautiful poster. It has been there ever since Liberation Day, or almost, and still I cannot look at it without feeling my heart swell. This poster symbolizes my country through the features of a young girl. It is France, as light dawns. As she shields her eyes against the bright sun, her hand still bears the mark of the nail which held her crucified. She shields her eyes because after the long night even the gentle light of dawn hurts her. She is not joyful. She is proud. But she is also timid and uncertain. She is like those souls whom illness has tied to their beds through long months, who are not yet cured but who are allowed to get up for the first time and who are full of anxiety at the thought of trusting their legs, which have been immobile for so long.

Can the American soldier, when he sets foot on its soil, see that France? I do not believe so. What does he see? People who smile, who look rather healthy; not as badly dressed as he had expected. In Normandy he saw butter, cheese—as well as, unfortunately, some people who rather seemed to think they were being disturbed. He undoubtedly said to himself, "Is this the country which has suffered so much?"

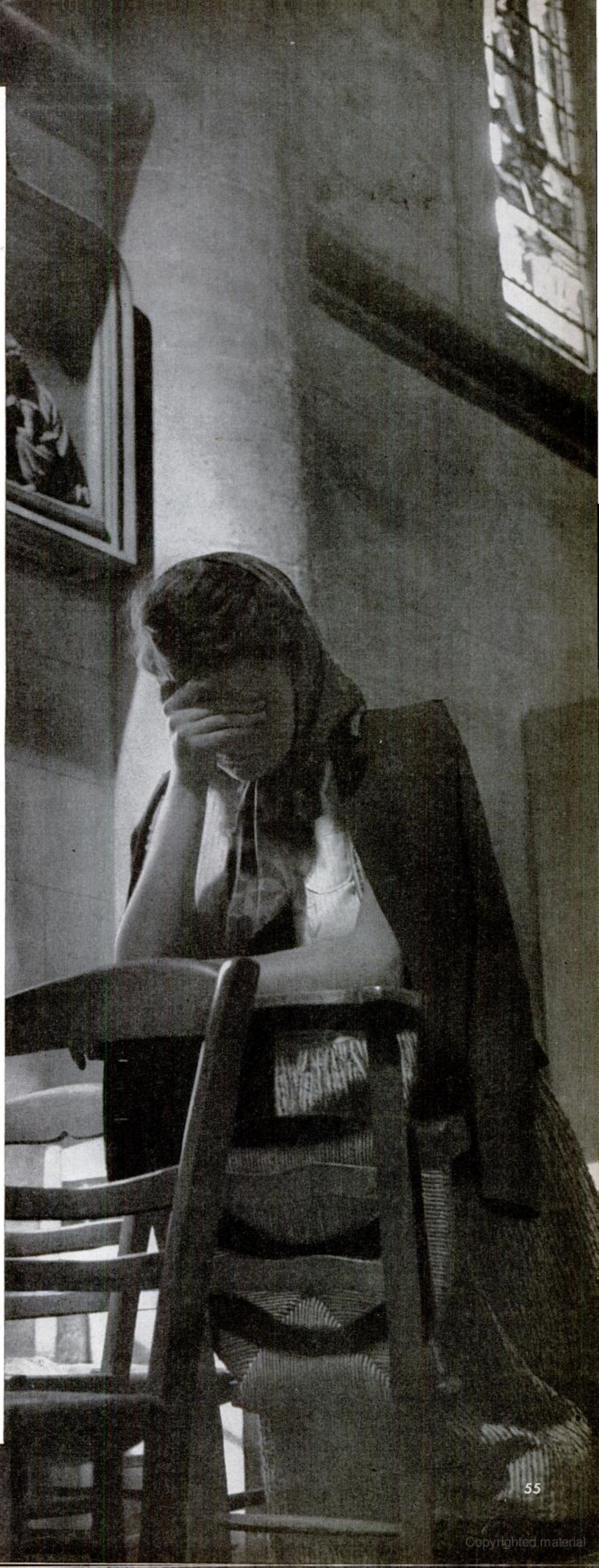
What do you think was the suffering of this isolated nation? What do you think makes a people suffer? Do you think that sympathy must only be accorded the whiners who say, "We were hungry?" True, we were hungry (despite all that butter, which we had only because the enemy couldn't carry it off with him). I could dwell on some pictures of that hunger—the hunger of children, the hunger of old men. But we are still hungry as I write this and just as hungry as before. And yet we are not unhappy any more. Then it was not hunger?

No, it was not only hunger. Nor was it the cold nor the interminable queues nor the dreadful fatigue nor any of these physical sufferings. A country does not die because it becomes naked and poor. A country is first of all a soul. To kill either a nation or a man, it is necessary first to tear out the soul.

That is what the Nazis tried to do. First by cunning, then by force. They weren't strong enough. One never is. If such a thing were possible, France would have died many times. Nor were they cunning enough. And yet . . .

Never did wolves masquerade as lambs better than the Nazis did during the first months of the occupation. They had been preceded by a propaganda of terror. Everyone (the exodus proved it) expected to be choked to death. No one was. On the contrary, soldiers everywhere showed themselves to be sweet and affable, full of suave politeness. They smiled at children, gave them candy (which they had taken from us), paid properly in the stores (with money they assessed from us), gave their seats to ladies and picked up the gloves they dropped. But there is never a hypocrite who doesn't let fall an inadvertent hint. Posters were put up by the propaganda service: "Forsaken people," one read, above a picture of a smiling soldier in

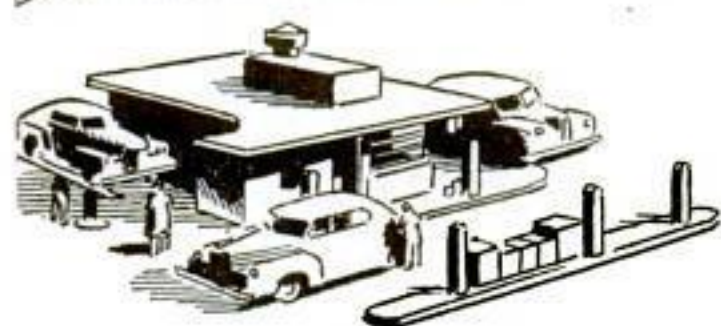
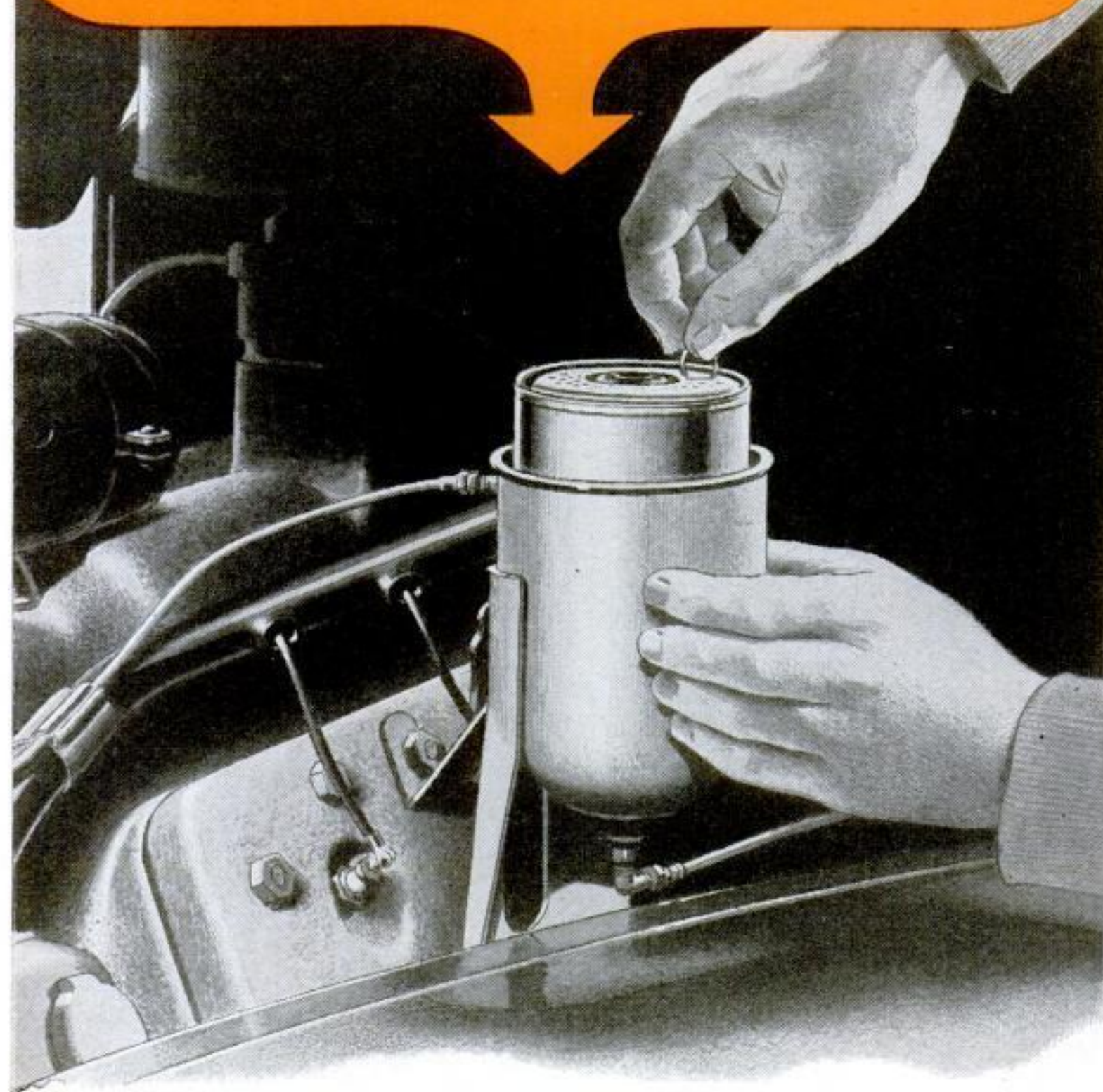
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WHEN YOU CHANGE TO WINTER OIL

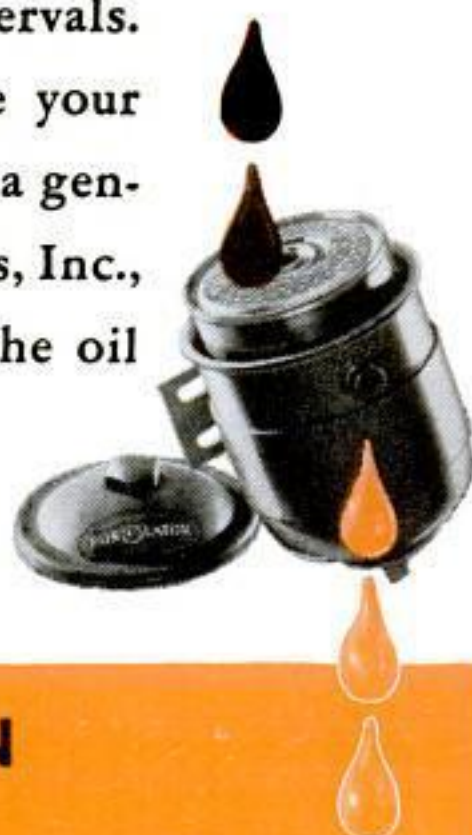
CHANGE YOUR

PUROLATOR
FILTER



★ Keep your oil clean to keep your car running longer without trouble. Purolator keeps your oil clean by filtering out the dirt, grime and sludge that damage motors. Your Purolator does its best job when the filter element is renewed at regular intervals. When you change to Winter oil change your Purolator filter. Be sure the replacement is a genuine Purolator element. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, N. J., founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

Buy More War Bonds and Stamps NOW!



KEEP IT CLEAN
WITH

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER

A PLEA FOR FRANCE (continued)

a green uniform, carrying a child in his arms, "have faith in the German soldier." Thus it was revealed that this kindness resulted from an order and that on the day when a contradictory order came, these "forsaken people" would be massacred with the same discipline.

Indeed, these massacres came. They came when it became apparent that we would not die softly—we would not meekly become a body without a soul. Others than myself will tell you about it. These were massacres so horrible, so diabolical that they equaled and surpassed the blackest barbarism. People were crucified, hung, split, sawed between the boards, their eyes pulled out with forks, entire villages were burned with all their inhabitants. Yes, they did all this. But those are not the sufferings I want to tell you about—not those alone. Horrible as they were, they struck only a few tens or hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. Millions escaped. And yet these millions of men suffered too.

Nor will I speak to you about fear. Certainly it was a common emotion during those four years. But altogether, the country as a whole was not afraid. Fear was the property of a particular aristocracy: the active patriots. But even that fear was not a suffering. It



The new master: "To kill either a nation or a man it is necessary first to tear out his soul. That is what the Nazis tried to do, by cunning, by force. They weren't strong enough."

was a vitalizing tonic. It was so enmeshed with action, even when we had to fear no longer for ourselves alone but for our families. They arrested women and children when the men weren't home: an abominable risk, but it set a price on our actions. Fear was the bond of that secret fraternity we called Resistance. No, I am not thinking of fear when I speak of our sufferings.

The shame of betrayal

First there was shame. Don't think that this is only a word or a romantic sentiment. It is a sentiment which can become very elemental and very familiar. You don't even think about it much while still carrying it always deep inside you—and there it colors all your thoughts, all your actions. I beg you, try to imagine. Imagine . . . Imagine that the same thing happened to you. Instead of the thin disaster of Pearl Harbor, imagine a total, unlimited disaster. American soil is occupied by the Japanese. Everywhere the proud flag of the United States is replaced by the Japanese standard. Well, perhaps that can be borne. Shame does not come from being beaten: that is but the fortune of war. You are humiliated, crushed perhaps, but you are not ashamed. But then in the middle of this desperation you realize that, in addition, you are being betrayed. That the new government (into the hands of whom Congress, seized with panic, gave up all its powers) thanks God for the defeat which struck America. This government tells the country every day that it must be grateful to its conqueror, must submit to him body and soul, must help him to massacre what is left of the Chinese, help him to punish and destroy former allies. In return, this government promises to see that you have some food, that you will not be completely stripped of your industries, that you will be allowed to leave your home, at certain hours, providing you behave yourself. You are invited to be dishonest, as dishonest as possible. You refuse. With all your heart, with all your energy, you refuse. . . . Only . . .

Only, in all the papers, in every corner of the world, it is proclaimed that you submit gladly. The radio, through all its stations, assures the entire world that American citizens submit to the Japanese gladly. All the books, all the magazines, everything published, all the radiophonic messages, all the diplomats who represent you abroad, all these lips repeat: "We are happy about our

defeat. We adore our conqueror. We approve of his tyranny and hope to help him in his cruelty. We rejoice at having become a country of traitors, we stick out our chests and we delight in our treason."

And you who read, who hear all this, you can say nothing. You would like to shout, you would like to yell, but there is not a newspaper, not a book, not a magazine, not a microfilm where you can cry that it is not true. You have not been left a single means of letting the world know that it is not true. That you do not give in. That you are still as proud to be American, that you love America in sorrow just as much and more than in prosperity. Did you never have the experience of waking out of a troubled slumber, of dreaming that you wanted to call out, to scream and have no sound come from your throat? It is that nightmare that has become your daily bread. You can be cold and hungry. You can go without butter, coal. What difference does it make? Really, what possible difference can it make, compared to the pain you feel when you think that the whole world despises you mistakenly and that you can't say anything?

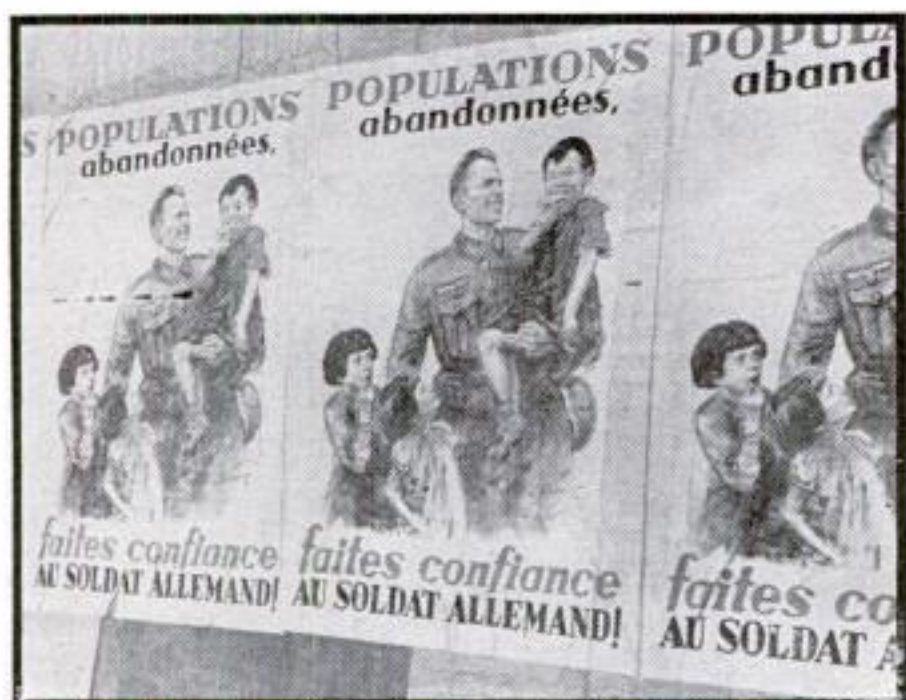
Of course you hope that you have abroad friends who have faith in you. But that is only a hope, and I am afraid that it is not better than nothing; it is worse. If you are unjustly accused of theft, and if you are not allowed to defend yourself, you hope that your friends don't believe your accusers. But you are not *sure*.

That is the shame I am talking about. That shame every Frenchman worthy of the name has carried within him throughout four years. And for that, you see, it was not necessary that there be a German in his house. My village in Brie, on the fringes of the provinces of Champagne and Ile de France, was not afflicted with occupationers except for a few months at the beginning and at the very end. Nor is it a village more "resistant" than another. On the contrary, Brie (like Beauce, Normandy, like all rich countries) is one of those districts where all the peasants think first of their money. And yet, not a single day during those four years did our mailman give me my letters without exchanging a few words—about the ignominy of Vichy, about what must be thought of us. Never once did I take the train from our little station without having the stationmaster approach me to talk of the same thing. Nor the contractor (he grew thin in it), nor the superintendent of roads, nor any of the moderately forthright men of that village.

In *The Silence of the Sea* I depicted the silence of France. But I showed only the silence she imposed upon herself. I did not describe that which was imposed upon her. A silence which ate into all of us like an ever-present pain. And don't think that it is finished. One does not recover from such an illness in one day. Prolonged treatment is needed. France will have to be shown that she is trusted. It will have to be proved to her, and proved again. She will never feel that she has been given enough proof, she will imagine for a long time yet that she is being fooled, behind every mark of esteem she is given, she will find some second thought tinged with contempt.

Then there was Injustice. I capitalize that word. Indeed, we are not concerned with more or less numerous "Injustices." We are concerned with the Injustice within, with absolute Injustice. With the concept of Injustice.

It is said, "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and his



The new propaganda: "Never did wolves masquerade as lambs better than the Nazis. But when it became apparent that we would not suffer softly, people were crucified, split, hung."

justice." That means that the kingdom of God is Justice—a total Justice, without the slightest flaw. Does that not mean, conversely, that Hell is Injustice—the place where Injustice rules without limit and without recourse?

I believe that. And so France, for four years, was Hell. For only

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

It's easy to avoid

Teakettle Starting

Something Special happens when you sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

Quick starting is good for your car. It saves the battery and conserves gas. It reduces oil dilution and sludge formation. Oil that lets your engine start fast, lubricates quicker, too. Helps aging rings, bearings and valves fight wear so your car can stay on the job.

The Pennsylvania oil especially refined to give fast starts and safe lubrication in all weather is Pennzoil. You'll find it everywhere at the yellow oval sign. Sound the Z-Z-Z plain, and there'll be no mistake about your wanting this special, tough-film, quick-starting oil.



Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

*Registered trade mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL® GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



*"Now go to sleep,
like a nice mother!"*



BABY: Sorry to keep you in that crib so long, Mom—but I want you to get my point of view!

MOM: I've got it! Wiggling around in one spot all day has my skin so uncomfortable I could scream. EEEEE!

BABY: See? How do you think my delicate skin feels? Now—do I or don't I get my Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: Just name your terms!

BABY: Okay—lots of nice rubdowns with that pure, crystal-clear Johnson's Oil. And plenty of lovely soft sprinkles with Johnson's Powder!

MOM: It's a deal, honey child! You're going to have a skin like pink satin!

BABY: Thanks, Mom—I'll do something for you! With Johnson's to chase my chafes and prickles, I'll save my voice for singing!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



A PLEA FOR FRANCE (continued)

Injustice ruled. For four years the evil were happy in proportion to their evilness. And the good were struck in proportion to their purity. Weigh these words, I beg you: Wherever you look, to see always Injustice—triumphant, beaming, grinning; evil always rewarded; good always punished. One could only decide not to look any more, to hide deep in the tunnel, the endless tunnel where the eye fastens itself on the faint light, there at the very end.

Slim light of hope, in that long tunnel of Injustice. Where a man stumbles at each step, where he learns every morning that the people he knew—loyal, disinterested, brave and honest—are being imprisoned, tortured, deported, shot, one after another. While vile creatures, the stooges of the enemy, the profiteers of misery, grow fat, rich, are heaped with appointments and honors. And that was



The Press: "All the books, all the magazines, all the diplomats repeat, 'We are happy about our defeat, we adore our conqueror!' And we who read all this, we can say nothing, nothing."

true everywhere, in the cities, in the provinces, in the smallest villages. Earlier I was telling you about our mailman, our little station-master, the contractor, the superintendent of roads. How many times have I seen them clench their fists with pathetic helplessness.

Helplessness! Here I come to the most bitter suffering. Men can endure everything (yes, much more than had been dreamed), providing they can hope to change something in what they are enduring. Look at a mother at the bedside of a dying child: as long as she can do something, take care of him, as long as she can hope, by her activity, to change something, if only the progress of the illness, you see her bear up heroically. But when any effort has become useless, then she collapses; she can no longer endure it. If you are struck in the face and can return it, it does not hurt much. But if you are hit while your hands are tied, helpless, then you will feel that blow painfully for the rest of your days.

I was not struck. Another was struck before me. I suffered even more.

"Apologize! Apologize!"

I was in the subway, in Paris. There were several Germans in the car, as usual. There was one, right next to me, in front of the door. I don't know exactly what happened. I was not paying attention. But I did see a child, a boy of about 15, thin and pale (of whom there are so many) come in. He must have pushed the German, undoubtedly shoved him a little. What I saw was the blow. Saw and heard. The German's fist struck the child's face like a bolt of lightning, cracked it, split his lips. The blood began to flow, and the boy wiped it off with his handkerchief, silently. The German screamed, "Apologize! Apologize!" And the boy apologized, fearfully, he humiliated himself fearfully through his already reddened handkerchief. And I? Well, nothing. I did nothing. Said nothing. Worse than that. The German cast about him looks filled with defiance, and my eyes turned away, avoiding his. Not only mine: the eyes of all the passengers became vague and evasive. Because we felt that the other Germans were watching us, their hands on their holsters. And that a single spirited glance would have caused a riot and the riot brought about the arrest of the entire car. And that there were surely, in that car, at least a dozen people that the Nazis would have been happy to imprison or deport: that there was at least one, or more, that they would have been happy to shoot.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Pilot's heart does inside loop as he sights the Woodbury-loveliness of adorable June Gripper, Houston deb. A match? Meet First Officer and Mrs. Jack Wilson Grissom, Jr.—honeymoon-bound!



"Smoke got in his eyes" the night they met at a Texas barbecue. Score one more romance for Woodbury, the beauty soap of the Debs! It's made in cake form only, for one purpose only . . . to keep skin soft, smooth, enticing.



Boots and saddles Western style are new to June who learned to ride at school in England. Nothing new about her before-date complexion care, however! It's a Woodbury Facial Cocktail, favorite of beauties the world over.



Wedding breakfast aloft—thanks to last-minute priority cancellation. Radiantly lovely June agrees there's nothing like Woodbury's glamorizing care for promoting that "lived happily ever after" impulse in a man.

ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB FINDS *Romance in the Air*

★
THE MORE
WOMEN
AT WAR,
THE SOONER
WE'LL WIN
★



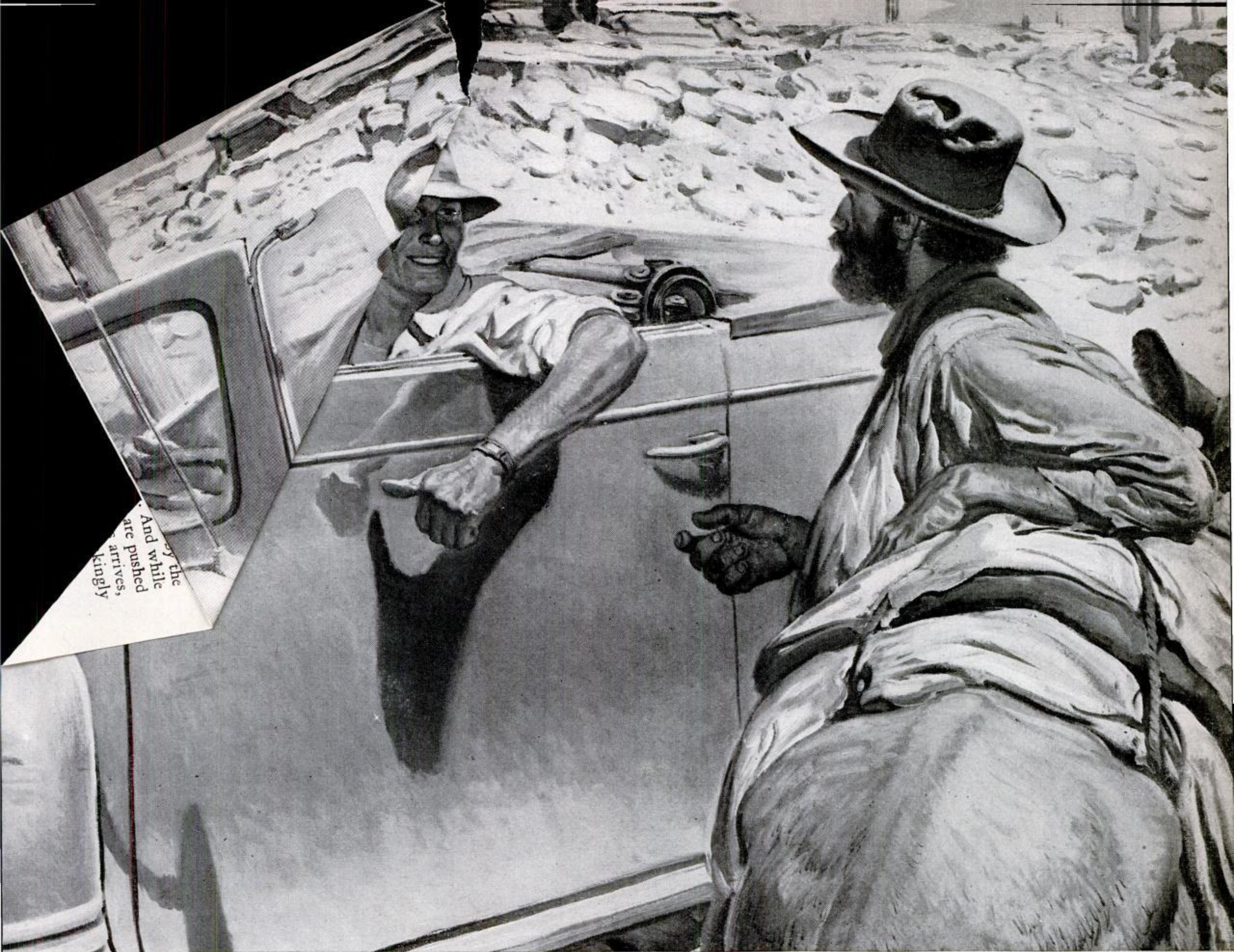
"I wanted to do my part", says pretty June, "so when Jack was in Alaska, I decided to turn my old hobby of painting and sketching to wartime use. He was terribly proud of me when I made good in a drafting job."



"Give him a sm-o-o-th natural-looking girl, he says. So I never miss my Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Loads of Woodbury lather first. Then clear warm water and cold." Try it! You're bound to look prettier, too.



Wings to Romance—a beauty treatment in cake form! For softer, clearer, more romantic skin use Woodbury, the Facial Soap with the costly ingredient for extra mildness. And follow the Marrying Woodbury Debs to Romance!



by the
And while
are pushed
arrives,
kingly

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Yep, three years-three dollars!"

"It's 112 here in the desert — and I've driven up North at 40 below zero. Crossed the continent four times, too, in this Plymouth. I follow heavy construction jobs all over the map and I have to get around plenty. In the mountain mining country I've traveled on roads so rough the rocks dented the exhaust pipe and the gas tank. But the car keeps right on going.

"In three years of continuous driving, I've had one \$3 repair bill. That's why I call it my 'dollar-a-year car.' Buying this car in '41 was the luckiest strike I ever made!"*

THAT'S a Plymouth true story of *economy* and reliability. *Why* Plymouths display these qualities under all sorts of conditions is quite a story, too. Before this loyal Plymouth owner bought his car, Plymouth engineers and test drivers had driven much the same rough ground — and more. They met and overcame the *special* problems of desert, ice, mountains, mud, city traffic . . . right on these spots. They used the whole United States as proving ground for *all-around* performance. With Plymouth entirely in war production now, three million Plymouths are supplying reliable low-cost transportation. And Plymouth dealer service helps *keep* them at their best.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

*Based on an actual letter in the Plymouth files.

● TRUE YESTERDAY —

**PLYMOUTH
BUILDS
GREAT CARS**

● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW



Chapter 1

PICK O' CROP COFFEE!

Not once upon a time, but all the time, A&P buyers in leading coffee countries are selecting pick of crop coffees for you. Such fine coffee assures you of superb quality.



Chapter 2

ROASTED THE "FLAVOR-SAVER" WAY!

Adventure turns these pampered greenhorns into seasoned coffee beans cram-packed with flavor. The exclusive A&P "Flavor-Saver" roasting is electrically controlled . . . the beans are roasted not too much or too little but exactly right.



Chapter 3

FLAVOR LOCKED IN THE BEAN!

It's no fairy tale that coffee in the bean has flavor locked in—Nature's way of protecting flavor! Not a single pound of A&P Coffee is ground in advance. When you buy, it's still in the flavor-packed bean!



Chapter 4

PERFECT GRINDING!

You'll live happily ever after with your coffee when coffee is ground to "fit" it. That's how A&P Coffee is ground—exactly right for each individual coffee maker . . . you get fuller flavor every time.



Chapter 5

RICHER FLAVOR ALWAYS!

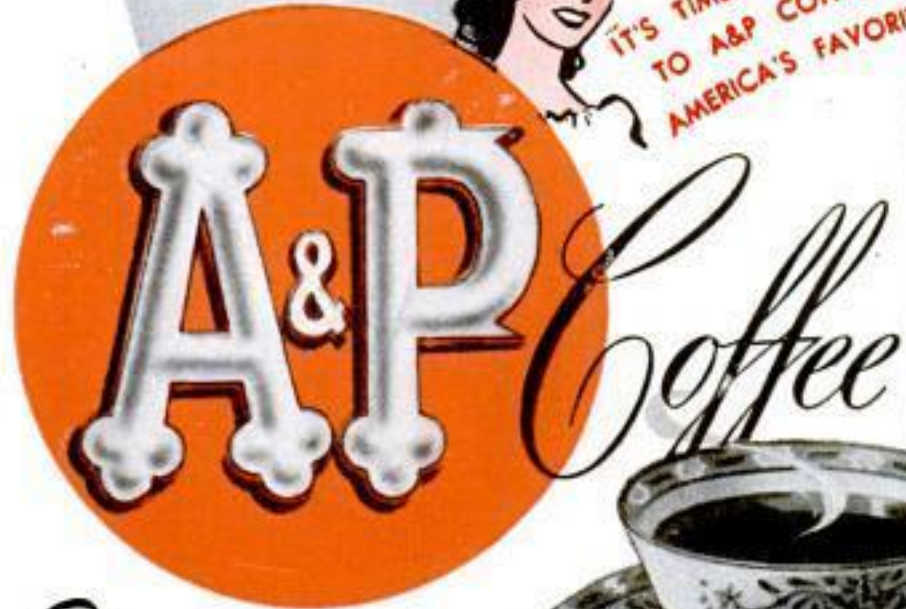
The happy ending to this story is finer flavor . . . richer flavor in every cup. Change now to coffee that's five ways better—see why A&P Coffee is America's best-liked coffee. Remember, there's a blend to suit your taste!



FOR PERFECT VACUUM POT COFFEE

Have fresh bean coffee ground A&P VACUUM POT grind, that's exactly right for your vacuum pot. For each cup of water measured into lower section, measure two level tablespoonfuls of coffee into upper section. Put top section in place, heat until most of water rises to top section. Turn off heat—stir once, let coffee filter to bottom—serve immediately.

IT'S TIME TO TURN TO A&P COFFEE . . . AMERICA'S FAVORITE



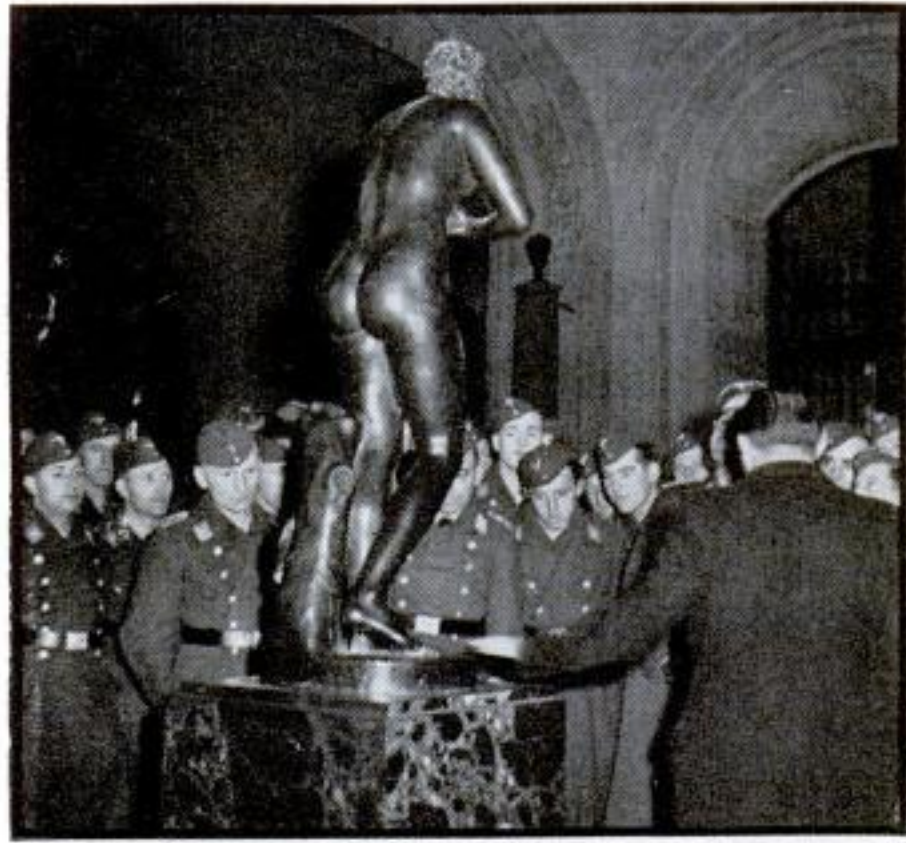
MILD AND MELLOW RICH AND FULL-BODIED VIGOROUS AND WINNY

Sold Exclusively at all A&P FOOD STORES

© 1944—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company

A PLEA FOR FRANCE (continued)

sow horror, to gotten ages ago words. For I love how to make the nauseating savagery of for- Germans. But I cannot any longer. It hurts me to write these mans as men any longer again. It hurts me to write these troop train goes off the Sabotage, accident? They love men, all of them, even the employes of the little station a me: I can't think of Ger- male inhabitants of the commu- Oradour . . . A men) are dead. The next day, the Amet- zier, one of the great damage. homage to the victims of an Amet- zier, one of the great damage. about Ascq's dead. In Nimes, one of the great damage. homes found the trees hung with bodies of Ger- who would not work for the German wait- the em- performed concert of Bach and Mozart in the em- loges government representatives and their wives rave and applaud. And we can do nothing. And a little hamlet of Oradour, charming and placid, is su- SS. All the inhabitants are gathered before the church fires are lit everywhere, women, children and old people into the church and burned alive there, all of them. A bus from the next town. The passengers are unloaded, painsta-



Germans in beloved Paris: "It hurts me to write these words. I want to love all of them, even the Germans. But I cannot any more. I can't think of Germans as men any longer."

separated: on the right, people from Oradour, on the left, those who do not live there (these are sent home). Then those on the right are dragged into the church, to roast with the others. The county becomes aroused: what did this village do? The officer in charge of the massacre is embarrassed. It would seem, he says, a bit awkwardly, that they punished the wrong village. The next day the Marshal Chief of Staff goes to pay homage to the victims of an English bombardment. About Oradour, not a word. And we can do nothing, and we can do nothing, and we can do nothing.

Understand her . . .

And tonight, at the corner of my table, just from writing these words, I feel again that helplessness in my fingers, in my bones, in all this body which for four years suffered from that awful inaction. O helplessness, lamentable, intolerable helplessness of a France covered with crimes and shame! Today her hands are untied, free to open, free finally to act. But don't expect too much of her at once. Don't be surprised if her arm is a little heavy. Understand her if sometimes she is a little awkward, if sometimes, in trying to restore order at home, she knocks over a glass with her trembling hands. Four years her hands were tied under the blows: four years her fists clenched while she was spat upon! Don't expect her to recover in one day that sure gesture, that adroitness of finger, that firm hand that was the France of old, a France that was proud, free and strong.

Proud and free, she is that once again. Give her time to become strong and assured again. That rebirth, know it, you can help or hinder according to whether you give her your distrust or your faith. Don't think you are doing everything for her by sending her locomotives and railroad cars. Certainly she needs them. But also, and especially, she has a pathetic need for your respect and your love—a need to be assured the confidence of the world.

Meat

—a yardstick of proteins
—a skilletful of pleasure



PURE PORK SAUSAGE
for breakfast, lunch or dinner

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the United States

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in
this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on
Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Proteins, yes—the right kind to rebuild on—and
for children to grow on.

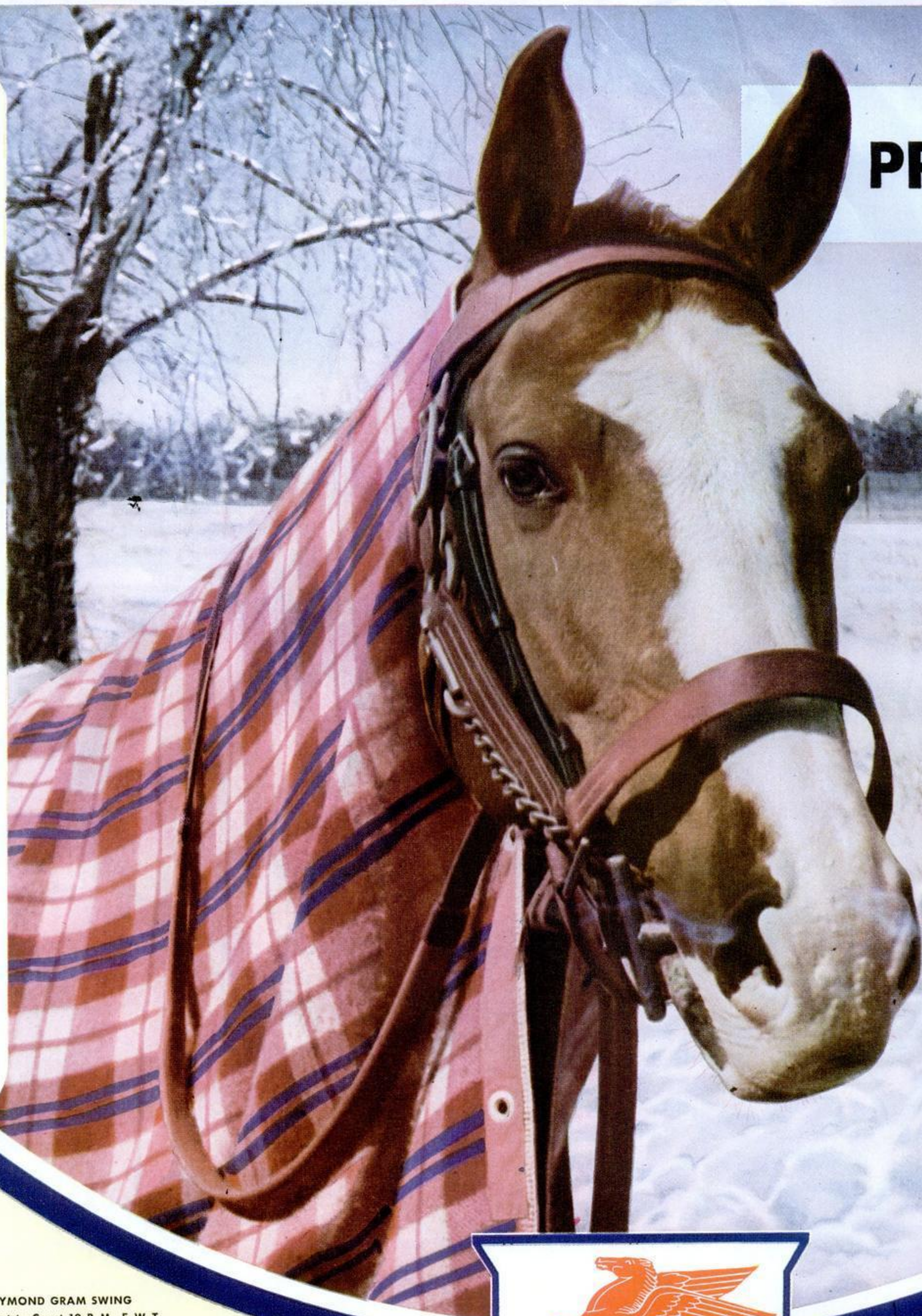
But pure pork sausage is packed with food
energy, too

—also top rank in thiamine (B₁) and
other B vitamins.

It says, "Come on and eat." But it also says,
"Get up and go."

Laugh with "The Life of Riley," featuring William Bendix—every Sunday evening on the Blue Network—see paper for local time and station.

PROTEC



TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast, 10 P. M., E. W. T.,
Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

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BETTER CARE-AND GET IT
AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE**



Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Winter

SAVE YOUR HORSEPOWER—



WINTERPROOF YOUR CAR

FOR ITS 4TH WAR WINTER!

YOU GET an easy-starting, fully protected engine...easy-shifting gears... protection against radiator freeze-ups ... a safe, quiet chassis.



YOU GET the quality Winter Protection you need to help insure your automotive transportation until you get a new car.

THIS is at least the 4th winter for every U. S. car—and it's the 6th, 7th or 8th winter for most! You can't afford to gamble on protection. Every vital part of your car is older—needs winter care now as never before!

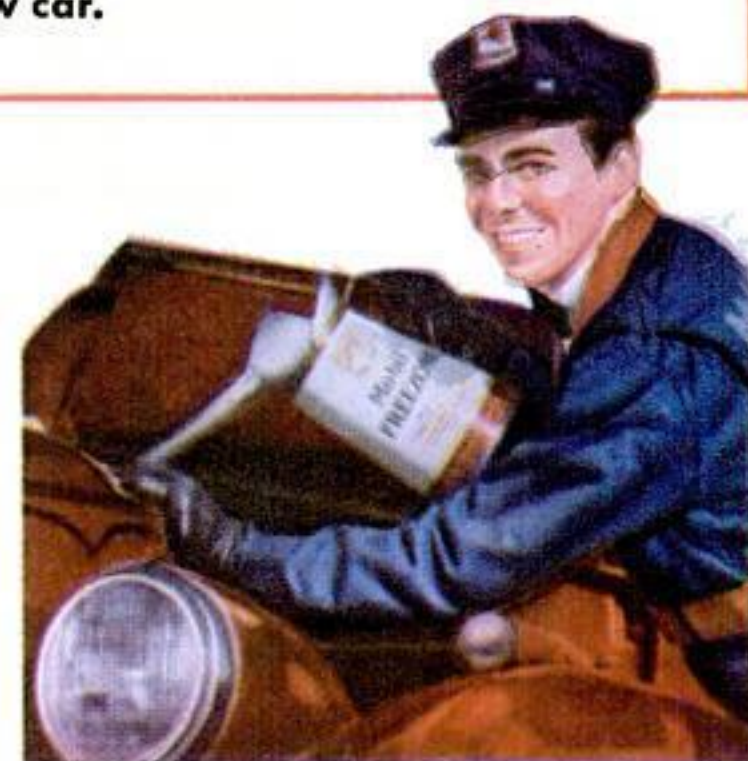
Get your Mobilgas dealer's complete Winterproof Service. It's scientific, thorough, *car-saving*. You get the world's best-known winter oil—tough Mobiloil Arctic—to fight winter wear in your engine; special lubricants for older gears; winter Mobilgreases for chassis friction points; special

protection against radiator freeze-ups, rust, scale!

All that, plus a thorough check-up of spark plugs, battery, air cleaner and tires... to help prevent wear and waste, save trouble, money, gasoline!

Help your car weather well till spring. See your Friendly Mobilgas dealer—Winterproof your car at the Sign of Friendly Service.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Cal.



Winterproof CHANGE NOW TO Mobiloil Arctic

In war and peace *the world's safest transportation*



Throughout the years, the safety record of the American railroads has been so outstanding that people have rightly felt safer on a train than traveling in any other way.

In view of this, it is worth while to know the safety record of the railroads at war.

Railroad passengers are three times safer in this war than in the last one.

With passenger traffic at a new high in 1943, the average passenger rode in greater safety than in such typical peacetime years as 1938 or 1940.

There have been less than three passenger fatalities for each billion passenger miles traveled.

This record has been made despite the necessity of getting the fullest use out of equipment — and despite the strain under which railroad folks must work.

This is a good record. To make it perfect is our constant goal. And it is fitting to pay tribute to the vigilant spirit and devotion today of the men and women who have made this record in the course of doing the greatest transportation job in history.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



The family of a hoop-skirt tycoon Horatio Applegate (striped trousers) beams as Evelina (Celeste Holm, second right), only unmarried Applegate daughter, sets out on her date with

Jeff Calhoun (right). All Applegate ladies wear hoop skirts. But the bane of Mr. Applegate's life is a sister-in-law named Dolly Bloomer, who is trying to get women to wear trousers.

"BLOOMER GIRL"

The feminist crusade against the hoop skirt provides the plot for a bright new musical-comedy hit

On the night of Oct. 5 a New York theater audience put on formal clothes for almost the first time since Pearl Harbor to see the opening of a show called *Bloomer Girl*. By 11:30 the audience inched out of the theater feeling the show was worth the dressing up.

Like *Oklahoma!*, *Bloomer Girl* uses Americana for its theme and ballet to further its plot. Its most historical figure is Dolly Bloomer, a great 19th Century feminist. In history Mrs. Bloomer (whose name was Amelia, not Dolly) was wife of a Quaker postmaster. She edited a belligerent newspaper called *The Lily*, fought effectively with Lucretia Mott and Susan B.

Anthony for women's rights and temperance. She is best remembered not for having advocated women's rights but for having supported somebody else's proposal that women forsake hoop skirts and wear a Turkish trouser, which became known as "bloomers."

Bloomer Girl takes a few liberties with history but doesn't suffer from it. Its catchy songs, written by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg, are brightly presented by a cast which includes Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken (both from the original *Oklahoma!* cast), Margaret Douglass, Matt Briggs, Mabel Taliferro, David Brooks, Dooley Wilson, Richard Huey.

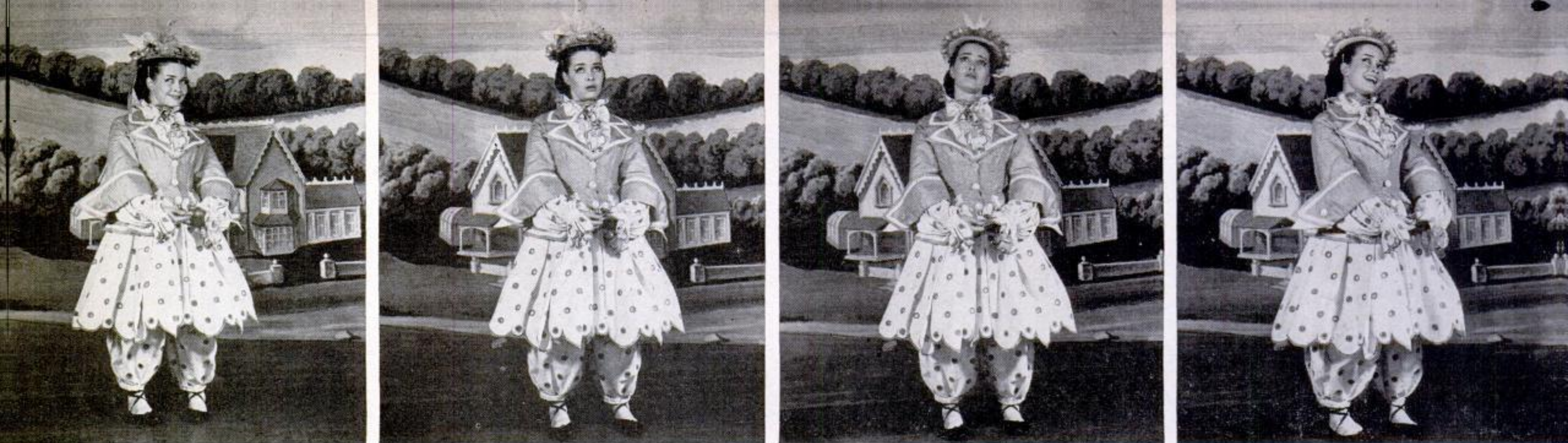
Dolly Bloomer, clad in newfangled trousers, or "bloomers," visits the Applegates. The year is 1861. Daisy, the maid (Joan McCracken, second left), is open in her admiration of Dolly's radical costume.



A runaway slave is delivered in trunk by Evelina to office where Dolly publishes radical paper called *The Lily* and runs an underground station for fugitive slaves.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 67



As she does strip, Daisy sings: "T'morra' t'morra' it dawns on me with horra'. Love's gettin' far away an' out of sight. T'morra' t'morra' why can't a lady borra' a little



A fashion show (above) for out-of-town buyers is staged by Applegate to show off latest 1861 styles in hoop skirts. This is waltz by Choreographer Agnes deMille who also did ballet for *Oklahoma!* and *One Touch of Venus*. It is danced by Lidija and James Mitchell (center couple).

As the buyers admire Evelina's 60-lb. hoop skirt (below) she suddenly unfastens the skirt and reveals herself in bloomers. Her father and brothers-in-law, who are all Applegate salesmen, are shocked. Jeff, whose brother represents Southern territory for Applegate, is also displeased.



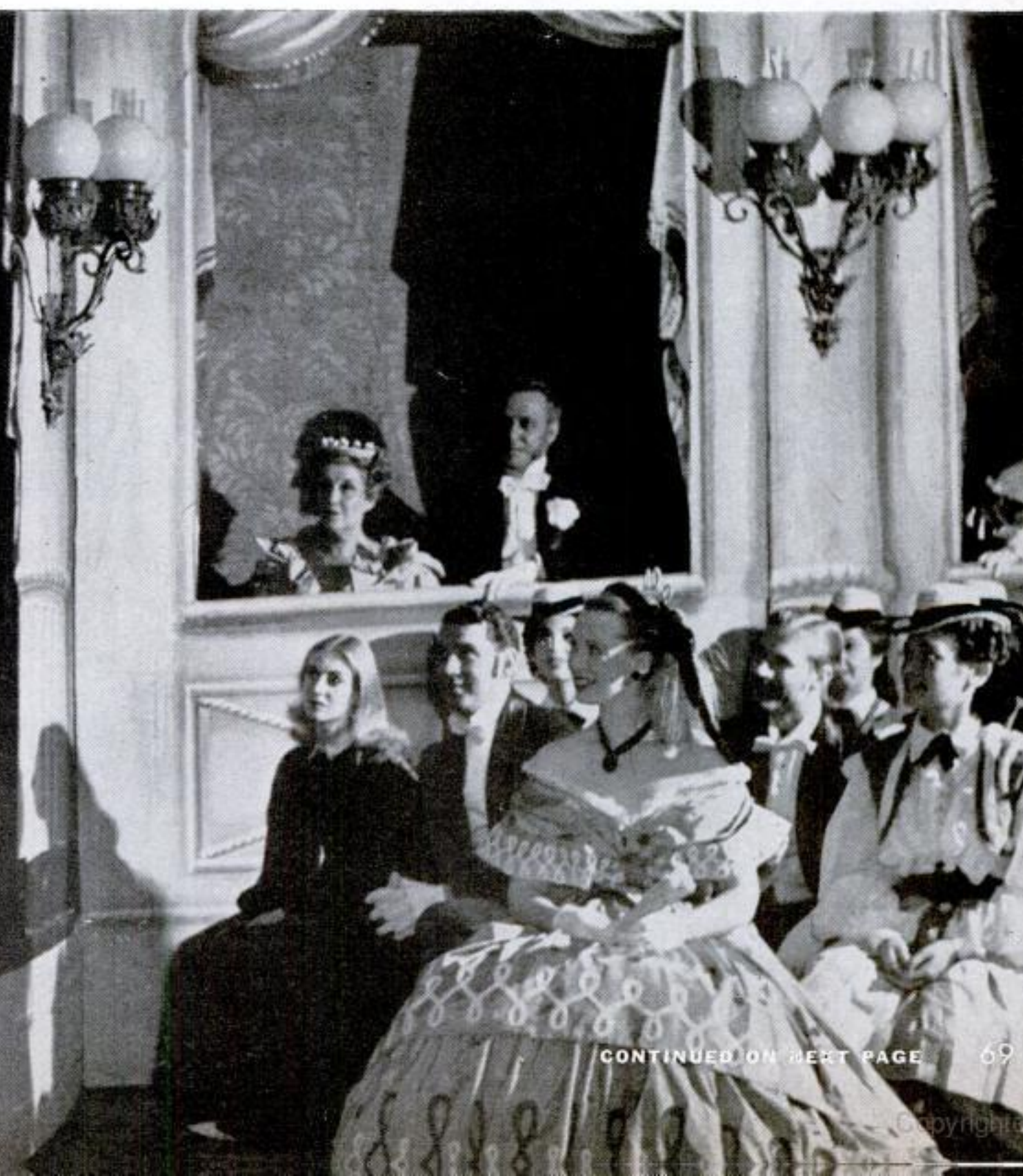


of t'morra' tonight? Progressive, progressive, I'd rather be carressive. My heart is raisin' a row. Utopia, utopia, don' be a dope ya' dope ya! Get your utopia now!"



The serenity of Sunday in Cicero Falls is shattered when bloomer girls (above) appear announcing a presentation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Show seems doomed, however, when at Applegate's instigation the sheriff arrests Dolly and Evelina for harboring Pompey, the runaway slave.

"*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" (below) is presented when the governor, who is Dolly's childhood sweetheart, gives his approval. Here Joan McCracken, as Topsy, sings *I Never Was Born*. The show is halted by the announcement that Fort Sumter has been fired upon. The men go off to war.



THE COLOR FOR NOVEMBER

Beaver
Brown

IN

Wembley
NOR-EAST
Ties

You'll have long-time pleasure in wearing this rich Wembley Brown Tie. Right now, supplies of Nor-East Non-Crush fabric are limited. However, you can choose Beaver Brown in Wembley's new wartime fabric. Soon we hope, Wembley Nor-East Ties will be back in full array — the favorite neckwear of American men.

\$1



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"Bloomer Girl" (continued)



"I Got a Song" (see below) gets applause when sung by Richard Huey (center), a former redcap. Left, Hubert Dilworth. Right, Dooley Wilson, who sang *As Time Goes By* in *Casablanca*. In *Bloomer Girl* he sings a hit, *The Eagle and Me*. Saucy *I Never Was Born* is sung by Joan McCracken.

"BLOOMER GIRL" SONGS

I GOT A SONG

Railroad needs a hammer
Hammer gotta be
Railroad gits a hammer
'N back o' dat hammer
Is li'l ol' me.
Railroad needs de tracks
Li'l me lays de tracks
Now den come de fac's
De big ol' train comes a-whistlin'-in' by
It puff in your face an' spit in your eye
Choo-Choo- Goo'bye
Dat is de railroad song
Dat is de railroad song.

I NEVER WAS BORN

I never was born, never was born
I jes' grewed like cabbage an' corn

I never was raised
Hee! Hee! heaven be praised
I'm holy as a melon
Heathen as a squash
Don't have to pray on Sunday
Don't even have to wash!
Oh I remember 'xactly the morn
When I never was born.

I never had no mammy
I never had no kin
I didn't have no pappy
So I wasn't conceived in sin
I never was born, never was born
I jes' grewed like cabbage an' corn
So if I die there's no need to mourn
'Cause I never was born.

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An announcement to LIFE readers who give **LIFE FOR CHRISTMAS**

IN SPITE OF THE SHORTAGE OF COPIES—YOU CAN
GIVE LIFE FOR CHRISTMAS AGAIN THIS YEAR.



And in spite of the shortage of clerical help in the critical Chicago area—we can handle your Christmas gift renewal subscriptions this year with close to prewar speed and efficiency.

For, realizing that LIFE's increasing popularity as a present would again mean a rush of Christmas gift renewals . . . knowing that Chicago's critical womanpower shortage would continue . . .

1. LIFE took drastic steps during the summer months to assure the proper handling of your gift subscriptions this Fall—

by decentralizing our subscription fulfillment department—moving as many as possible of the clerical operations to three other cities where there is no womanpower shortage.



2. So this year we are ready to route Christmas gift orders through to the proper offices for proper entry—ready to hand-inscribe, address and mail a special gift card (designed and painted for LIFE by Rockwell Kent) to reach your friends by Christmas—ready to get the first copy to your friends on time and regularly each week through the year of great events and great promise that will be 1945.



3. But all the steps we have taken to assure the proper handling of your gift subscriptions will have been in vain unless you take one cooperative step too: if you plan to give LIFE for Christmas, please give us time to do all the things we must do to enter your orders properly . . . by sending us your order NOW.

Unless there is a change in current government paper restrictions, the demand for LIFE may well exceed our subscription quota . . . and new subscriptions will of necessity have to be entered on a "first come, first served" basis as places become available in that quota.



LIFE'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS
GIFT RATES, AS LAST YEAR, ARE
\$4.50 FOR THE FIRST SUBSCRIPTION
(YOUR OWN OR GIFT)
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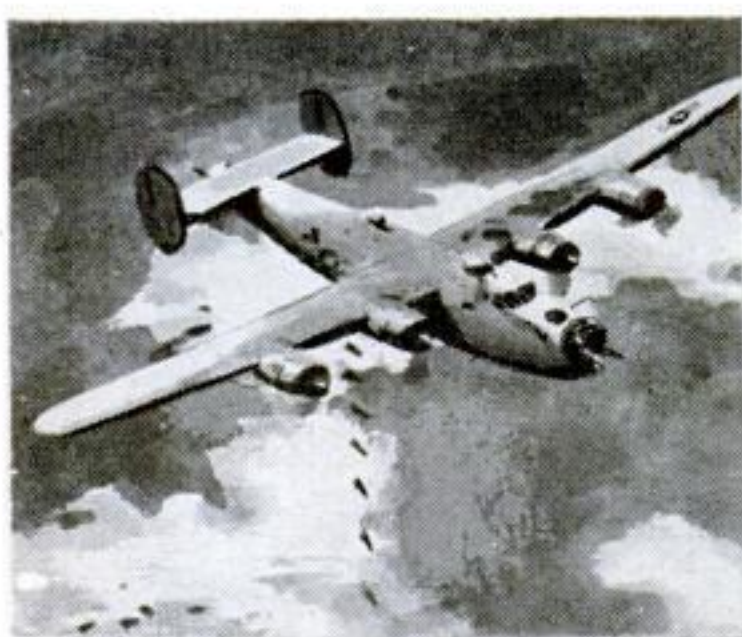
How'd you like to own a "Flying Jeep"



1. The Army nicknamed this amazing plane the "Flying Jeep." It can take off and land almost "on a dime." They use it for many jobs: as the "eyes upstairs" for artillery units . . . for laying Signal Corps wire over jungle and impassable terrain . . . and for photo and reconnaissance work. It has even hovered over battling tanks in Burma, observing and directing the conflict from the air.



2. When the Army wanted a flying ambulance to evacuate casualties from small jungle clearings and inaccessible battle zones, the versatile "Flying Jeep" took on *this* job, too. Many a wounded American boy is alive and well today because this tiny Consolidated Vultee plane speeded him to the base hospital in *minutes*, instead of the hours it would have taken stretcher bearers to make the arduous trip.



LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber

The giant Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, with over 3000 miles flying range, tremendous firepower, speed, and multi-ton bomb load, has been blasting the Axis with devastating effect from Berlin to the South Pacific.



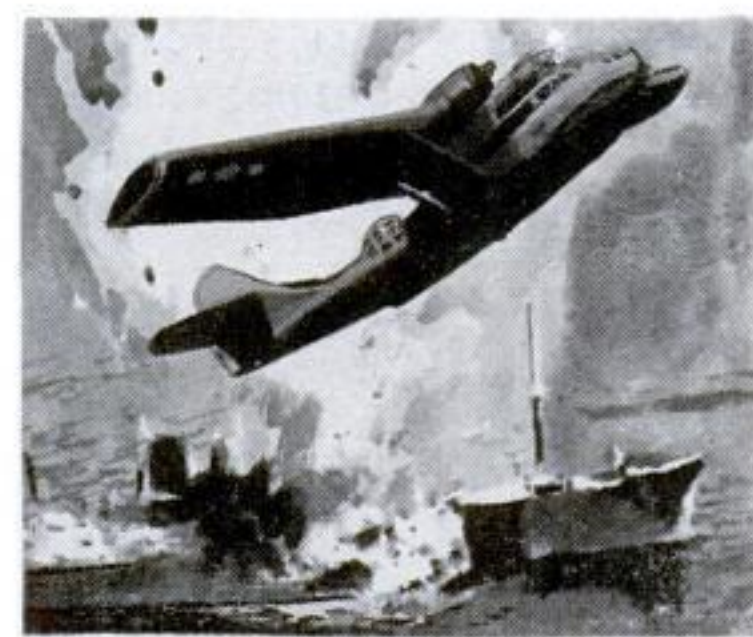
LIBERATOR EXPRESS...4-engine transport

This cargo-passenger version of the famed Liberator bomber can carry many tons of military equipment for thousands of miles, nonstop. It is daily shuttling personnel and supplies across both the Atlantic and the Pacific.



CORONADO . . . 4-engine flying boat

Truly a Leviathan of the Air, the Coronado Navy patrol bomber and cargo plane is as big as a railroad boxcar. With a complete galley and sleeping quarters for its crew, this giant plane can stay aloft 24 hours at a time.



CATALINA . . . patrol bomber

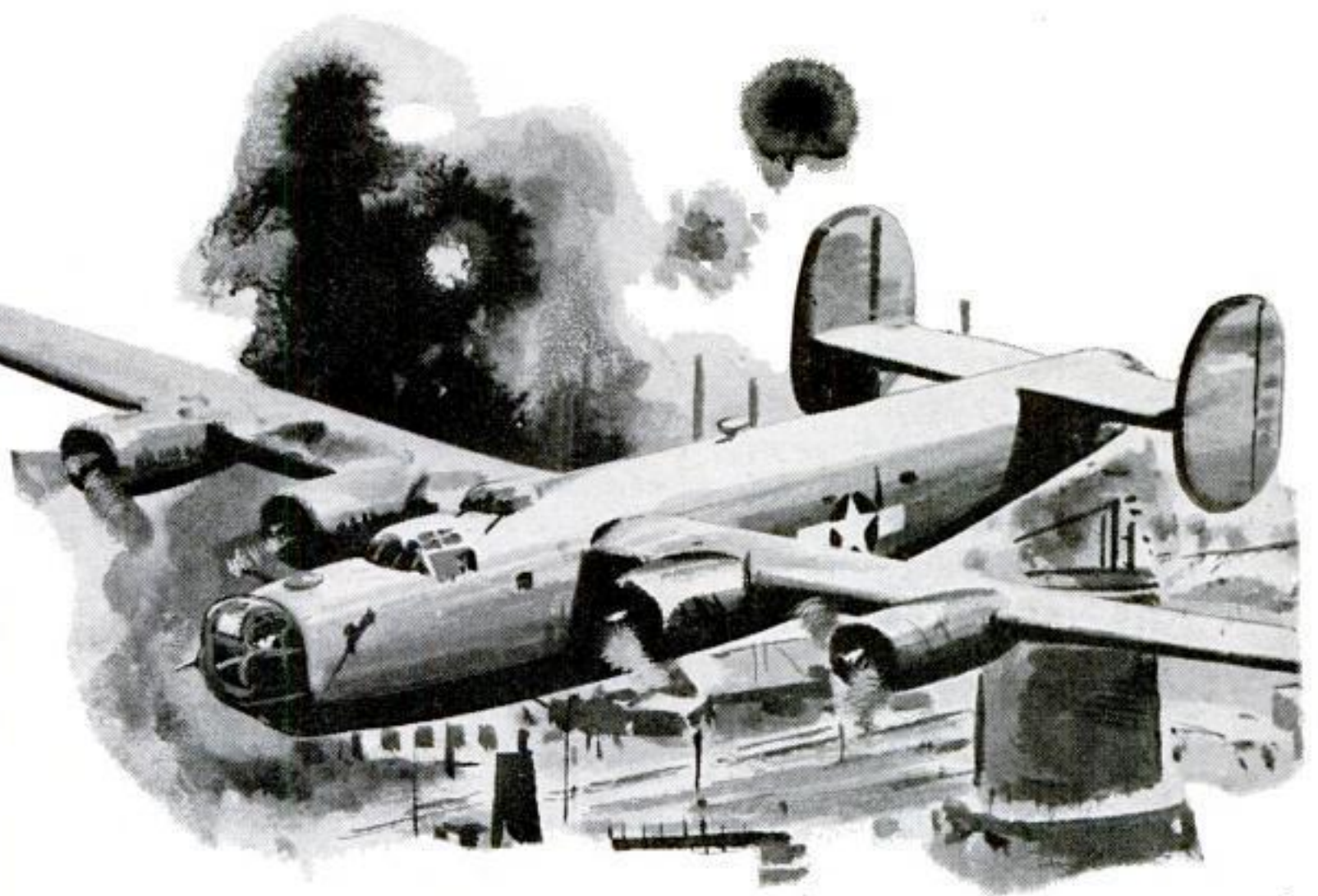
The twin-engine "Cat" is the Navy's most famous patrol bomber. It has turned in a glorious performance record, not only as "Eyes of the Fleet," but as a torpedo plane, long-range bomber, rescue plane, and transport.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

after the war?



3. Your postwar "Flying Jeep" may not look exactly like this. But you can be certain it will be safe, easy to fly, and an economical family plane. Well suited, too, for vacations, inter-city travel, for aero clubs and "Fly-it-Yourself" stations . . . for farmers, sowing and dusting crops . . . for forest patrol and fire spotting . . . for policing and traffic control . . . and for survey work . . . an ideal all-purpose small plane.



4. Less than four and a half short years ago, America had no 4-engine bombers such as the Liberator. Today, our Air Power, with its thousands of bombers and fighter planes, is the most effective weapon the world has ever known.

The Japs and Germans didn't think a nation so unprepared could produce so much, so fast. If they ever start another war, they will not forget their fatal error. They will know that to win, they must knock out the United States first. *We shall be Target Number One!*

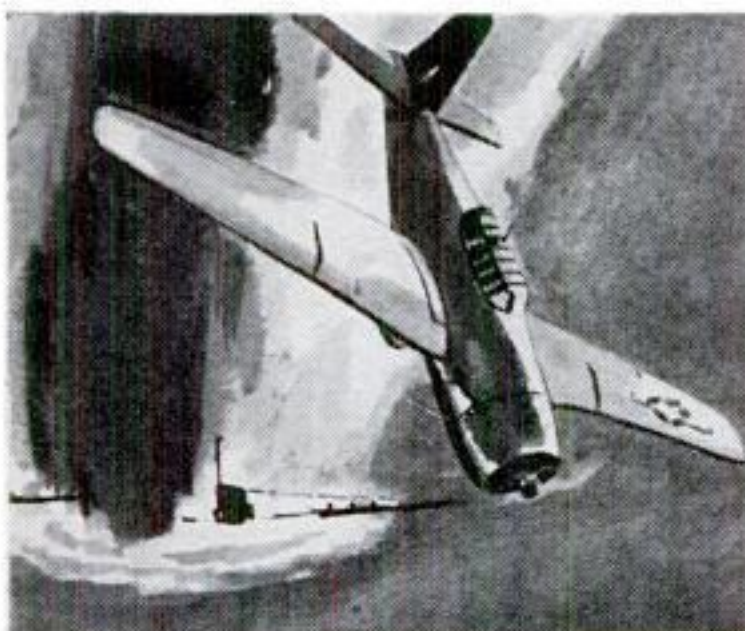
But they will not be apt to start another war if we keep America strong, invincible. The mere fact that we possess and maintain a powerful Army, Navy, and Air Force will discourage such unprovoked attacks as we suffered at Pearl Harbor.

Above all, American Air Supremacy must be maintained at peak efficiency.

For it is one of our best guarantees of a lasting peace in a world where vengeful sparks of aggression may still be smoldering a generation hence.



No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport



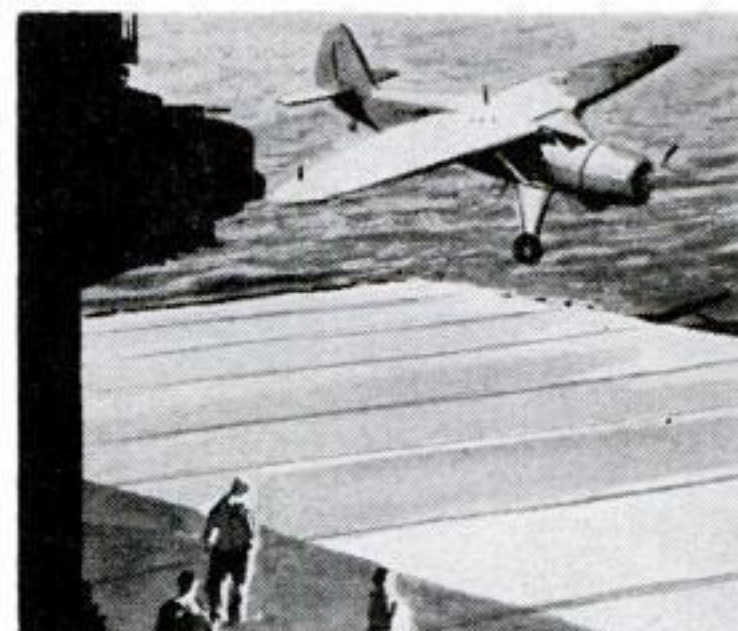
VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber

The tough, fast Vengeance carries a 2000-pound bomb. Hydraulic dive brakes give perfect control when streaking earthward toward its target. This deadly dive bomber has earned its name in combat on many fronts.



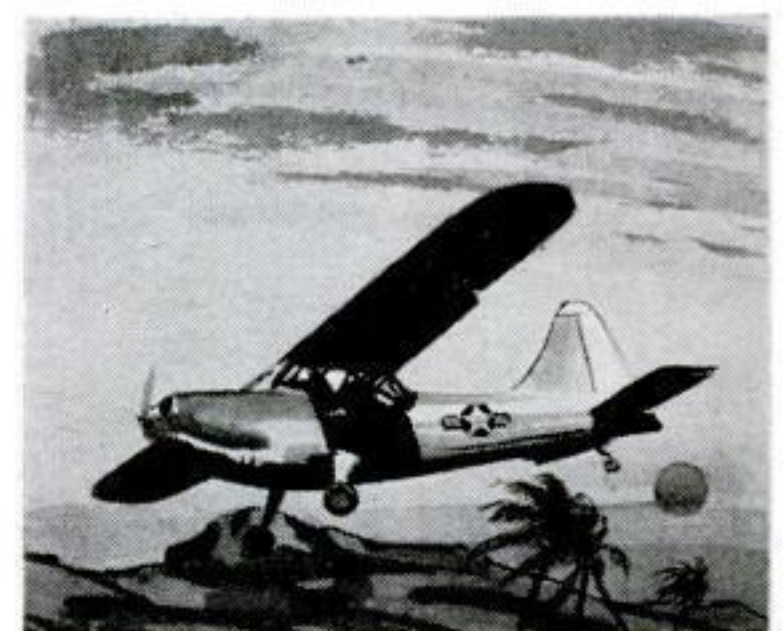
VALIANT . . . basic trainer

The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer

A favorite plane of many private flyers in peacetime, the wartime version of the Reliant is now widely used, especially by Royal Navy pilots, for all-important instrument-flight instruction and navigational training.



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

The Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" is a glowing example of how a peacetime plane went to war. Modified to perform a hundred-and-one combat tasks, it has proven to be one of the AAF's most versatile light planes.

(All the planes shown here were designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee)

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Member, Aircraft War Production Council

HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

The Army's and Navy's instructions saves the lives of men stranded on desert isles or lost in jungles

The Army and Navy both have gone to great lengths to prepare American men for the peculiar problems of being washed up on a Southwest Pacific desert island or dropped into a jungle. Some men have died in the midst of plenty. The many who have come back alive have the Army and Navy lectures and instruction books to thank. This is what the armed forces tell their men to do when lost or cast away.

The first rule is to relax and think. If your plane has crashed, find it and use what it contains. Do not forget a lens or watch crystal for starting a fire.

The second important rule is to keep all clothing, no matter how hot it is, against the two great enemies: the sun and the mosquitoes.

The third rule is to get water, even before food. Rain water is best. It can be caught in a parachute or by a cloth tied around a tree. Running water is safe in uninhabited areas, but it should be boiled if fire is available. In a pinch, you will find a layer of fresh water if you dig just above the high-water mark on a desert atoll. Slightly brackish water is not fatal. In fact it is beneficial, for sweating exhausts the body of salt. The best source of water is the coconut whose "milk" will keep for a week if the nut is not husked.

When dropping it from a tree, give it a spin, to prevent it from splitting on impact.

Where there is no shade, bury yourself in the sand or dig a trench. Where there are mosquitoes, get to bed before sundown and cover yourself completely.

If inland, head toward the coast by following streams or going downhill. Start looking for a camp site about three in the afternoon. Make camp in an open place so that the wind will blow off mosquitoes. Keep away from streams or marshes, which are inhabited by crocodiles as well as mosquitoes. The oil of the coconut, produced by rotting the meat in the sun and pounding it, is useful against mosquitoes and sun. Travel slowly. Take it easy. Get plenty of sleep and enough food and water. Remember that both should always be boiled if possible. There is no need to be afraid. The danger from snakes and animals is less than in the U. S. The danger from sunstroke, malaria and dysentery is considerable.

In case of snakebite, cut an X over the bite, suck it, tie a band above the bite and loosen it for a minute every quarter of an hour for three hours, then remove the band. For dysentery, fast for a full day, then take only liquid food. In wet country examine

the body often for leeches and ticks. A singeing cigaret or a pinch of salt will make them drop off, but do not burn them or yank them off sharply. If you have been foresighted, you will have sulfanilamide powder, salt tablets, quinine or atabrine, halazone tablets for purifying water, bandages, iodine, a compass, a fishing kit and a cutting edge of some kind. Lacking the last, you can produce a knife or a spear from bamboo.

On the following pages are shown some of the plants that may make the difference between life and death. In general, spit out seeds and avoid milky-sap plants. Avoid eating freakish and scaleless fish. Whatever monkeys eat is edible for man. The coconut and the bamboo are priceless if properly used. If possible, wash and dry clothing daily. Do not sleep on wet ground. Make a raised bed if possible.

Actually, most men who have survived the jungle have done so with the help of natives. A clearing or a path is a sign of habitation. Approach natives circumspectly, offering insignia, razor blades or whatever you have. Obviously, no man in his right mind will make free with native women.

The first rule is also the last: wherever you are, stop, take it easy, relax and think it out before moving.



On banana-leaf tablecloth, over woven palm floor, soldiers chew on the kernels of the pandanus fruit head, called screw pine, the big cauliflower-like object at right. Other edibles on leaf are (from left) coconut in shell, limes, coconuts; two

mangoes, a bowl of coconut milk, the long white log-like heart of the coconut palm (called "millionaire's salad") and, below it, two white, round turtle eggs. All of this can be eaten raw. Anyone who lands in the vicinity of a coconut tree

should be able to get along. The strands of the bark make a serviceable rope or woven cloth. The frond stems make shelter poles. Husks can make sandals. Shells make dishes. Fire can be kept from day to day in a smoldering husk.



Coconut is best for drinking when it is green. When ripe (*bottom*) the meat is very rich and oily and the milk is a mild laxative. A fallen coconut that has sprouted is also good to eat.



Papaya, the fastest-growing fruit in nature, tastes something like a cross between a soft cantaloupe and a peach. It can be picked green and sun-ripened, but it spoils easily when ripe.



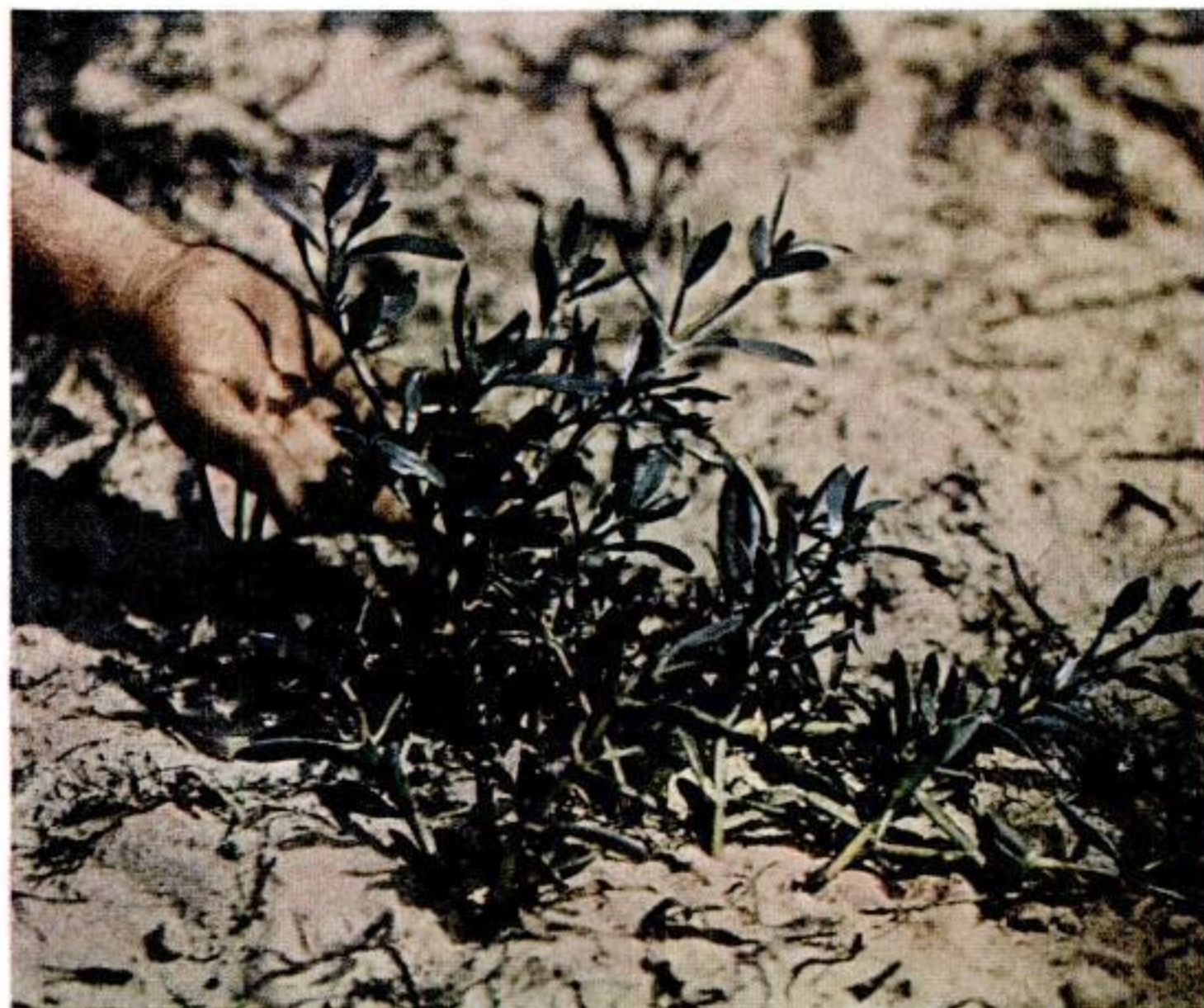
Pandanus, which is nutritious though not very tasty, breaks up into many segments, each of which looks like an elongated Brussels sprout with a nut kernel. It grows on dry islands.



Liana vine, like most climbing vines, secretes water which drips out when vine is cut in two places. If water stops, cutting off a length of upper end of vine will start it dripping again.



Taro is a coarse root much eaten in Polynesia. Notice big heart-shaped leaf. The root contains irritating, acrid crystals, so that it must be roasted or boiled well before it is eaten.



Portulaca, a bush growing on tropical sandy beaches, is perfectly edible raw, contains much water. Its salty taste can be readily removed by cooking. It grows even on the driest islands.

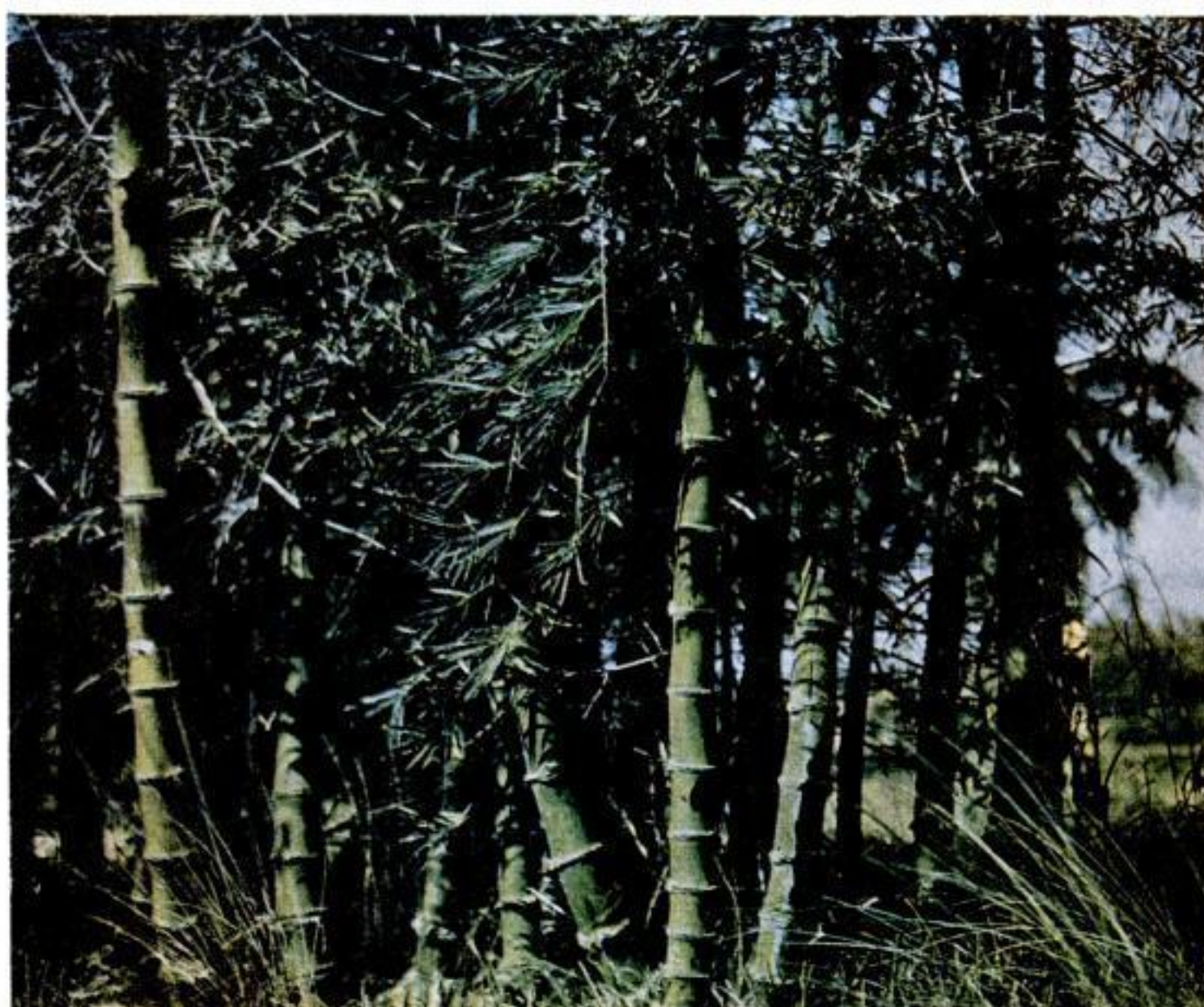
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Dishes made of hibiscus are fashioned by binding large round leaves together, as seen here. Wild hibiscus tree grows in dense thickets along the shore and the edge of tropical woods.



Hibiscus rope is made from bark of tree. It is stripped off, starting from bottom of trunk, is then easy to split into separate strands. Wood is good for making fire without matches.



Bamboo is one of the tropical Pacific's most useful plants. The ridges or nodes on the trunk run solidly through the trunk, so that each section of tree is a tight, separate compartment.



Out of bamboo this man has manufactured (from left) a bottle, a long-handled dipper, a large canteen, a closed bottle, a ladle and a knife. To make bottles, cut just below a node.



Wild lime grows on a thorny tree and is none too common in the area of the Southwest Pacific. It goes well with coconut cream (see right) and is extremely useful in preventing scurvy.



Jungle epicure squeezes lime juice on coconut cream, which is the juice of grated coconut. He kneels on a huge green banana leaf on woven palm fronds. In foreground are avocados.

How to care for your precious "cherishables"



WASHED THIS WAY...THEY'LL GIVE MORE WEAR

1. Close zippers. Remove unwashable trims. Well made garments can be machine-washed.

2. Dissolve mild soap in soft, warm water (120°). Add garments and wash, 5 to 7 minutes.

3. Rinse quickly, gently through three warm or lukewarm waters. Do not pull or twist.



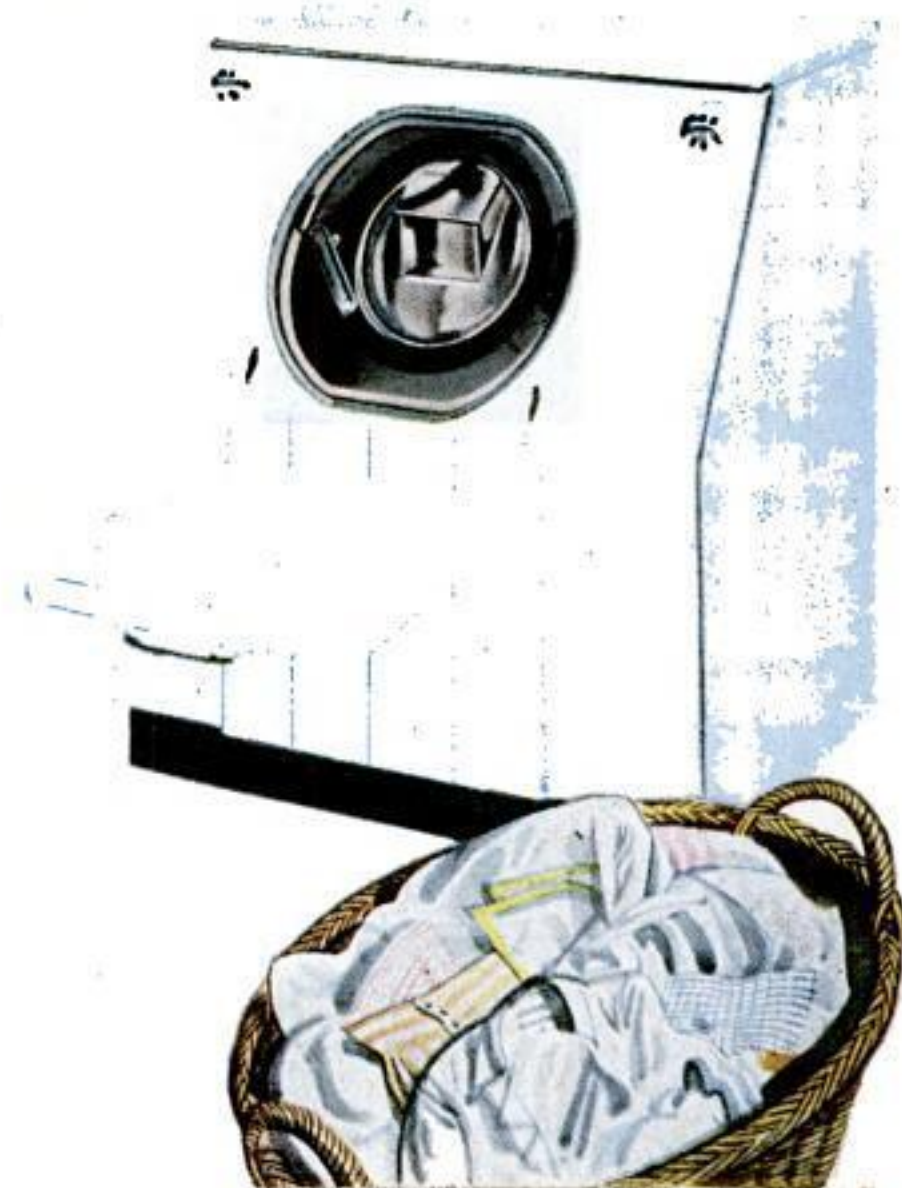
4. Wring or spin out excess water. Hang indoors or in shade, away from direct heat.

5. Take from line when right for ironing. Iron, if possible, or fold loosely in basket.

6. Use a medium cool iron. Do satins and most rayons on wrong side to prevent shine.

You can look forward to the day when you can home-laundry lingerie and all your other washables, easily and automatically in the Westinghouse Laundromat. All you do is simply "put 'em in—set the dials—take 'em out!"

This revolutionary appliance is truly *automatic*: it fills itself with water, washes, rinses, spins the clothes amazingly dry, cleans and drains itself and shuts off. It is a postwar "dream" product already come true, for it has seen more than two years of wartime service in 25,000 homes. We are working to speed the day when Westinghouse, maker of 30,000,000 worthy electric appliances, will offer you this new, patented method of home laundering—the Laundromat method. It is worth waiting and saving for.



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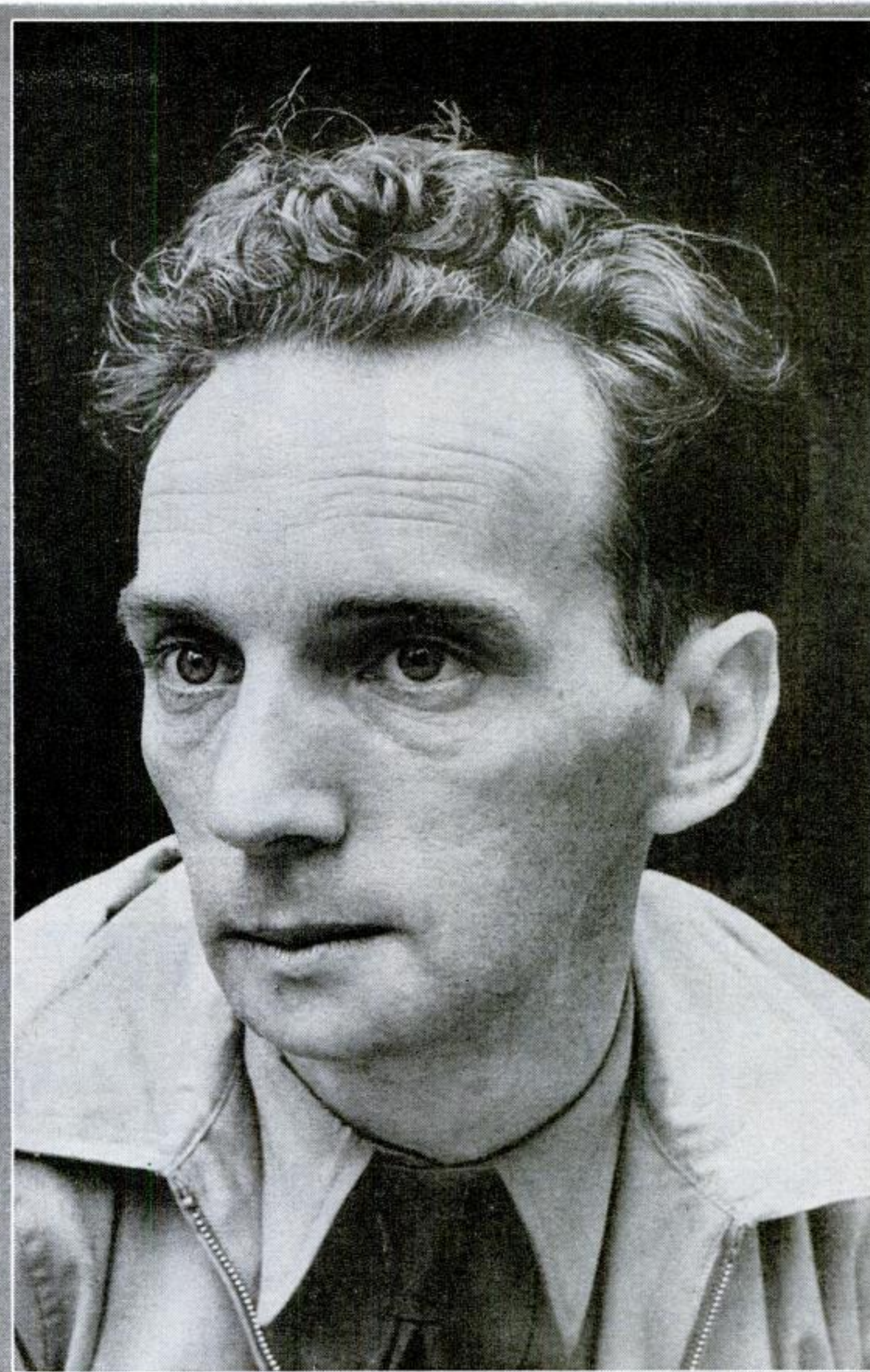
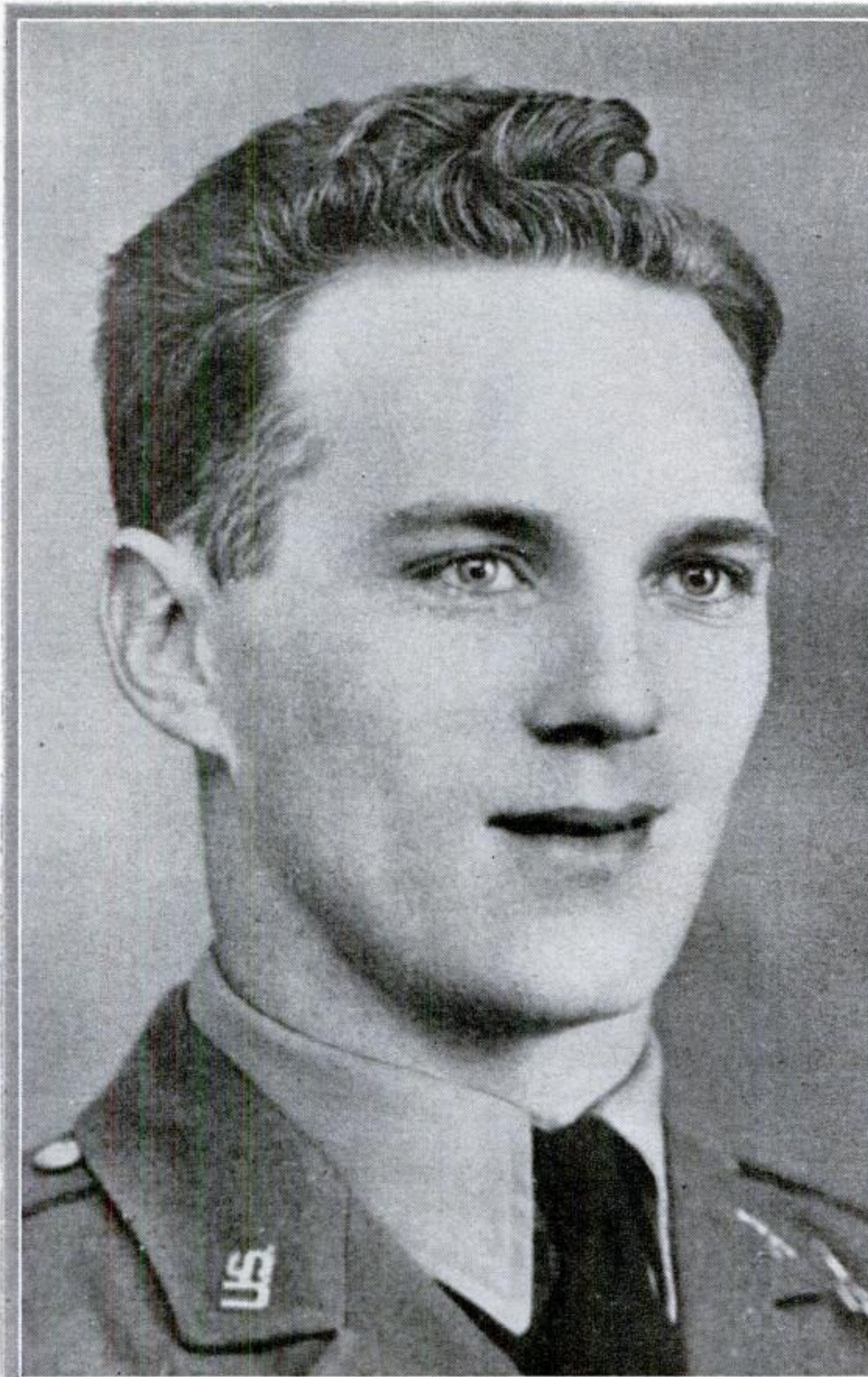
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THE TEXAS COMPANY

Coming.. finer  **FIRE-CHIEF** and
 **SkyChief** gasolines because
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In the Army Wise trained in British Isles, where this picture was taken, landed in North African invasion. In the Kasserine Pass his chin was shot off by Nazi machine-gun bullets.

Back home he has been mustered out of the Army, has a new face, is being sent to Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa by the government. He hopes to be a highway engineer.

A WOUNDED VETERAN GETS A NEW FACE

Sgt. Charles Wise, badly hurt in battle, gets new features, a college education and a new start in life

During the North African campaign in 1942, in the midst of the fierce battle for the Kasserine Pass, S/Sgt. Charles Wise went out into withering enemy machine-gun fire to rescue one of his wounded men. When he suddenly felt a quick burning sensation and a hot flow of blood, Sgt. Wise knew he was hit. At first he thought it was just his shoulder. Later, after he had spent seven hours lying on his stomach and directing his section by signs and written commands, he realized what had really happened to him. Nazi machine-gun bullets had sheared off the whole lower half of his face.

Of all the wounds of war the one that soldiers and their relatives alike fear most is a disfigurement of the face. But today Charles Wise, who is 30, has a new face and a new start in life. Army doctors gave him emergency treatment in the field and sent him back to the U. S. where plastic surgeons carefully rebuilt his shattered chin. As a wounded veteran he is being sent to college by the government and, although he had never been able to afford a college education before the war, Charles Wise is now studying to be an engineer and making a new career for himself. He

has already married the girl who waited for him when he went off with the Army.

But his comeback has not been an easy one. Plastic surgery can be the most agonizing and most tedious of all surgical operations. In a long series of more than a dozen operations and treatments, hospital surgeons took a two-inch piece of bone from Wise's left leg, split it and then bent it to make him a jawbone. Then they took a small patch of skin from his arm, grafted it over his jaw and even used it to fashion him a lower gum. For weeks he lay in a hospital bed with his tongue held out of his mouth by two pieces of catgut that were attached to his forehead.

Through all his many months of pain Charles Wise has been a cheerful patient. His wound has earned him four years of college under the Veterans Administration. Because he entered the Army from his carpenter's job when he was over 25, he would have been eligible for only one year of college if he had not been wounded. But to Charles Wise the most important fact of all is that, in spite of the disfiguring wound he received at war, he can once again go out in public knowing that he is a normal-looking man.



IN U. S. WISE RECEIVED 13 MONTHS OF PLASTIC SURGERY

Even tough old
faces like his



feel almost
smooth as his



after a cool,
cool Ingram's
shave...



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Wounded Veteran (continued)



President of college, Dr. Earl A. Roadman, talks with Wise. He has admitted several rehabilitated veterans, excludes them from embarrassing extracurricular activities.



In chemistry laboratory Wise experiments with oxygen. He also takes English, math, drafting, engineering; totals 17 hours which he was told was most he should handle.



In math class Wise (front row) looks much older than classmates who, until recently did not know he had been so seriously wounded. Wise entered Army when he was 26.

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Supplement your dog's daily diet by getting Vitapets at drug or pet store. Be sure to get Sergeant's Dog Book also, at stores or with this coupon.

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Please mail the NEW, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

HOW SAFE CAN YOU MAKE HIS WAR-CHANGED WORLD?

TODAY when your doctor places your baby in your arms, healthy and well, he also turns over to you the responsibility for keeping him that way. In a world faced with serious doctor and nursing shortages your baby's welfare depends more than ever on your intelligent care.

A constant threat...the "other fellow's cold"

An ordinary cold—usually just a source of discomfort to an adult—is often really serious if passed on to your baby. Respiratory infections and their dangerous complications are responsible for the majority of fatal illnesses among infants and young children. Baby's surest protection against the "other fellow's cold" is never to come in contact with it. But suppose you get a cold? And there is no one to take your place in caring for your baby?

Reduce risk with a protective mask

If you can't keep baby isolated from a person with a cold—safeguard him with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, *if you have a cold*, whenever your duties bring you into the same room with baby. In bathing, nursing, changing him keep this barrier between him and infectious germs—and see that anyone else with a cold does the same!

Simple to make . . . of tissue

Even though you may not have a supply of standard hospital masks available, you can quickly make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. All you do is take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and fasten at the back of your head with an ordinary pin. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs . . . greatly lessen the danger of contagion. Remember—no other duty to your baby is any more important than the prevention of respiratory infection.

So helpless...so tiny...in a world so large. Both your baby and your war-busy doctor today depend on you to safeguard his health.

Free

—32-PAGE BOOKLET, "Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care." Authoritative information on supplies for emergency use, rest after birth, advantages of nursing your baby, use of the mask, time-saving schedules, bathroom habits. **ALSO**—timely leaflet, "A Helping Hand For Mother"—tells how the Visiting or Public Health Nurse can assist you either with your baby or any illness. For your free copies of these booklets address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. B3, Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.


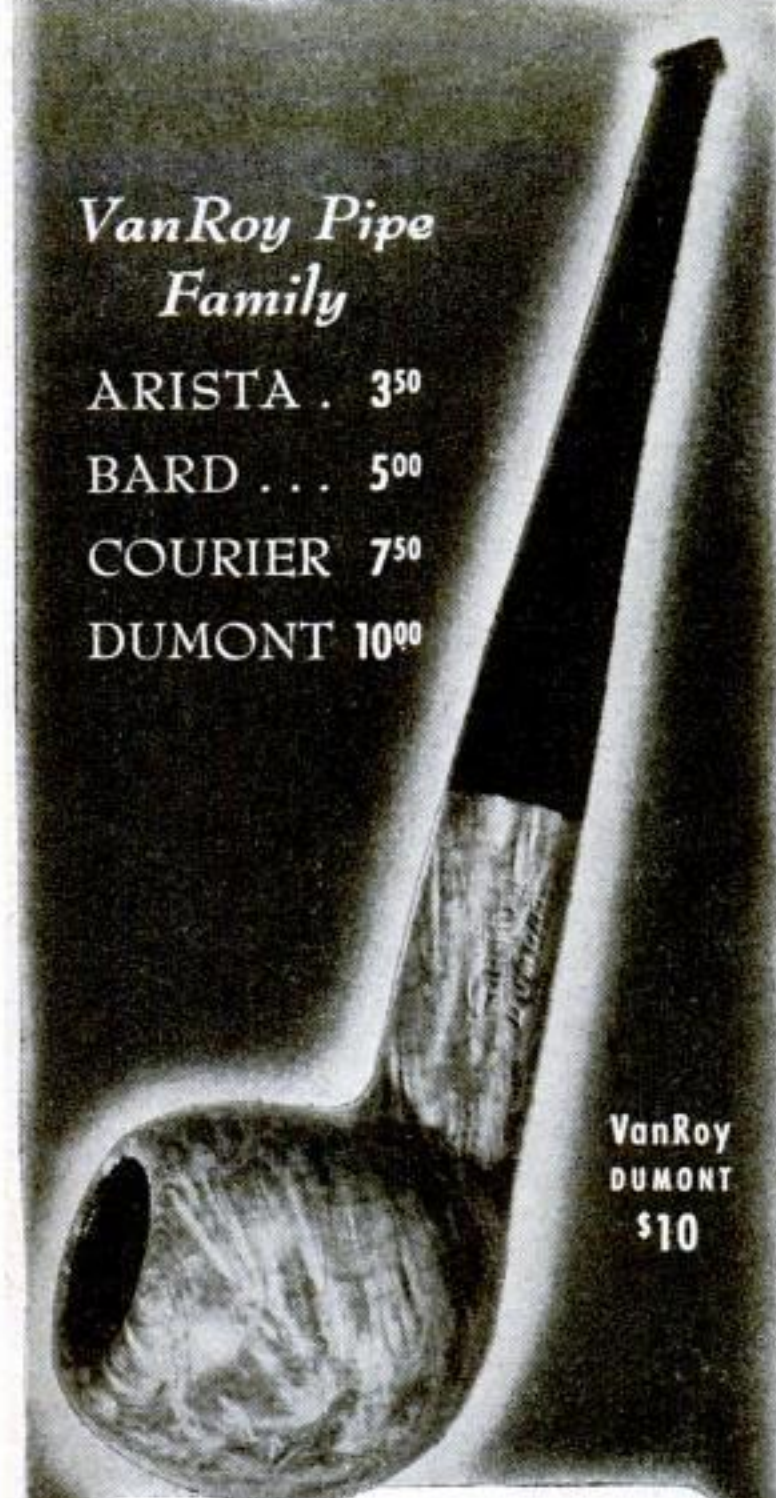
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No casual smoker is a VanRoy owner. Each pipeful brings moments of rare enjoyment—from the luxurious first puff to the last reluctant draw. Moments like these are priceless, yet easily within reach. Discover for yourself the uncommon satisfaction of possessing a VanRoy Pipe.

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On campus Wise puzzles over classmates who have been punished for various freshman misdemeanors such as not wearing their "beanies." His smile is still awkward.



The entire student body of college is less than 300, was more than 600 in peacetime. Wise is at lower right. The soldier in middle comes from nearby base to take courses.



POOR RICHARD wrote a good hand!

Benj. Franklin won fame with his Almanac . . . in later life was twice envoy to England, once to France. A clear thinker, he took pride in his clear penmanship. In his Autobiography, he took pains to point out, "I learned to write a good hand."

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Wounded Veteran (continued)



Charles and Ellen Wise were married 15 months ago when he was able to leave the hospital. They live with her parents while he goes to college and she teaches school.



Homework is especially difficult for Wise, keeps him up far into the night. He did not finish his last year of high school, so he finds college work far from easy at his age.



Piatigorsky—COLUMBIA'S GREGOR THE GREAT, FIRST 'CELLIST OF OUR DAY!

● First 'Cellist of the Moscow Imperial Opera at 15... Piatigorsky is a genius whose consummate artistry, superb tone, unrivaled virtuosity and unfailing musicianship have made the masculine tones of the 'cello as exciting as the coloratura fireworks of the violin.

Trustee of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, head of the 'Cello Department of the Curtis Institute of Music and of the Chamber Music Department of the Berkshire Music Center, Piatigorsky has appeared as guest soloist in more than 125 concerts with major American symphony orchestras.

Thousands have thrilled to the sonorous authority of his "Sleeping Princess," the \$30,000 'cello made by the mighty Venetian, Montagnana, in 1739... have thrilled to the touch of his

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Like so many other great artists, Piatigorsky records *exclusively* for Columbia. Hear him in Shostakovich's *Sonata for 'Cello and Piano, Opus 40*; in Saint-Saëns' *Concerto No. 1 in A Minor for 'Cello and Orchestra, Opus 33* (with Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orch.); in Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote, Opus 35* (with Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra); in Piatigorsky's *Encore Album*.

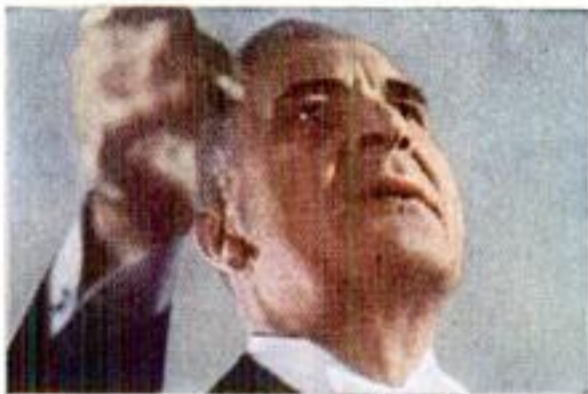
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Beethoven's *Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Opus 93*. Set M-MM-525 . . \$3.50



Frederick Stock and Chi. Sym. Orch.: Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. A fine example of the late Dr. Stock's artistry. Set M-MM-395 . . . \$3.50
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Herbert Janssen (Baritone): Excerpts, Act 3, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* (Melchior, Tenor). Set M-MM-550. \$5.50
Wagner's *Tannhäuser* with Müller, Andresen, & Bayreuth Festival Orch., Elmdorff, cond. Set OP-MOP-24 \$19.00



Lotte Lehmann (Soprano): Schubert's *Songs from Die Winterreise, Vol. 1* (acc. by Paul Ulanowsky, Pianist). Set M-466 . . . \$3.50
And with the same artists, A Brahms *Recital*. Set M-453 . . . \$4.00



Rudolf Serkin (Piano) with Walter and the Phil.-Sym. Orch. of N. Y.: Beethoven's *Concerto No. 5 in E Flat* ("Emperor"). Set M-MM-500 . . \$5.50
Beethoven's *Sonata No. 14* ("Moonlight"). Set X-MX-237 . . . \$2.50



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Thick, juicy halibut steak, broiled to a mouth watering golden-brown . . . a truly luxurious highball made of Seagram's 5 Crown—*every drop pre-war quality* . . . A double privilege that lucky America alone is privileged to enjoy!

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MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Princess and the Pirate

Bob Hope kicks a 17th Century plot around

Samuel Goldwyn's *The Princess and the Pirate* is a funny one-man show for Bob Hope. It dresses the slope-nosed comedian up as "Sylvester the Great," a chickenhearted ham actor, and sets him down in the pirate-infested, 17th Century Caribbean. Paying scant attention to his historic surroundings, Hope gets most of his fun by making up-to-date wisecracks. When asked, as he is forced to walk the pirates' plank, if he has a last wish, he moans, "I wish I was back at Paramount." When a pirate declaims dramatically, "To the south is safety. We are always certain of friends in the south," Hope wryly observes, "Oh, a Democrat."

As Sylvester the Great, Hope is captured by pirates. Using a series of moth-eaten disguises, he escapes with a beautiful princess and a treasure map, ends up with neither girl nor treasure. The plot is roughly kicked around by Hope's frantic patter and the comedian acknowledges the damage he does to the story. In the final scene the princess's father, who shows up at the last minute, is forced to give a brief résumé of what has been going on. Thereupon, Hope turns fullface to the camera, remarks to the audience: "That's in case any of you are trying to follow the plot."



BOB HOPE WEARS EIGHT DISGUISES. HERE HE IMPERSONATES HIS ENEMY "THE HOOK"



The Hook (Victor McLaglen), pirate chieftain, orders attack on *Mary Ann*, a ship carrying a pretty princess (Virginia Mayo) and a cowardly actor, "Sylvester the Great."



When the pirates attack, Sylvester dives for safety. Told to take his stand by the mainmast, Sylvester says, "I wouldn't know the mainmast if it fell on me." It falls on him.



Preparing to jump overboard, Sylvester strips off his hat and coat. When he hangs them on a nearby hook, he suddenly discovers the hook is attached to the bewhiskered pirate.



Cornered, Sylvester defends himself with water pistol. When his other prop gun flips out a flag reading, "BANG!" he comments, "Oops. Wrong pistol. That's for silent pictures."



AN "OSCAR" FOR SINATRA

When you hear Frank, as singing emcee of his new **Vimms** radio show, play host every week to such guest stars as Oscar Levant, Joan Blondell, Orson Welles and other luminaries, you'll soon agree that here's a program rating plenty of "oscar." Thirty fast and full minutes of good music, good comedy, good company. Tune in to the Sinatra show every week for a tune-filled, laugh-loaded session with The Voice and famous guest stars, plus Eileen Barton, the Vimms Vocalists and Axel Stordahl and his orchestra, all presented by **Vimms**, the best-known name in vitamins . . . CBS, Wednesdays.

HUNTERS get set for minor cuts with Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE

Don't Push Your Luck

Some trifling little cut or scratch could mess up a swell hunting trip . . . if it became infected. And remember—any skin break, no matter how small, is an open door to dangerous and painful infection . . . unless you protect it right away—and keep it protected!



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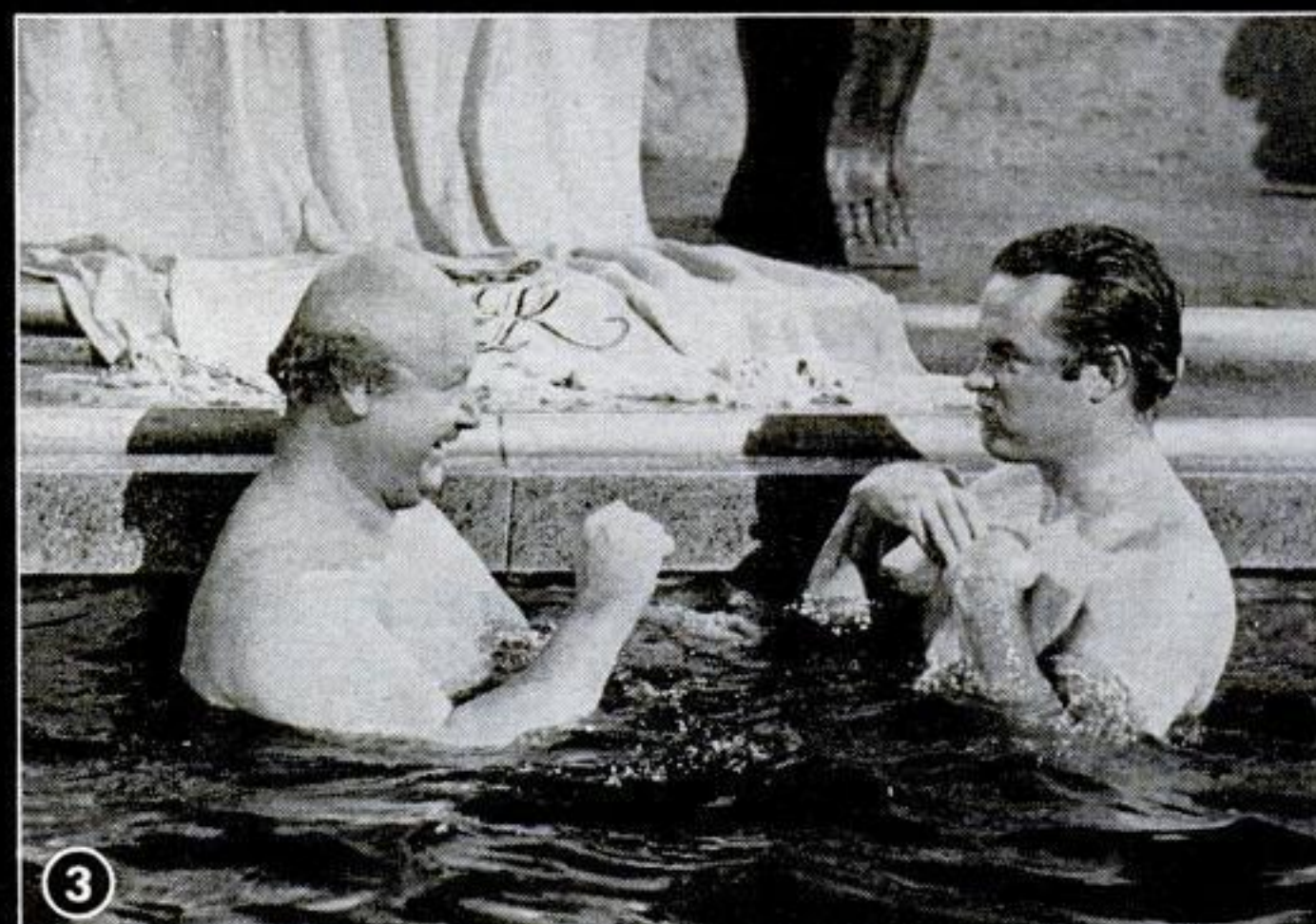
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Adhesive Bandage

"The Princess and the Pirate" (continued)



Bathing scene is funniest in picture. Undressing, Sylvester finds The Hook's stolen treasure map has been tattooed on his chest while he was unconscious.



By **flipping soap** in La Roche's eyes, Sylvester lathers over the map before La Roche sees it. La Roche has said he would hang the man found with map.



The Hook storms in, drags dripping Sylvester out of pool by his hair. When he sees the map, The Hook threatens to carve Sylvester to bits with his hook.



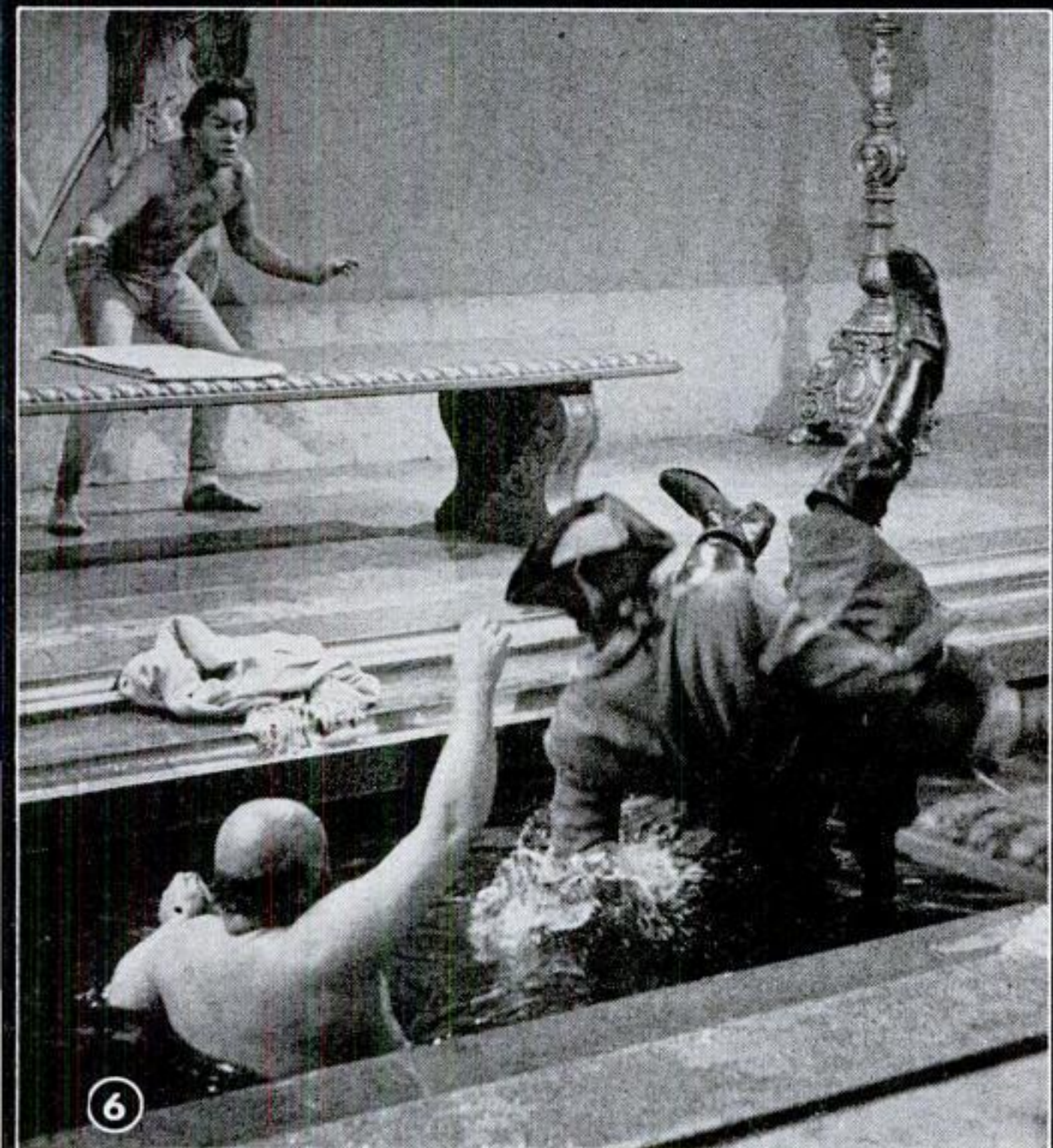
2

The governor of the island, who is in cahoots with The Hook, is pleased when Sylvester scrubs his back. Frantic, Sylvester does it to hide the map from him.



4

Splashing water in the bath is La Roche's idea of hilarious sport, so they have a water fight. But the water washes soap off Hope's chest, uncovering tattoo.



6

In chase that follows, Sylvester dumps The Hook into bath. Later, scrubbing at the tattoo on his chest, he moans, "I'm going to make a clean breast of it."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"You know, I never really cared much for the sport until you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'."

My, yes, you *do* have fun when you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow". So keep chin-clean and cheek-smooth by shaving with genuine Gem Blades. Made by the makers of your fine Gem Razor, Gems fit precisely, shave perfectly. They keep your face free from stubble right around the clock!

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TEN WORLD'S FAIR
GRAND PRIZES

"The Princess and the Pirate" (continued)



In a pirates' den, called the "Bucket of Blood," Sylvester looks for a job. He is told patrons' bodies are collected once daily, twice on Saturdays.



Hired to entertain, he seals the bargain with the grizzled proprietor over a "short" beer. He cracks, "I'm not going in there—that's over my head."



He drains his glass when he is reminded that it is an insult not to finish his drink. Immediately another mammoth round is brought to the table.

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flattering fit

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Stockings*



the girl in the
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California Sherry adds to
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Serve
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America's Largest Selling Wines

Invitation . . . TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE" C.B.S. Thursday nights. See your newspaper for time and station.

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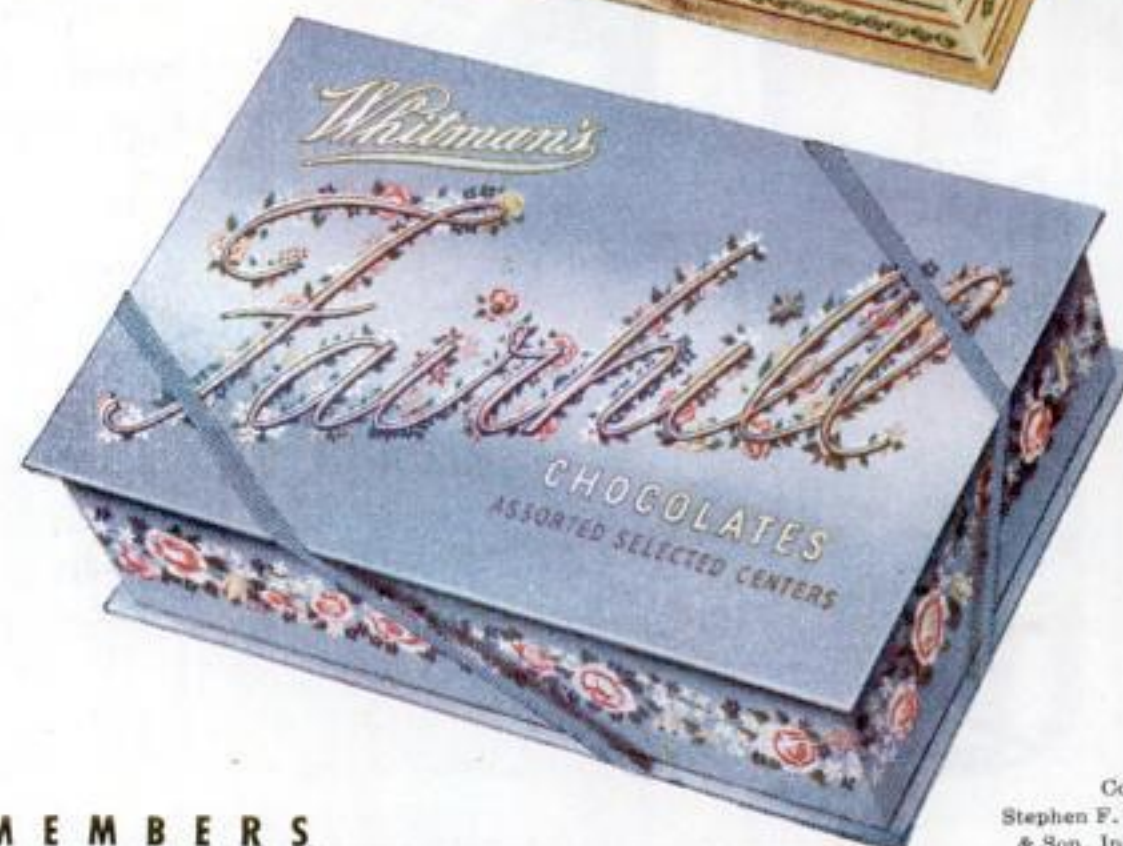
Fresh Walnuts ARE AT THEIR BEST

WHEN COVERED WITH WHITMAN'S CHOCOLATE

Enjoy fresh walnuts dipped in delicious Whitman's chocolate, and the dozens of other good things in a package of Whitman's. Yes, you'll like them all! Ask for Whitman's Chocolates.

WHITMAN'S SAMPLER is America's best-loved box of chocolates. All your favorite pieces, each one delicious, in the famous old-time cross-stitch package.

WHITMAN'S FAIRHILL, fine assorted chocolates in a lovely new flowered package, so appealing in its feminine charm. It's gay . . . it's good . . . you'll like it!



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

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Stephen F. Whitman
& Son, Inc., Phila.



LITJA BRIDGE ATTACK IS PLANNED in *glavni stab* (general headquarters) of Slovenian Partisan army. Standing at the head of the table is General Stane, army commander. The plan

was to send three Partisan brigades to Litja where they would attack the German garrison and blow up a railroad bridge. On the wall are portraits of Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt.

TITO'S MEN

DARING YUGOSLAV PARTISANS BLOW UP GERMAN-HELD BRIDGE

A remarkable war is coming to a close in Yugoslavia. For three years Marshal Tito's Partisan troops have fought an organized campaign against the Germans in a country which the Germans considered officially conquered. Last week the Russians were moving steadily across Yugoslavia to the Adriatic, joining Tito's men as they went. They threatened to cut off the small German force retreating before the British in Greece. Yugoslavia might easily be in Allied hands long before the total defeat of Germany.

As Russian and British help came closer, the Yugoslav army hit out even more boldly against the Germans. Last month one Partisan column made a daring raid deep into German-held Slovenia (northwestern Yugoslavia) to blow up an important rail-

road bridge. With them went LIFE's John Phillips.

The bridge raid was part of a Partisan offensive to break up German communications through Yugoslavia. Its objective was a span on the main line from Zagreb to Ljubljana and Italy, located at the town of Litja (see map at right). LIFE Photographer Phillips joined the Litja raiders with Captain James Goodwin, an American liaison officer, after a jeep trip to Žužemberk. Goodwin was later wounded in the leg, adding a final touch to a striking similarity between the Litja raid and Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a novel about an American who is hit in the leg while helping guerrillas to blow up a bridge. On the following pages John Phillips tells the story of the Litja raid in text and pictures.



LITJA (STARRED ON MAP) WAS THE PARTISAN OBJECTIVE



PARTISANS ON THE MARCH travel single file, usually going through the fields and woods to avoid German patrols on the roads. They are heavily armed with grenades, submachine guns and ri-

fles of French, German and Italian make. Column which raided Litija bridge also had a howitzer and a Russian antitank gun. Partisans wear any uniform they can get, usually German.

THE MEN WALK THROUGH ENEMY LINES

Story and photographs for LIFE by John Phillips

At dusk on Sept. 19 we got the order to move. The ox carts were loaded with explosives and the hills were alive with marching men. Ahead of us lay the road to the Greater Reich. The first brigade to get under way was the 15th and as it passed us our brigade shouted, "*Živela Petnaista Brigada*" (Long live the 15th Brigade).

On the march I traveled with Captain James Good-

win, an American officer in charge of the British mission in liberated Slovenia. We walked side by side talking about fancy nightclubs and restaurants back home in a conspicuous effort to take our minds off the march. The Partisans also talked since it was the best way to kill time. It was now night and the dark hills towered over us. The white road was still dimly visible in the darkness. Suddenly the order, "*Čelo stoj*" (Vanguard

stop), came back to us from mouth to mouth. Jim and I rested on the steps of a wooden shack which had once been an Italian customhouse. After a while the orders began to come through fast. "*Kolonna*" (Single file), "*Tišina*" (Silence), "*Naprej*" (Advance) and we got up stiffly. We passed an Italian frontier post and then went through barbed-wire entanglements which had been yanked aside. A hundred yards away from



PARTISANS SLEEP in the daytime, march at night. When the men sleep heavily armed sentries, like the man in shadow at upper right, are posted on all sides to prevent surprise attacks. When

raiding columns make a marching foray, which is called *pokret* by the Partisans, they take along their own doctors, radios, light field kitchens. Oxen are driven with them for food.

us lay what the Germans like to call the Greater Reich.

In German territory we took to the forest to by-pass German garrisons which lined the road. As we passed apple trees we would stretch out our hands, groping in the leaves in the hope of getting an apple. But too many men had passed before us. The forest was like a dark tunnel. Suddenly I could not hear Goodwin's footsteps ahead. I called hoarsely, "Jim, Jim." I quickened my step to catch up and stumbled over him. After this he held his carbine by the muzzle so I could hold on to the strap. I could tell if we were going to the right or left because of the direction the carbine would jerk. To

make sure that the line was closed up, the mouth-to-mouth query traveled endlessly up the line, "*Ali je veza?*" (Is there contact?). The reply was "*Je veza*" (There is contact). Sometimes in the distance there was the hysterical whinnying of a horse followed by a crashing in the woods and the halt order, "*Čelo stoj,*" would come down to us. It was either one of our ox carts carrying explosives which had overturned or our one howitzer hurtling down a ravine. During these moments Jim and I chewed at the black bread we had brought with us.

We had to be clear of the last German garrison be-

tween us and Litija at dawn. Once when we got lost we had to sit in bushes while all 800 men ahead of us retraced their steps. They passed us holding hands, followed by mules loaded down with ammunition, the ox-carts and a couple of sweet-smelling oxen which would be tomorrow's breakfast. When we rested now nobody talked. Dawn caught us as we were marching up a hill to a village. The valley below was covered with haze as thick as clouds. The sun cast a pink border around green hills so that it all looked like a bad painting. At 7 we had reached our destination. Below us a forest hid the Sava River and the Litija bridge, our objective.



AT LITJA the Partisans move cautiously into position in the morning to wait for supporting attack by six Allied fighter-bombers. The Germans in the town defended the approach to the

railroad bridge (*see opposite page*). Their main strongpoint, an old stone castle, was just a few hundred yards down this road. In the foreground Partisans cover the town with machine gun.



AFTER THE AIR ATTACK Partisans run for cover as the Germans begin mortar shelling of the road leading into Litija. Hovering smoke is from mortar shellburst. A few minutes later the

Partisans charged yelling down the road to the German-held castle and drove the Germans out. After taking the castle the Partisans fought on into Litija until they reached the bridge.

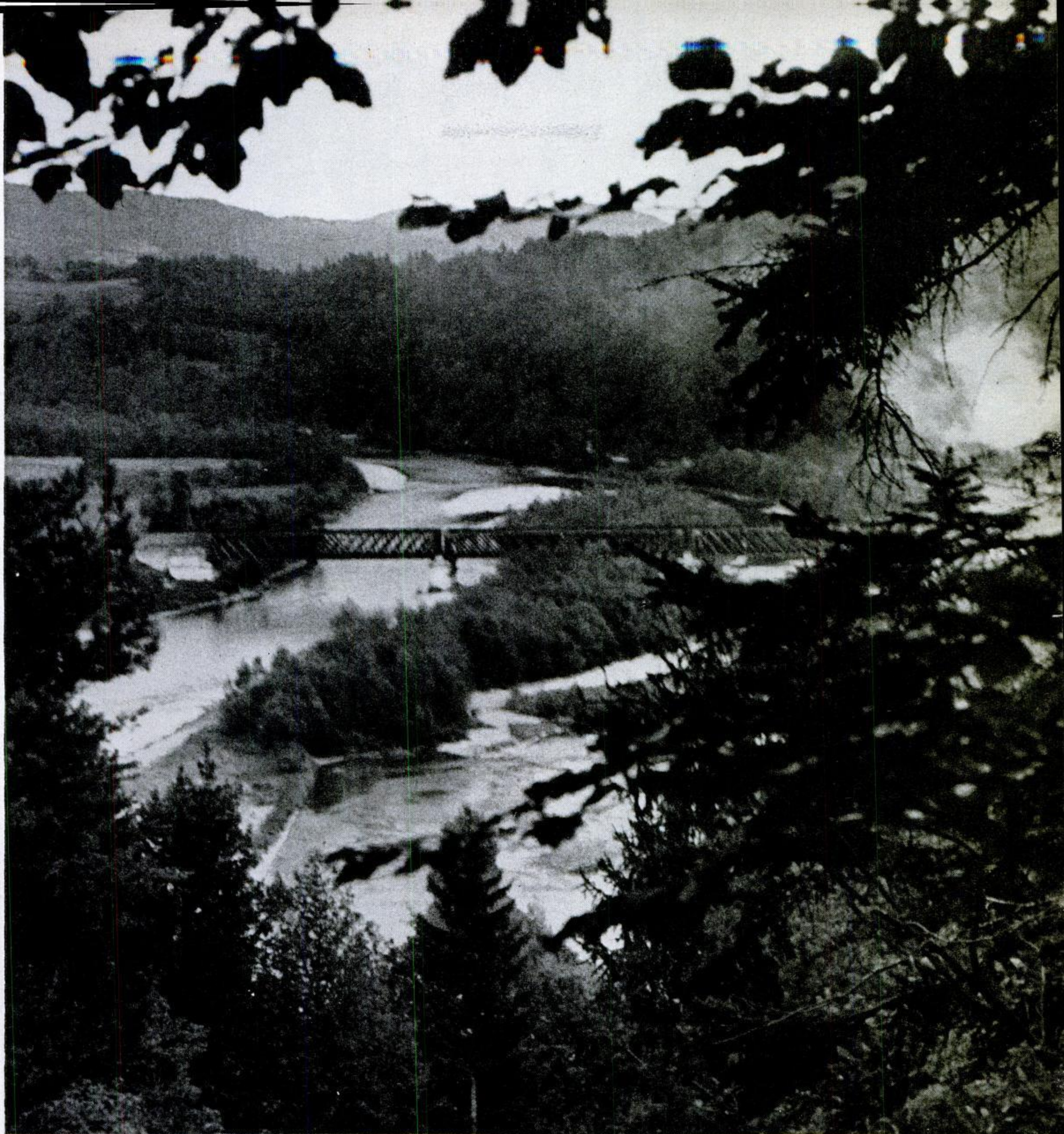
THE PARTISANS FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE

The Partisans set up their headquarters in a farmhouse above Litija. Goodwin and I climbed into a hayloft to catch some sleep. Immediately someone was shouting: "Mr. Phillips! Mr. Phillips!" It was already noon. We sat around the table at headquarters and hacked at boiled beef with our spoons. At one we made our way down to the forest with the Partisan detachments who were taking up their positions. We waited

a long time for our supporting plane attack, but the men were cool. At 4:30 we heard the planes. The men dashed out to watch them but were sent back to their posts. Six planes were overhead, very high. The first of them swept down through the German antiaircraft fire, its bombs falling gracefully away from its wing. The crunch of the explosion did not come until the second plane came in. When they heard it, the Parti-

sans laughed and shouted. They were in the big league now.

After the air attack we heard firing begin down the line. Captain Jesen, commander of our brigade, leaped to his feet and rushed down a lane of trees leading to a castle which the Germans were using for a fort, shouting, "*Juriš, hura!*" (Hurrah, attack!). Goodwin, loudly humming some American jive, and the other



LITIJA RAILROAD BRIDGE, crossing the Sava River on main line from Zagreb to Ljubljana, was goal of Partisan march into German-held Slovenia. Smoke at the right is from house set afire

in the air attack. Planes, which were the first to work in coordination with a Partisan raid in Slovenia, bombed the Germans inside town and left destruction of the bridge to the Partisans.

Partisans ran down the road after him. We reached a small clearing in the trees and saw the bridge for the first time. A house on the other side was wrapped in bright yellow flames. Our men crouched in the road and opened up with their automatic weapons. Beside me Goodwin was banging away with his carbine. A commissar carrying an Italian submachine gun marched up and down the road, every so often firing a clip toward the castle. Next to us a little man was shouting, "*Rusi, Amerikanci, Angleži so naši zavezniki!*" (The Russians, Americans and British are our Allies!). Then he would fire a clip from his Breda. He kept repeating

this. A few yards up the road the Partisans had set up their one Russian antitank gun and were banging away at the castle. A Partisan girl dashed out of the woods in full view of the castle, firing her submachine gun from the hip until someone pulled her back.

When Goodwin and I moved farther down the road we could see the top window of the castle. Nobody was looking out and antitank shells were boring into the soft stone. As the Commissar began urging his men to move up, the Germans began shelling the road with mortars. Goodwin vanished in a puff of black smoke, but he was only dazed. Then Goodwin and I were

separated and I took cover with the Partisans behind a low embankment. Captain Jesen stood there sweating, ignoring a young commissar who was gurgling about his antitank gun. "We got a tank, we got a tank," the commissar sang. He was wounded in the hand and danced around, nursing it gingerly. Then a shout came up, "The American officer has been hit!" I ran down the road toward the castle and saw Goodwin, still holding his carbine. He was pale and staggering, and his trousers were drenched with blood. While the Partisans were forcing the Germans out of the castle, fragments of a grenade had caught him in the leg.



IN PARTISAN FIELD HOSPITAL a doctor dresses head wounds of a German prisoner. Hospital was set up in a two-room farmhouse. The Partisan wounded were in one room, the Germans in

another. The Partisans could not stay overnight here because they knew that the Germans would kill the wounded. The wounded were carried back through the German lines in cart.

THE COLUMN BEGINS THE RETREAT

On the road a young Partisan girl cut open Goodwin's pants leg and bandaged his wounds. "I don't want to be captured, John," he kept repeating. As I lit him a cigaret I noticed that an elderly German prisoner with blood streaming down his face was sitting next to us. He was laughing, which struck me as all wrong, but I gave him a cigaret.

The Germans began shelling the road again, so

Goodwin and I decided it was time to move on. One of the Partisans helped me carry him up the road. The German limped after us, jabbering happily. Later we found a stretcher and a nurse, who sat Goodwin in a chair and gave him a swig of strong Yugoslav *rakija*. Then we loaded him into a cart and started off for the field hospital which had been set up near the Partisan headquarters. On the way we passed the Partisan sap-

pers, who were going forward with their carts loaded with explosives to blow up the bridge.

By nightfall we found the hospital at the end of a dark lane. There were only two rooms and the floor was covered with hay and the hay was covered with men in bloody rags. There was only one kerosene lamp, so that when the doctor went into one room the other was left in darkness. The doctor was a small, middle-



GERMAN PRISONERS were taken along by Partisans when they retreated from Litija. The Partisans took all of their uniforms except the caps for their own use, left the Germans with the

worn-out discards. The prisoners seemed phlegmatic and pleased to be out of the war. Most of the German troops on the Yugoslav front are elderly Austrians who had served in the last war.

aged man wearing bifocals. He told me that he had once spent six months faking insanity in a Ljubljana prison so that quisling guards wouldn't shoot him.

The man lying next to Goodwin had his leg in a traction splint and was trying to die. "Get me out of here, John," Goodwin said. I went out and spread a bale of hay by the door and wrapped him in it. The air made him feel better. I dozed off and woke up feeling a little cold. Two cows harnessed to a cart were eating the hay. During the night the firing went on in Litija. Finally a heavy, rolling explosion broke through the sound of gunfire. I groped for Goodwin's arm.

"Jim, Jim, did you hear?" I said. "They got the bridge."

Before dawn I found that the first wounded were being taken out in carts. "We are taking you to a secret hiding place," the doctor said. They gave Goodwin some tea spiked with *rakija* and the six carts got under way. In another cart there were three bodies which were also being taken out. The man in the traction splint had finally succeeded in dying.

For four hours the carts trundled along. There was only one guard to each cart and yet it was a triumphal procession. Here in German territory our only protection was that the peasants who saw us wouldn't give

us away. Along the way the peasants gave us a loaf of bread in one place and apples at another. Later an old man galloped after us with a bottle of *rakija* he had dug up from his cellar.

As the carts wound down to a valley, we heard the thin music of the Yugoslav song *Our Wonderful Homeland*. A man who had been blinded in the Litija fighting was playing a mouth organ. Later we stopped in a small village where Goodwin found a bed and tried to sleep. Partisan headquarters issued orders that we were to move on because the Germans were bringing up reinforcements. In the afternoon it began to rain.



WOUNDED CAPTAIN GOODWIN has leg treated by Partisan doctor in house along the march out of Greater Germany. While the doctor worked cobbler who owned the house went on re-

pairing shoes. One of the wounded who had left Litija the night before had died and another had gas gangrene. Wounded traveled for nearly four days in German-occupied territory.

THE WOUNDED ARE TAKEN TO SAFETY

After we left the village we rejoined our brigade. They were better dressed than when we had started out. Many of the men were wearing special German uniforms with blue and brown cuffs and handsome orange piping. Our progress now was much slower because the brigades were all over the countryside to protect the wounded. At nightfall we came to Šmartno where there was a German garrison. The order came

for *stroga tišina* (absolute silence). But as we went around the village through the fields all hell broke loose. Later I found that a Partisan patrol had attacked the village to give us time to get around it.

At 5 a. m. on Sept. 23 we came out of Greater Germany. Everyone was too tired to look back. At dawn we reached the town of Klanec. A few hours later we were awakened by one of the Partisans. "Mr. Phillips,

Mr. Phillips!" he shouted, "we must get out of here. The enemy is attacking the village." All day long we camped in the woods. At night we marched. Dawn broke as we crossed into liberated territory, the way it does in sentimental novels. I thought of a letter I had mailed Hitler from a German-held town along the way. It was not witty, but it expressed my feelings. "You bastard," I wrote, and signed: "John Phillips."



**CAPTAIN GOODWIN LIES WOUNDED IN CART
WHICH CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE WOODS**

OUR NEXT VICE PRESIDENT



JOHN W.

BRICKER

THIS IS THE REPUBLICANS' CAMPAIGN POSTER FOR JOHN W. BRICKER

Brickers at home. Here the Governor relaxes before the fireplace in the living room of brick executive mansion with his wife and son Jack, 14. Mrs. Bricker, the former Harriet Day of Columbus, married the Governor in 1920. She runs their home without benefit of housekeeper or secretary but with maximum efficiency.



CLOSE-UP

BRICKER

OHIO'S GOVERNOR IS REPUBLICAN PARTY'S LINK
WITH SOME OF ITS BEST AND OLDEST TRADITIONS

by ELIOT JANEWAY

John Bricker, Republican nominee for vice president of the U. S., has all the outward and tangible qualities of the Perfect Candidate. He is tall (6 ft. 2½ in.), husky (210 lb.) and handsome in a way that appeals to women without alienating men. He talks easily and likes to answer questions. Strangers like him at once and he likes them. He comes from a state that gave the U. S. seven Presidents and is practically the political center of gravity of the nation.

Moreover, he was the idol of the Republican convention. He was the candidate the delegates loved. The part of Dewey's acceptance speech which inspired fervent cheering was the part in which he mentioned Bricker's name. Bricker's own speech, in which he sacrificed his candidacy to party unity, brought down the house. Throughout the campaign Bricker, not Dewey, has been the party's emotional leader. He is reassuring to the "real Republicans" in a way that everything else about 1944 is not.

Then why did the delegates pass him up? Why is Bricker, the perfect candidate, not the No. 1 candidate of the Republican Party? The answer requires a closer look at John Bricker, at his political background in Ohio, and at the background of this whole 1944 campaign.

Mount Sterling's favorite son

John Bricker is a product of the oldest living tradition in American politics—that of the Ohio Presidents. Our two earlier traditions—the Virginia Presidents and the Log-Cabin Presidents—repose in the political museum among our honored dead. And Ohio's fecundity as the Mother of Presidents (Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Taft) has been suspect since 1920 when she last gave birth—to Harding and the "Ohio Gang." When Bricker came to national notice he was greeted as "an honest Harding." If a historical analogy is wanted, "a McKinley without a Hanna" would be better. In any case, his place on the Republican ticket is more than a tribute to his state or to his sportsmanship. He is the symbol of an authentic and major American tradition at bay, a tradition fighting to capture the imagination of a new electorate and to vindicate its historic role in a new age.

John William Bricker was born 51 years ago in Mount Sterling, Ohio. Spiritually speaking, he has never left it. The country knows Bricker as Ohio's favorite son, but long before Ohio discovered him he had become what he will always be—Mount Sterling's favorite son and thus the candidate of every Main Street in America.

The little town was an ideal birthplace for the Ohio tradition's ambassador to the middle of the 20th Century. It lies halfway between Columbus, the capital, and Washington Court House, the home base of Harry Daugherty of lurid memory. In Washington Court House, when Daugherty was Harding's attorney general, his brother Mal had operated the famous bank whose records happened to burn one day.

North of Mount Sterling lies Westerville. During the dry decade it was from Westerville that the greatest and most obscure politician of modern Ohio history was running the country. His name was Wayne B. Wheeler and his party was the Anti-Saloon League. Washington Court House and Westerville—Daugherty and Wheeler—are the names by which Ohio still remembers the Harding days.

Mount Sterling itself, however, is not bothered by the memories associated with either town. For its center of gravity it looks to London, 15 miles away, the seat of Madison County, whose principal product—whether in agriculture, distilling or politics—is corn. When Bricker entered bigtime politics, all that remained of the Ohio Gang was, as Mencken put it, "a busted bank in Washington Court House and an undedicated monument in Marion." What the Ohio tradition needed was an injection of purity. For this Mount Sterling's favorite son was the right man born at the right time.

The house Bricker was born in had been a log cabin. But it grew with the county and by 1893 it had a second floor, a porch, a shingled

BRICKER CLOSE-UP [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104](#)

TRUMAN

MISSOURI'S SENATOR IS A PLAIN AND REASSURING
MIDWESTERNER WHO HAS HAD SOME LUCKY BREAKS

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

When a coalition of big-city bosses and disgruntled Southern Democrats ran head on into a coalition of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the more ardent New Dealers at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, the center of the storm was Henry A. Wallace, candidate for renomination for the office of vice president. One coalition was out to defeat him, the other to defend him, and nobody thought much of anything else. In the end Mr. Wallace was defeated, and that was the big news of the convention. Incidentally Harry Truman, junior Senator from Missouri, was nominated; but not until the next day did most of the country turn its attention from the political liquidation of Wallace long enough to ask, "By the way, who is Truman?"

There are two answers to the question, the personal and the political. Personally Senator Truman is a modest, amiable and unassuming gentleman from Missouri. He is 60 years old, but sprightly and still slim enough to get into the uniform he wore as an artillery captain in 1918, provided the buttons are well anchored. He has no startling habits or characteristics. He has been married to the same wife for 25 years, lives quietly and has one college-student daughter. When the balloting at Chicago showed a sudden gain for Truman as she sat looking on, she yelled, "Yea, team!" and then subsided in confusion. The Senator holds membership in the Grandview (a Kansas City suburb) Baptist Church and at one time was much interested in the Buchman Moral Rearmament movement, but he likes a quiet game of poker if the stakes are small and, although abstemious, is not a teetotaler. He is not a college man, but was always studious and has made himself one of the best-informed members of the Senate. He is not an eloquent speaker, but he invariably knows what he is talking about and is therefore effective. In short he is a typical specimen of what we call the decent American citizen.

But politically this personally unremarkable man has made a career that is downright fabulous. The delight and despair of historians of American politics is the career that is a logical impossibility, but that was made nevertheless; and that of Senator Truman is an almost perfect example. He stands now within striking distance of the second of the great offices of state. Yet there is abundant evidence that he never intended to get there and probably is still puzzled as to how it all came about. Indeed there are those who aver that before he was nominated it was his intention to make a rousing speech in support of another candidate, and that only the persuasion of Sidney Hillman of the C. I. O., with whom he had breakfast one morning, caused him to remain silent.

Incidentally Senator

It seems incredible that a man can climb within one rung of the top of the political ladder in this country without being filled with a fierce and relentless determination to rise; but here is a case of the kind. Senator Truman is ambitious, certainly, but it is far from being a fierce and relentless ambition. At every important crisis in his career his elevation has been incidental to some other purpose, as his nomination at Chicago was incidental to the row over Wallace. More than once the political rise has been incidental to Truman's own purpose, as when he set out to run for county collector and found himself a candidate for the U. S. Senate; at other times it has been incidental to the purpose of someone else.

Is the Truman career, then, the practical demonstration, long sought but never found, of the copybook maxim that the office should seek the man? Well, hardly that. It would be more exact in his case to say that the office stumbled over the man. It is an old saying that it is better to be born lucky than rich. Truman knows how to take advantage of the breaks when they come, but he certainly gets the breaks.

Remember that he was nominated because he was acceptable to Roosevelt. He was acceptable to Roosevelt in part because he had faithfully supported the New Deal. Yet Henry Wallace was defeated

TRUMAN CLOSE-UP [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111](#)

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT



HARRY S. TRUMAN

THIS IS THE DEMOCRATS' CAMPAIGN POSTER FOR HARRY S. TRUMAN

Trumans at home. In their frame Victorian house in Independence, Mo. the Senator discusses his nomination with his wife Bess and daughter Margaret, 20. Mrs. Truman was the Senator's childhood sweetheart and Sunday-school classmate. "Bess, my wife," he says, "is the only girl with whom I ever kept company."





The historic tang of Early American Old Spice . . . the historic touch of early American pottery containers . . . the historic triumph of shaving requisites that have won the unstinted praise of American men. Free-lathering Old Spice Shaving Soap in pottery mug \$1.00, refreshing After-Shaving Lotion \$1.00,† invisible Talcum 75¢.† Not illustrated: Bath Soap, 2 cakes \$1.00. Also in sets—\$1.00 to \$5.00.† Each a Shulton Original.

Make Your Dollars Fight . . . Back Up Our Men . . . Buy War Bonds

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WELSBRO WATCH





WEISSMAN WATCH CO., 20 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

BRICKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

roof, a log barn and a milkhouse. In those years, when the great panic was being blamed on the Democrats, people who still lived in log cabins in Ohio were no longer considered enterprising. They might have been local "charity" cases.

The Bricker home was a 100-acre farm—absolute average in size for that part of the world. Lemuel Bricker, his father, and his mother, the former Laura King, came of identical, substantial, middle-class farm families—neither rich nor poor; industrious, respectable; descendants of century-gone pioneers from Maryland when Ohio was wilderness, left behind by the new pioneering to the west and the cities, and content to stay where they were. Two years after John and his twin sister Mary Ellen were born, Lemuel Bricker moved his family to a better farm and a real clapboard house; but the move was within Pleasant Township.

The Brickers' Republicanism was of a piece with their Americanism and their Protestant Christianity. They were not merely staunch Republicans. They were devout. Their political faith was expressed by the Republican governor of Illinois who exclaimed, "Why the Democrats can't run the government! It's all us Republicans can do."

Lemuel Bricker was a member of the Madison County Republican Committee and a delegate to county conventions. He liked to take young John along. This inoculation by oratory took. John's boyhood heroes were not outlaws or cops or firemen or locomotive engineers. They were politicians. John Bricker can even remember being taken at a tender age to hear McKinley. A few years later, when he was 6, a school principal came over from Newark, Ohio to lecture the graduating eighth graders. "Why, any one of you boys," the



Bricker twins, John and Mary Ellen, are shown here at six months. Sister, who was something of a tomboy, is now Mrs. P. Freeman Mooney of Mount Sterling, Ohio.



The Bricker farmhouse at Mount Sterling stood in 90 acres of farmland. Bricker was born in a log house near by. Family moved here when he was 2, stayed till he was 9.

principal said, "can grow up to be governor." This hardly original sentiment was received by one first-grader as prophecy and challenge. "I'm on, I'm on," John Bricker cried, jumping to his feet. By the time Bricker entered Ohio State in 1912, his contemporaries were addressing him as "Governor."

Bricker is a point at which many American legends cross in somewhat diluted form. He did not, for instance, have to work his way all through college, but he earned the \$450 he needed for his first year by teaching school and doing chores. He was not a social success as a freshman partly because, as he is fond of saying, "It is easier to take the boy out of the farm than the farm out of the boy." But by the time Bricker graduated from Ohio State he knew all the best people and they were for him. He was president of his class, catcher on the baseball team, an intercollegiate debater and president of the Y. M. C. A. But when he went home to Madison County, the neighbors did not find him conceited or citified. He had made good in Columbus, but he was still a Mount Sterling product.

He also retained the political ambition which had crystallized for him at the age of 6. He found time to start his career as the boy orator of the Republican Party—costumed in a Varsity "O" sweater—out in the rural counties. Any boy who was Mount Sterling's ideal was bound to make a hit with the country voters.

The war interrupted both Bricker's political career and his education, which by that time had carried him to law school. Bricker was probably the most superb physical specimen rejected by all three services in the last war. His heartbeat is slow. In desperation he became a Y. M. C. A. athletic director. But no favorite son of Mount Sterling needed to stop there. A friend who was a colonel offered him a commission as a chaplain. His hometown minister ordained him and he became a first lieutenant. He was so anxious to get overseas that he accepted demotion to a second lieutenant but the war ended too soon. This unconventional and necessarily unheroic military career has never hurt Bricker politically. Attempts have been

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The old swimming hole in Possum Run was the place young John Bricker learned to swim. Here he and schoolmates came evenings after helping their fathers in the fields.



The old red schoolhouse where Bricker began education was two miles down the road from home. His first teacher, Charles Wilson (above), well remembers John Bricker at 6.

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BRICKER (continued)

made to exploit it against him, but all of them have boomeranged. Bricker is too obviously a stalwart son of Middle America for any picture of him as a draft dodger to be convincing.

The day Bricker returned to Columbus to finish at law school he met Harriet Day. He was a past president of the Y. M. C. A.; she was president of the Y. W. C. A. Soon after he began to practice law they married and settled down in Grandview Heights, a nice Columbus suburb.

Through the years Mrs. Bricker has been one of Bricker's greatest political assets. Even her exercise of the veto power is managed discreetly and behind the scenes. She reminds people of Grace Coolidge. She is at least Bricker's equal as a name-and-face spotter. When the Brickers happen to meet friends of friends, in some other city, she often leads with "Oh, John, you remember Mr. So-and-So. He was at Mr. So-and-So's in Philadelphia three years ago." Even politically hardened Ohio is impressed with her memory, her endurance and her tact. Although she touched every base with Bricker on his exhausting preconvention campaign tour, no one ever asked, "How can Mrs. Bricker stand the pace?" The wife of a fellow politician summed up her character and her influence when she said, "Harriet is the only woman I know who hasn't a single enemy in the world and whom I like anyway."

Ohio politics

Within a year after the Brickers had set up in life, Grandview Heights made Bricker its solicitor. In 1923 an old friend of his father, C. C. Crabbe, became attorney general of Ohio. So Bricker at 30 became counsel to the all-important Public Utilities Commission with the title of assistant attorney general. He was in politics.

But the Republican '20s were Democratic years in Ohio. Vic Donahey of Tuscarawas County, who was elected governor three times running, was one Democrat whom the apple-knockers liked. He wore rubber boots flavored with manure and received visitors by the kerosene stove in a log cabin behind the big house. He was at his best in the "baked potato" campaign. A now forgotten state employee had turned in an expense account in which he charged the people of Ohio 35¢ for a baked potato eaten on a train. Vic was state auditor. He refused to audit the account and campaigned on the issue that he never knew anyone who paid or was paid 35¢ for a baked potato.

1928, Donahey figured, was the Klan's year in Ohio and he pulled out. But the fetchingly non-Euclidean universe of Ohio politics was broad enough to permit the Republican Party to make a gesture. Bricker entered the primary as a candidate for attorney general. But instead the party nominated a Jew, Gilbert Bettman, who was elected and served two terms.

In 1932 Bricker was finally nominated for attorney general and this time he was the beneficiary of Ohio's passion for splitting tickets. He was the Republican elected in the landslide which started the Roosevelt Revolution.

He could not have chosen a better year in which to become attorney general. Banks had failed in every part of the state and he had to sue them. Banks are not popular during depressions, especially with farmers. As chief counsel for the depositors, it was Bricker's job to hire lawyers to represent the state in every county. In 1936 he was ready to run for governor. But 1936 was not a year for ticket splitters, even in Ohio. The Roosevelt tide carried Bricker's opponent, Martin Davey, into the state house.

This turned out to be as great a stroke of good fortune for Bricker as being born in Mount Sterling. For being beaten by Davey—that is, by the Roosevelt land-slide—put Bricker into position to run again in 1938. Moreover, anybody who succeeded Davey was sure to be acclaimed as a great governor by people in both parties and to stay in office a long time.

Democrat Davey, the son of the father of tree surgery, is still remembered by Ohioans as "the grafting tree surgeon." Everything in the state—especially liquor and road contracts—was for sale; some favors were sold three and four times over. Politicos still chuckle over the story about the lobbyist who, having received a letter from Davey telling how hard he had worked to fix a deal, came rushing into the governor's office and, brandishing the letter, shouted, "God damn it, Martin, I don't do my kissing on paper."

In 1938 the election of a Republican governor was a mere formality. Ohio mugwumpery was constitutionally unable either to trust Roosevelt or to trust itself without him. Bricker in Columbus was the perfect psychological balance wheel to Roosevelt in Washington. Acting as receiver for Davey's corrupt administration was a God-given opportunity for Bricker. It was easy because it was per-

fectly in character. Of course Bricker would be scrupulously honest and of course he would want to economize, would be for clean government and against deficits. Of course he would take the attitude that big cities, like Cleveland, should take care of their own "charity cases." Of course he would want to keep taxes down and, wherever possible, help the small towns. The Bricker legend began to grow.

McKinley's heir

"A man in public office doesn't want to be pictured as being different in any way," Bricker likes to insist. He is the prototype of the benign family man. He wears an American Legion pin in his lapel and a 33rd-degree Mason's ring on his finger (Mount Sterling has the nicest Masonic Temple between Columbus and Cincinnati). He belongs to the Odd Fellows, Rotary, Moose and Eagles. He likes to raid the icebox at night.

As a schoolboy Bricker was almost always the first on his feet to answer a question. It didn't matter to him whether he knew the answer or not. The gift of tongues was so strong upon him that, if he did not have the right answer handy, he could at least provide an interesting discourse until the original question was forgotten. He has so faithfully mirrored his Ohio audiences that in all his years of catch-as-catch-can speaking he has never run into a question that embarrassed him. He even had a satisfactory answer to the question, "Do you have a foreign policy?" "Who has?" said Bricker.

Having, as he frankly admits, no exaggerated idea of his own importance, Bricker likes to be nice to people. Handshakes are not too rough a chore—he has learned that it takes 2,500 of them to raise a blister. He goes to church every Sunday, and he is one candidate for high office who would go to church even if he were not in politics. Indeed, it is Bricker's very piety which at bottom explains his deep desire for America to take her place as a force for peace in the world during the years ahead. The people for whom he speaks do not want another war. They, too, know what price America will pay if the peace is lost.

That is perhaps the most important fact about Bricker. He is so honest and religious that his is a throwback, not to Harding but to William McKinley, in whose day the Ohio tradition was at its best. McKinley himself was a model of the Sunday-school virtues. He could afford to be, for he had Mark Hanna for a manager. This division of labor between the sentimental and the practical aspects of politics was the essence of the Ohio tradition.

By Harding's time the tradition had become completely perverted. Where McKinley had been a deacon and Taft all genial solidity, Harding was a happy-go-lucky, gullible bum. His Hanna, Wayne B. Wheeler, was the Prohibitionist boss of a drunken era. He left Ohio ripe for a new McKinley who would reinstate the sober virtues which had made Ohio Republicanism unbeatable. Bricker is a throwback so pure that he regards McKinley as important and Hanna as incidental. And this very naivete, which made Bricker a national figure as Governor of Ohio, cost him the presidential nomination. Not understanding what Hanna had done for McKinley, he never realized that he needed a Hanna himself. While he was redeeming Ohio's good name his party's leadership went to a New Yorker.

Where was Hanna?

In the conventional picture of American politics, finagling is confined to the states, cities and wards, while the issues are pondered by national statesmen. But the fact is that the average state politician has for some years been unable to survive in the cruel game of national intrigue. Dewey knows this national game. He has operated in the Rooseveltian universe of power. Bricker has not. Bricker is the perfect governor-candidate, but he has never been able to penetrate behind the façade of speeches, handshaking and insincerity. Indeed, he seems at a loss to understand that such an art as national politics exists. At the Republican Chicago convention Bricker took the individual delegates at face value. He showed no awareness of the practical problem of securing a presidential nomination. He made speeches to the delegates instead of deals with the Hannas.

An "honest Harding?" Bricker himself reacted to the phrase with bewilderment. "I'm a governor," he said. "Harding was a senator." Bricker has a point. He is closer to the religious, provincial, respectable norm of the 19th Century Presidents than Harding was. Bricker could never have reacted to any question with the cheerful venality with which Harding met Borah's suggestion that he recognize Russia. "Well, Bill, why the hell don't we?" he asked. Bricker would have made a moral speech.

Exactly how Bricker's plain sincerity cost him the 1944 nomina-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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BRICKER (continued)

tion is best illustrated, for example, by the case of Joe Pew, who regards himself as Pennsylvania's present-day Hanna. "John Bricker looks every inch a president," admitted Pew. "He would make the perfect candidate." Pew's admiration for Bricker is sincere. Yet Pew was for Dewey's nomination. Many Republicans were haunted by a nightmare vision of a future in which emergency would be accepted as normalcy, in which the Roosevelt type would usurp the historic role of the Bricker type. Bricker, they reluctantly concluded, was not the man to save American politics for the Ohio tradition. In order to beat Roosevelt it would be necessary to fight fire with fire. They chose Dewey. Dewey was enough like Roosevelt to be able to carry New York in the Roosevelt epoch of slick and sophisticated politics. And Dewey, Pew admitted, would be boss.

A bow to the times

Thus, in the party leaders' hearts, the rejection of Bricker was a bow to the times. Alas for Bricker! His bid for the presidency fell in a year when his perfect Republicanism and traditional Americanism ran head on into the national schizophrenia. Pew and the others did not dare run a man whom everyone would regard as the opposite of Roosevelt. This paradox explains the mystery of his emotional victory at Chicago and his political defeat.

Whether Republican strategy proves to be right or wrong, it has not changed John Bricker or his political line. He has campaigned in his own way, freely expressing his criticism of the AAA and the Wagner Act. He talks like what he is—a genuine, uncompromising Republican, bringing to the national scene all the plain-spoken simplicity, prejudices and idealism of Ohio's small towns. His type of "America for Americans" campaigning inevitably creates sympathetic vibrations among some very malicious people. Yet Bricker himself is incapable of malice.

And those who use the Harding parallel to make Bricker out an isolationist completely miss the point and betray a vast ignorance of America. Before he became a national figure, Governor Bricker was simply not interested in trans-Ohio matters. Now that he, like his fellow citizens, has had to ponder foreign policy, his approach has been as different from Harding's as he is and as his times are.

If the Republican ticket is an uneasy amalgam, its very uneasiness is a kind of guarantee to the party, and by the party to the country. For people upset by the prospect of another smart New Yorker becoming Chief Magistrate, Bricker's presence on the ticket is reassuring. He is Dewey's passport to the Republican Party, and the party's link with one of its own best traditions.

The Republicans of Ohio, and of every Main Street in the land, like and trust John Bricker. Even his opponents admit he is a good Governor. As for the White House, old Vic Donahey summed it up: "I'm not smart enough to be president," he said, "and neither is John Bricker." Yet without Bricker by his side, Ohio and Main Street might fear that Dewey is too smart to be President. The Republicans came to Chicago thinking it smart to nominate Dewey. They left feeling it wise to put Bricker on the ticket with him.



Bricker casts with fly rod in Ohio stream. A keen sportsman, Bricker was catcher on Ohio State baseball team in 1914, still likes to play ball. He also shoots, rides, golfs.

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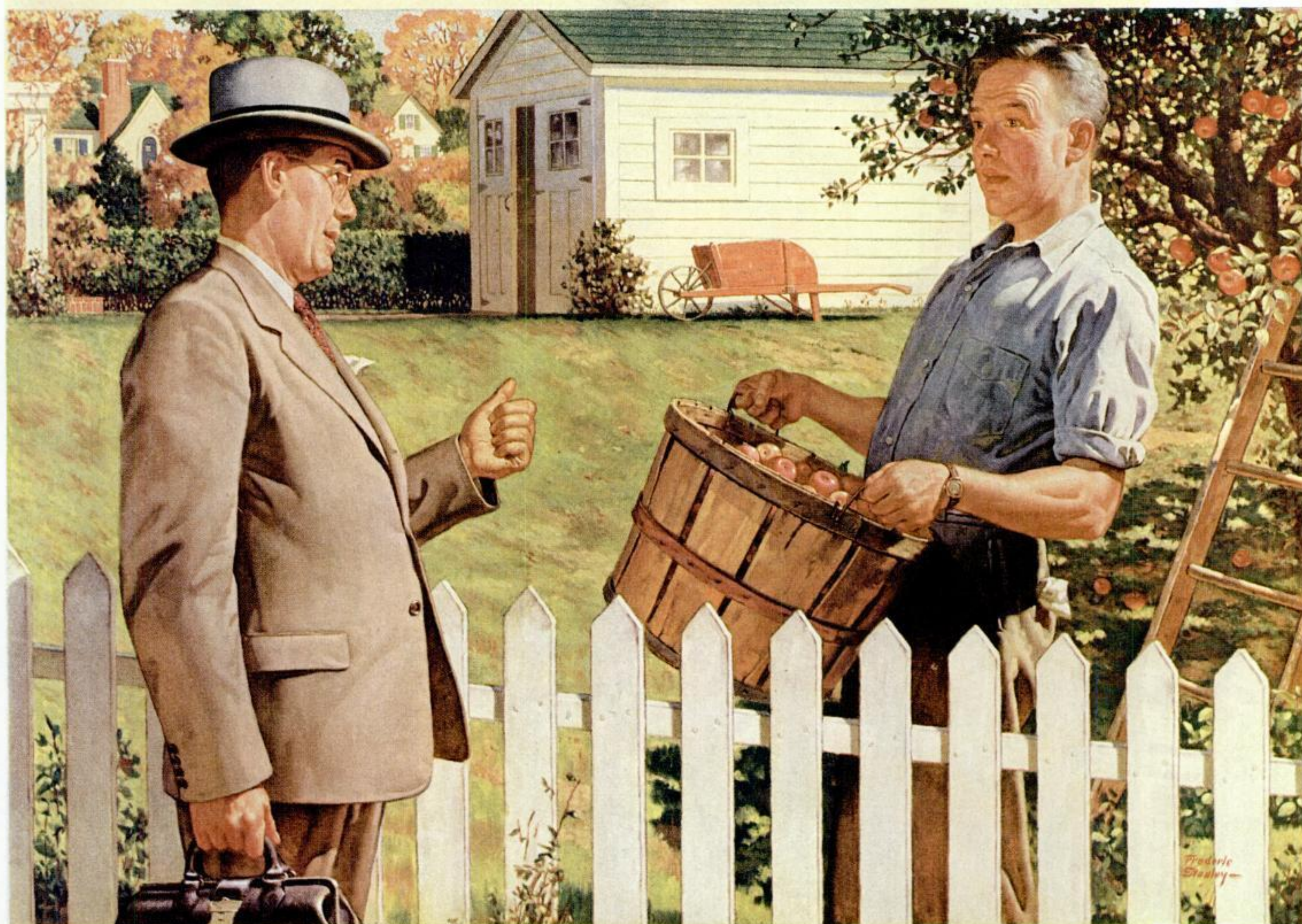


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TRUMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

because he was regarded as the very embodiment of the New Deal. To win on the very quality that defeated your opponent is certainly a break. Yet it was nothing unusual for Truman; things have been breaking that way for him for at least a decade.

Up to 1934 he had never held any office higher than that of presiding judge of the county court, which is not a judicial office at all but the Missouri equivalent of what elsewhere is called the chairmanship of the board of county commissioners. It is not a lucrative office and Judge Truman had labored long and diligently in the political vineyard of Jackson County, of which Tom Pendergast, Democratic boss of Kansas City, was at that time undisputed proprietor. It seemed to him that he deserved something better of the party and he determined to run for county collector, an office to which pleasantly numerous fees are attached. He informed the boss of his intention.

Tom Pendergast was embarrassed. He had promised the collectorship to another faithful henchman, but he had to admit that Harry Truman was a deserving Democrat and popular with the voters. Somehow he had to be prevented from running for the collectorship, thereby introducing disorder into a smooth organization. To deny a man's reasonable request yet keep him satisfied is no easy problem, but the boss solved it, incidentally electing Truman to the U. S. Senate. The senatorship happened to be available, and it wasn't as important to Pendergast as the collectorship. So he let Harry have it. To the candidate it was a big event, but there is little reason to doubt that to the boss it was entirely incidental.

Then came 1939, with reform Governor Lloyd C. Stark and crusading Federal District Attorney Maurice M. Milligan both in office. In April of that year Tom Pendergast was indicted for evading the income tax and eventually was sent to Leavenworth prison. Ruin and devastation fell upon the Pendergast machine and apparently upon Truman, too, for, although he was not personally involved in the scandal, he stood by Pendergast to the end, refusing, as he said, to desert a sinking ship.

Incidentally the Truman Committee

State politicians' ideas are not always the same as those of a city boss. Among the spoils of the wrecked machine the lordliest prize, to them, was the U. S. Senatorship, and Stark and Milligan both desired it. It seems probable that either could have had it, for by the time they had removed all the dead men from Pendergast's Kansas City registration rolls the Democratic vote in the Senatorial primary was reduced by 42,479 and Truman's majority in the whole State in 1934 had been 40,475. It was common talk in Missouri, therefore, that Truman had first been nominated, not by the Democrats of Missouri but by Tom Pendergast's 40,000 ghosts. Any strong opponent should have been able to defeat a candidate so badly smeared, but when Stark and Milligan both came out against him, they killed each other off—incidentally renominating Truman.

Back in the Senate in 1940 with war plainly looming ahead, Truman's thoughts reverted to the other war in which he had served a quarter of a century earlier and, incidentally, to the scores of fruitless investigations that had followed it. Were we headed for the same sort of thing again?

Truman asked nobody for the answer. Instead he climbed into his Chevrolet coupe and started to find out. He visited every place where heavy war-construction work was going on. He drove that coupe between 20,000 and 30,000 miles. He says now that he nearly wore out the car and did wear out the Senator, but he discovered the answer and it was pretty bad. Money was being poured down ratholes in tremendous streams.

Returning to Washington he suggested to his colleagues that one mistake of 1917 could be avoided by setting up an investigating committee immediately instead of waiting until the money was gone. Some of them were not interested; most of the old hands refused to have anything to do with it; but they grudgingly agreed to set it up and give it an appropriation of \$15,000—incidentally making Truman chairman and opening the way for him to win a national reputation and the nomination for the vice presidency.

If Roosevelt wins, incidentally Truman will be elected—and that is the story to date.

On form Truman has done nothing in particular except save the country a lot of money on its war contracts. On form he looks pretty much like a washout—a nice fellow, no doubt, and a man of ability,



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TRUMAN (continued)

but hardly perceptible at all in the presence of the glittering Mr. Roosevelt and the startling Mr. Wallace.

But sometimes the most important things about a man do not appear on the official record. In the case of Truman, for example, the favor of the party leaders, who have all the inside information, was won less by anything he has done than by what he has not done. From the partisan standpoint, for three years Truman has been juggling dynamite and he has not dropped it, except on those occasions when he intentionally dropped a little by way of warning. For three years the Truman Committee has been engaged almost exclusively in correcting errors; and one of the most difficult operations in the practice of politics is to correct an error without appearing to confess a crime. Nobody understands this better than Mr. Roosevelt, so Truman's deft and sure handling of explosive stuff vastly pleased the party chief.

Truman has saved the money, but he has done more than that—he has operated in such a way that his work, which might easily have torn the Democratic Party to pieces, has actually strengthened it. That part of it doesn't appear in the record, but the important men in the party know it and were powerfully and favorably impressed by it.

He has accomplished this by exhibiting a quality so extremely rare in high politics that most observers have believed that it does not exist—personal modesty. Again and again Truman has deliberately, knowingly and willingly passed up an opportunity to shine. Again and again he has come into possession of information that might easily have been used—and legitimately used—to enhance his reputation as the great champion of the taxpayer against unprincipled looters and incompetent wasters, but at the expense of one of his colleagues; and repeatedly he has been content merely to adjust the grievance privately.

For instance, he receives information that in a certain subdivision of X Department some 200 men have been employed to do work that might easily be handled by 15. This could be made the basis of a terrific blast against the Secretary of X as being incompetent, if not worse, and the Senator would appear as the defender of the people against such undesirable characters. A small-souled man would be delighted by the opportunity, even though he might know that the department is a gigantic affair that no man can constantly scrutinize in all its details. Truman's procedure, on the other hand, is usually to call up the Secretary involved and report the facts, suggesting that an investigation will be in order if something isn't done. Nine times out of 10 the Secretary doesn't know a thing about it, is glad to have it called to his attention, and corrects it promptly. Furthermore, realizing that the Senator might have blown him up and didn't, he conceives a high opinion of the gentleman from Missouri.

Truman vs. government waste

They say in Washington that indeed he hasn't always stopped with Cabinet members. Truman has never confirmed the story, for obvious reasons, but it is told around the capital that when the old Supplies, Priorities and Administration Board, known as SPAB, was fumbling and blundering along from mistake to mistake, Truman quietly collected a complete record of its ineptitudes and then called the White House. He informed its tenant that he was about ready to issue a report that would blow the roof off—would have it finished, in fact, within three days. In less time than that SPAB was in the ashcan, the War Production Board was set up, and Donald Nelson



At 15 Truman was good average student, worked after school on his father's farm and in drugstore.



Truman family gathers at the home of his 91-year-old mother.

was in charge. There are two possible interpretations of this. The heroic one is that the man from Missouri is a modern Lion Heart who does not shrink from crossing blades with Saladin himself. The less heroic one is that Mr. Roosevelt knew that SPAB was a mess but didn't know exactly how to get rid of it; so the Truman intervention apparently forced him to do what he ardently wished to do anyhow. But in either case the Senator was politically useful to the high command.

Naturally, this technique would never have worked had there been any doubt that the Senator, if pushed too far, really would touch off the high explosive, regardless of whom it might hoist. But there was no such doubt after the first complete report of the Truman Committee. This report, issued at the beginning of 1942, was remarkable first for the amount of waste and incompetence it disclosed and, second, for the lucidity and precision with which it presented the facts and figures. This, by the way, is not attributable to Truman. It was largely the work of Hugh A. Fulton, counsel for the committee. The Senator himself declares with emphasis that Fulton's energy and ability as an investigator were among the important factors contributing to the investigation's success. It was Fulton who made the report lucid and cogent. These features, however, were not what stunned Washington. What made the report sensational was the fact that it crashed ruthlessly through the divinity that had hedged two classes almost sacred, up to that time, in Washington. These were the dollar-a-year men and the military men.

There was a roar of protest, of course, but Truman blandly stood pat. Hostile analysts went furiously to work on the evidence, but it soon became plain that the bulk of it would stand up under any sort of honest test. The protest subsided from a roar into a mutter and then into silence. Some dollar-a-year men suddenly found that the pressure of private business required their withdrawal from Washington. Some admirals went to sea and some generals joined the troops. Washington was left with a profound conviction that a Senator who dared slap down dollar-a-year men and military men was quite capable of slapping down anybody—and walked wide of the gentleman from Missouri thereafter.

Man of Missouri

Where did Truman learn his technique? Nowhere. He did not consciously learn it at all. It is simply part of the development of a literal-minded man whose impulses are decent and whose desire for personal advantage is kept under control. He understood that his mission was to go after the crooked and the incompetent. He construed that literally; therefore he did not go gunning for Republicans as such nor for Democrats; still less did he try to turn the whole business into a grandstand play for the exaltation of Senator Truman. He went after the undesirables and he got them in impressive numbers; and that was all he tried to do. The exaltation of Senator Truman came, but it came incidentally.

Truman's people have lived in Missouri for a hundred years without either ornamenting the state or shocking it. There is no record that any Truman ever made millions or died in the poorhouse. The Senator's father was a farmer who paid his debts and kept his land but never got beyond the necessity of working for his living. His mother, still living at the age of 91, has done her full share of hard work, but while age has reduced her physical strength she is still mentally alert and vigorous.

As is common in American middle-class families, it was she who looked beyond the necessities of life and cherished hunger for the cultural activities that are the highest reward of leisure. She discovered

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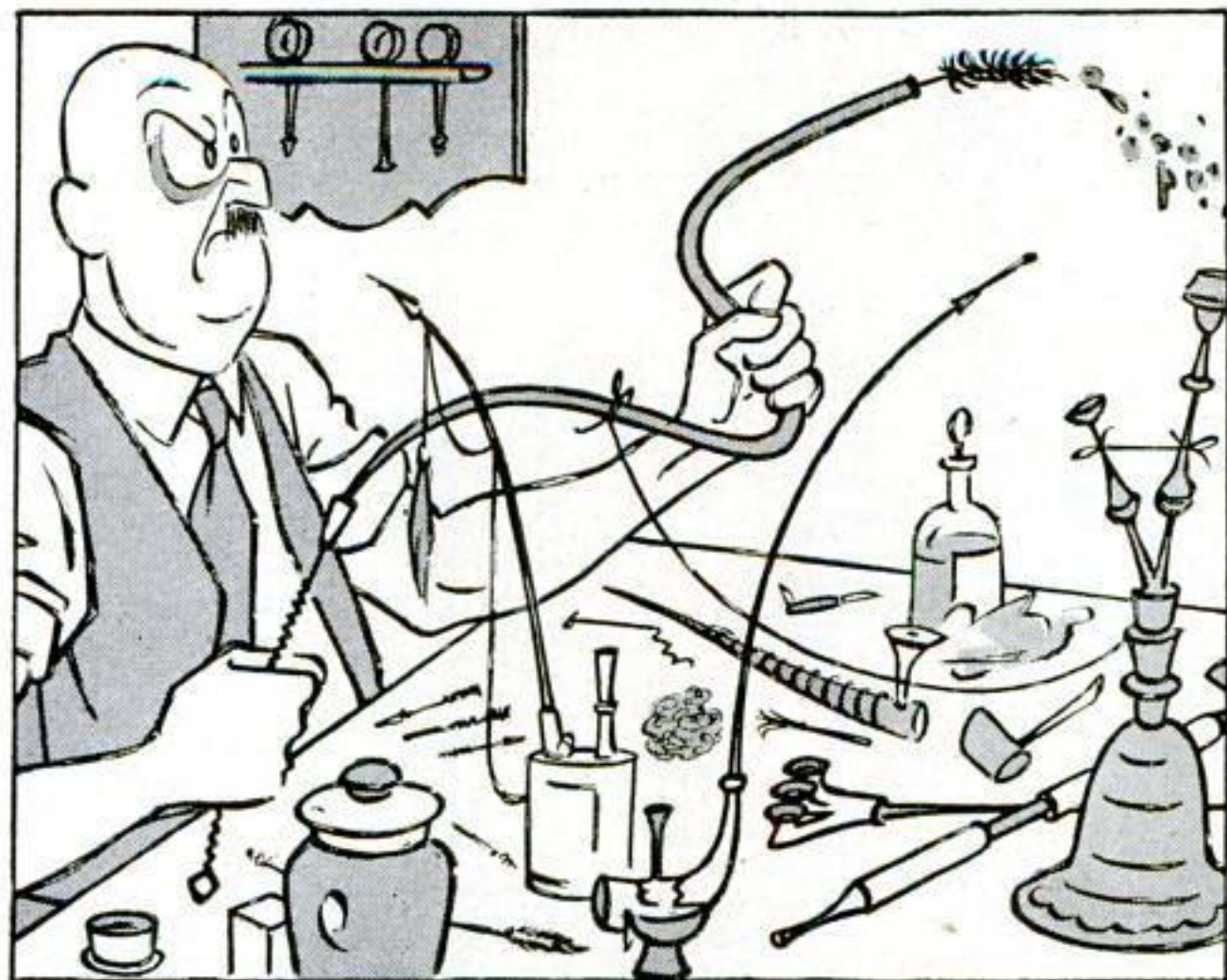


At right: Major General Ralph Truman (USA ret.), a cousin.



Illinois campaign poster shows Truman as World War I lieutenant. He came out of the war a major.

PIPE TYPES.... by *W. Price*



THE GRIM GADGETEER. Buys every piece of pipe paraphernalia made. Spends more time scraping, reaming, cleaning out and polishing his pipes than puffing on them. He ought to discover that the best thing you can put into any pipe is some rich, flavorful Briggs!



THE PERPETUAL PUFFER. Nothing can separate him from his pipe packed with Briggs! He knows Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—extra-aged for extra flavor. Time mellows out harshness, leaves only mild, rich smoothness. Try Briggs for perpetual pipe-bliss!



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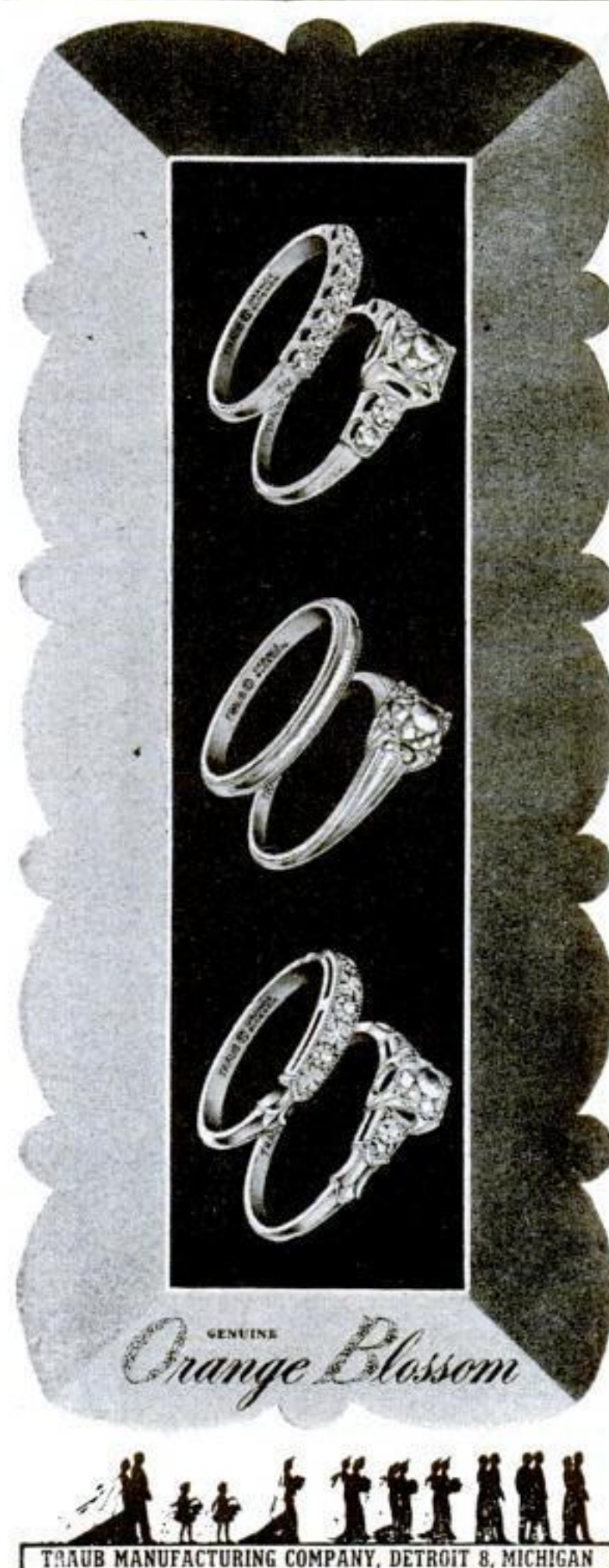


because the name "Mojud" is the seal of the maker's integrity. It means long-established highest standards in knitting, testing, examining, finishing. No wonder that millions of women who ask for Mojud stockings have made Mojud one of America's largest selling brands. At better stores everywhere.

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Orange Blossom

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TRUMAN (continued)

early that her son had some musical talent and compelled him from the age of 9 to take piano lessons. In Independence, Mo. in 1893 this was tough. All the young Tom Sawyers in the public school regarded a boy who studied music as a terrible sissy and the music roll that Harry Truman carried through the streets was a stigma that evoked merciless ridicule. However it was easier to defy the gang than his mother, so he stuck to it until approaching manhood and the necessity of earning a living deprived him of the necessary time.

Today he knows that his mother never did a wiser thing. Although he is far from being a concert pianist and, indeed, snorts at the suggestion that he is a musician, he can still play accompaniments for his daughter, who sings and, what is more important, he can listen to a great pianist with intelligent understanding. His secret ideal of perfect happiness is to be able to play a Chopin étude superbly. He doesn't expect to do it, but that is what he would choose if a fairy godmother offered him one wish.

Apart from this ability to play the piano, however, Truman is exactly like millions of his fellow citizens who, in reading of his career, seem to be following an account of their own lives. In school he was a good average student. As a young man he worked at various jobs, on the farm for a while, in the mailing room of the Kansas City *Star* for a while, in two banks for a while—always a steady, sensible fellow, but never a flaming genius. He joined the local company of the National Guard and had worked up to become an officer before the Guard was called into federal service at the time of the first World War. He was sent to an artillery training school and came out a captain. He went to France with the 35th Division and there, for the first time, he really began to shine. He commanded a battery composed largely of hard-fighting Irishmen from Kansas City and they swore by him—they still do. He was finally discharged as a major, after seeing pretty hard service.

Back in this country, his first act was to marry Bess Wallace, his childhood sweetheart, and then go in business for himself. It was a haberdashery, in which his partner was a former member of his battery. In 1920 the shop did well, but in the depression of 1921 Truman, like thousands of others, was caught overextended and wiped out. He returned to the farm for a year, but then his popularity in the eastern end of Jackson county induced the Democrats to put him up for county judge, to which he was easily elected. The Coolidge landslide of 1924 buried him along with most other Democrats, but in 1926 he made a triumphant comeback, this time as presiding judge. This office he held until 1934, when Tom Pendergast backed him for the U. S. Senate.

A perfection of common qualities

Truman is a perfect picture of the plain uninspired, decent American. If he stands out among a million others, it is not by his possession of any rare, awe-inspiring qualities, but by a rare perfection of very common qualities. Twice in his life he has been subjected to rigid tests and twice he has come through splendidly. The first time was in the war when he exhibited an extraordinary combination of courage and common sense. The second time was during his term as county judge when, as a lieutenant of Boss Pendergast, he handled \$60,000,000 of county funds and accounted for the last cent. The record of the Pendergast gang in Kansas City is such that any man who could work with that crowd and remain honest is honest indeed.

But this means financial honesty alone. In view of the rigor of the investigation, it may be accepted as proved that Harry Truman never stole a cent; but in view of what was revealed about the rest of the Pendergast gang, it must also be accepted as proved that he has a pretty strong stomach. The Pendergast gang was not merely an organization for padding expense accounts, sending paving contracts into the right hands and locating bridges and boulevards where the right people would profit. It was an old-style gang of the sort that most American cities threw out 30 years ago. The investigation uncovered revolting details of political connections with brothels, with drug peddlers, with gambling that was only slightly disguised robbery, as well as with the usual forms of looting. Of course the Senator was not acquainted with all the appalling details, but he must have known that some pretty rough stuff was going on; yet, since he was not called on to do any of the dirty work, he drew the mantle of his personal virtues about him and passed by on the other side.

A skeptical generation, however, is not likely to believe that his virtues alone made him the Democratic candidate for vice president. His virtues simply fitted into the picture of the sort of man desirable for the place in the summer of 1944.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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Individually styled and, oh, so "figure-wise," these brassieres mold your bosom to dreamlike perfection. Their skillful design, quality materials and fine workmanship all assure them shapeliness which won't wash or wear away!

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.

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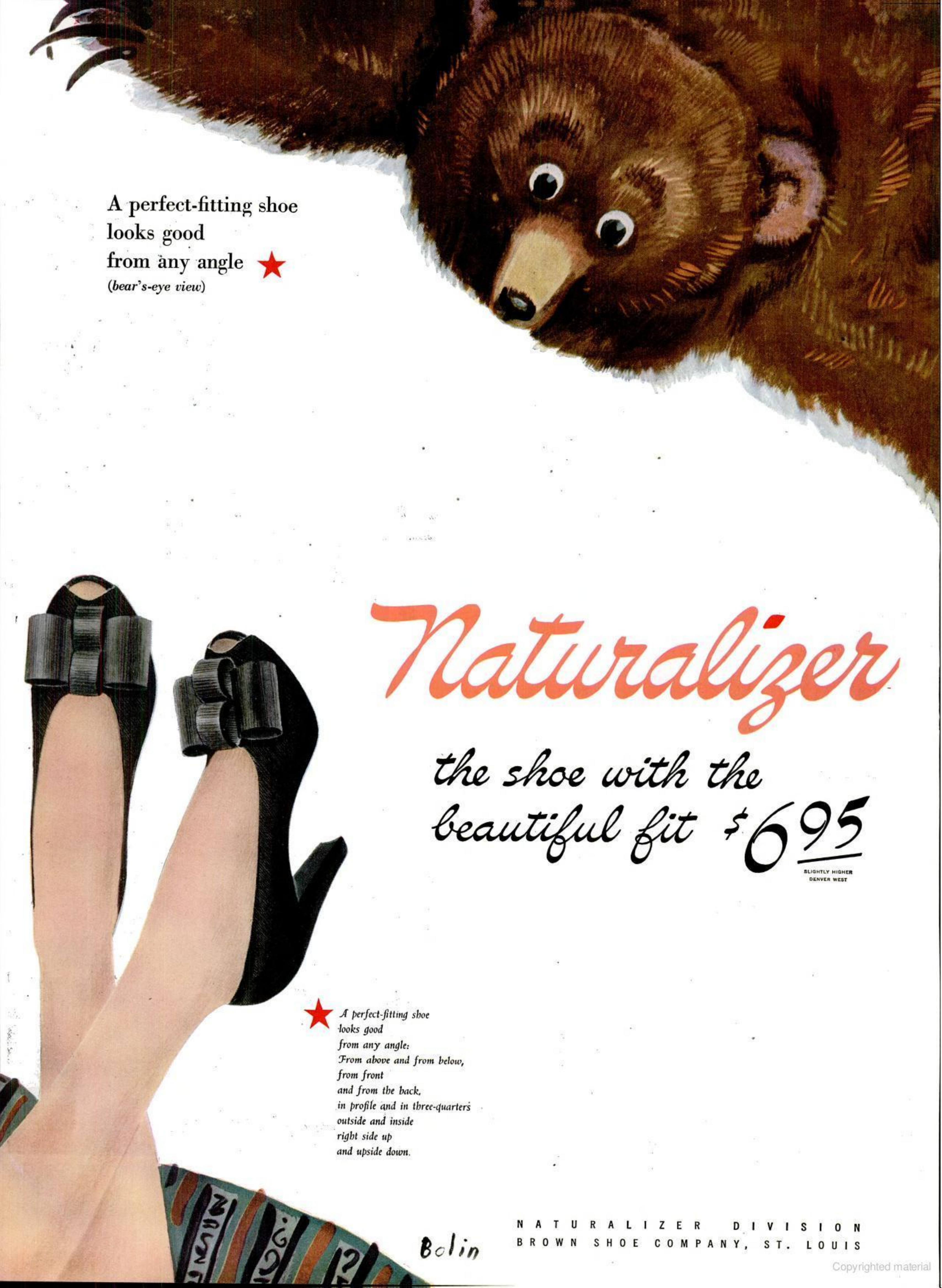


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● Candy is Fighting Food! More Richardson's Mint for the Armed Forces means less for families at home. Today if you can't find Richardson's ask again next time you're in.

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looks good
from any angle ★
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Naturalizer

the shoe with the
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looks good
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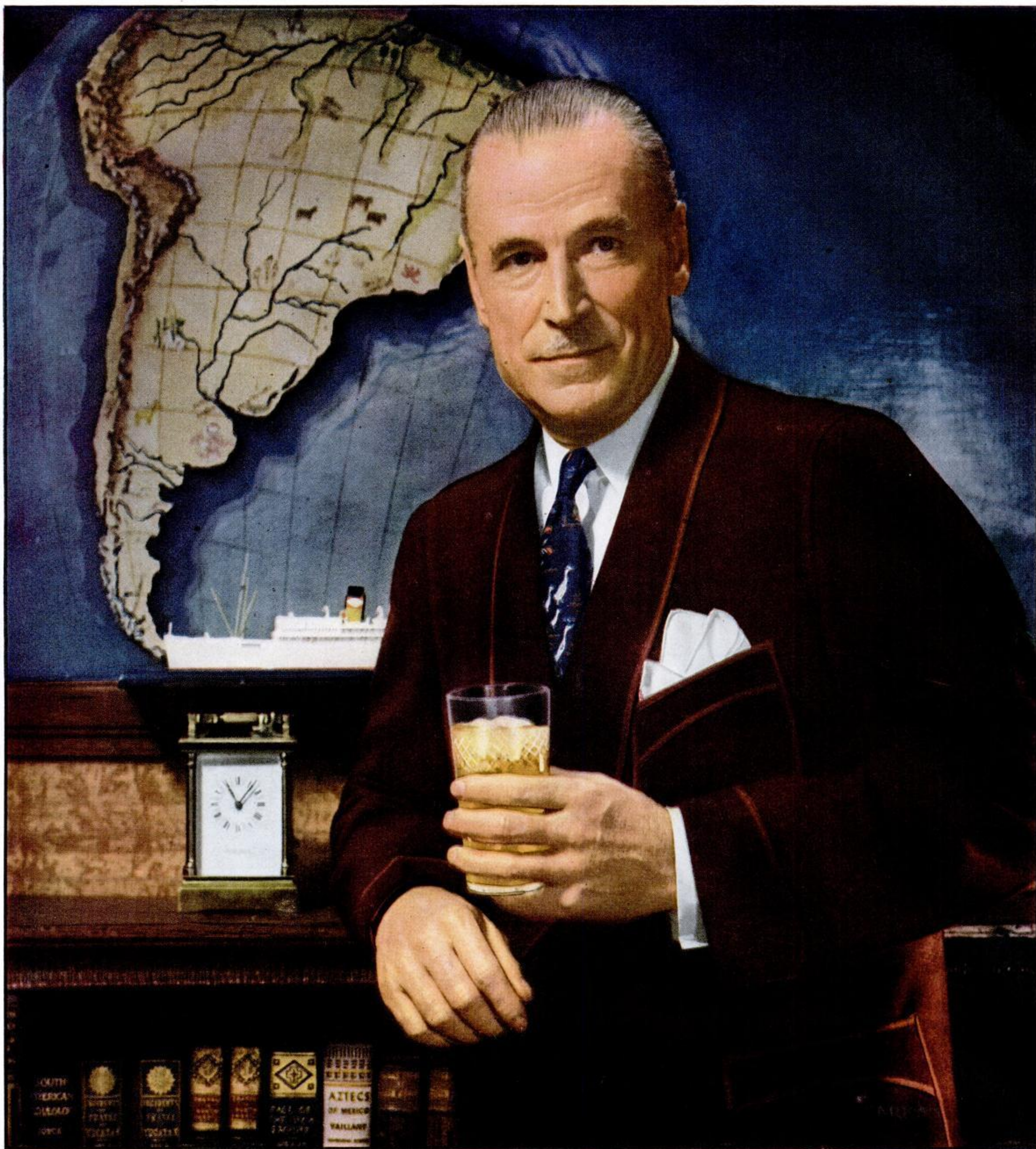
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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY.

TRUMAN (continued)

To say that Truman was the President's choice for the nomination is hardly exact. Mr. Roosevelt realized that Wallace could not be renominated without a terrific fight and for various reasons he did not believe he could risk that kind of fight.

On the other hand, it is probably inexact to assume that the Senator from Missouri was nominated merely because the President had no objection to him. That is the assumption of many Americans who agree with the British opinion expressed in the *Manchester Guardian's* reference to "the colorless Mr. Truman, who has never upset anybody's prejudices." The English paper thought that "the defeat of Mr. Wallace may seem to many Americans to mark the end of the liberal epoch." Undoubtedly many fear that it does and many hope it does; while both factions assume that Truman was chosen because he is the nearest approximation to nobody that the party could find.

There is another explanation, but it involves certain assumptions that are hard for politicians to make. One of these is the assumption that the average American does not regard politics as the most important thing in the world. There is no doubt whatever that to a good many people this whole campaign is a huge headache. They are haunted by the fear that any decision they may make now will turn out to be a bad one because the world may be revealed, within a year or two, as quite different from what it seems to be in the confusion of war. So they prepare to go to the polls glumly, and the more the politicians beat the drums and shout at them, the more irritated they become.

The question then is, what is the best type of candidate to offer people in that state of mind? It may be argued plausibly that the man least likely to upset things is the one to appeal most strongly to voters who are already harassed, uncertain and anxious. When no one knows precisely what lies ahead, a man who is known to be courageous and honest gains rather than loses, if it is also known that he never advanced a brilliant but startling idea in his life. We have been startled enough in recent years to be highly appreciative of a man who seems to be somewhat bigger but otherwise indistinguishable from the neighbors up and down the street.

If this reasoning is correct, the *Guardian's* "many Americans" have it exactly backwards—Truman received the President's approval not because he is approximately nobody but because he is approximately everybody, or enough so to soothe the perturbed spirit of the average man.

But none of this is of Truman's own designing. He did not set out to shape his own character into its present mold any more than he created the situation that incidentally made him an acceptable candidate at this time. Truman to this day doesn't know exactly how he got into his present situation—which, incidentally, makes him all the more like the rest of us.



A good pianist, Harry Truman entertains at the National Press Club's annual Congress night. He began taking piano lessons at 9, loves to accompany his daughter, who sings.



Sterling soup tureen, circa 1739-1759, wrought by John Swift, of London. (Courtesy, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).

MUSEUM STERLING ENDOWS
YOUR TABLE WITH THE
COURTLY BEAUTY OF

George II

One of the great artisans of an era famed for gracious living, John Swift left a heritage of silver craftsmanship prized by collectors for more than 200 years.

Today, this timeless Georgian beauty is faithfully mirrored in "modern silver with the beauty of old masterpieces." In George II, Watson craftsmen have recaptured not only the exquisite motifs of priceless museum pieces, but also the same depth of cut, purity of detail and patina-like quality of finish.

Your Watson jeweler will gladly show you stately George II and many other glorious Watson patterns. If he cannot supply you with as much Watson Sterling as you'd like, remember—it's only because of war restrictions. After victory there'll be all the Sterling you want most in the pattern you love best! The Watson Co., 14114 Watson Park, Attleboro, Mass.



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You'll be amazed how Dr. Scholl's thin, soothing, cushioning Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes.

With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads come separate wonder-working Medications for quickly removing corns, while you work, walk or play. No other method does all these things for you. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tender, perspiring feet. Soothing. Eases new or tight shoes. Send it to the boys in Service. 35¢.





Perhaps I'm one war older than you are!

Believe me, after the last war I saw what happened. Will you let me give you some advice?

•

If you've got a job today—for your own sake, fellow, be smart. Think twice before you fight for a wage increase that might force prices up and land you behind the eight-ball in the end.

Salt away as much as you can out of your present wages. Put money in the bank, pay up your debts, buy more life insurance. Above all, put every extra penny you can lay your hands on into Uncle Sam's War Bonds.

Nobody knows what's coming when the Germans and the Japs are licked. Perhaps we'll have good times. Okay. You'll be sitting pretty. Perhaps we'll have bad times. Then they're sure to hit hardest on the guy with nothing saved.

The best thing you can do for your country right now is not to buy a thing you can get along without. That helps keep prices down, heads off inflation, helps to insure good times after the war.

And the best thing you can do for your own sake, brother, if there *should* be a depression ahead, is to get your finances organized on a sound basis of paid-up

debts—and have a little money laid by to see you through!

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling price. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP
US
KEEP
PRICES DOWN**



The Stork's Cub Room is always filled with celebrities. Shown above are Orson Welles (with cigar, foreground), Margaret

Sullivan (second from left), her husband, Movie Agent Leland Hayward (crew-cut haircut), Leonard Lyons and Tom-

my Manville, with Owner Sherman Billingsley (center table, foreground), and Morton Downey (table at right foreground).

Life Visits the Stork Club

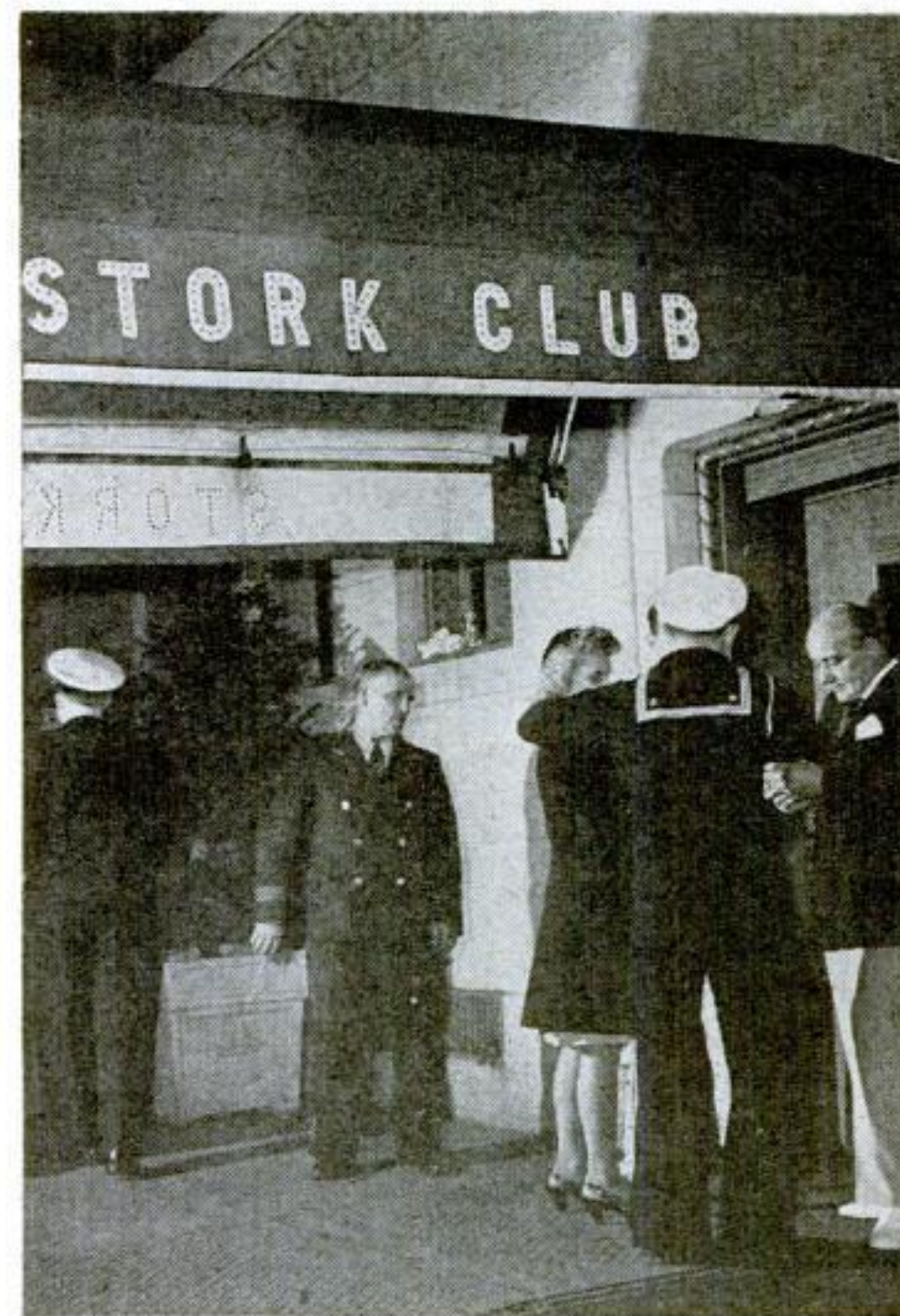
Famous New York nightclub makes business of attracting celebrities

Above is a picture of the most exclusive room in the world's most famous nightclub. It was taken by Alfred Eisenstaedt in the celebrity-jammed Cub Room of the Stork Club on 53rd Street just east of Fifth Avenue in New York City. Not everybody who goes to the Stork can get in and not everybody who does get in is allowed into the Cub Room. Most customers are seated in the dining room where the food and drink are as good as the Cub Room's but the company less glittering. The Cub Room is mainly for famous or important or beautiful people. Because being in the Cub Room is a snobbish sign of being a celebrity in the world of actors, actresses, press agents and columnists, the celebrities and semicelebrities and would-be celebrities try to go there. Celebrity or not, if they want to dance they stay in the dining room. The Cub Room has no music.

The man who owns the Stork Club and sees that only deserving people get in is John Sherman Bil-

lingsley, 44, originally of North Enid, Okla. Mr. Billingsley is nice to all customers. To valuable ones—those whose beauty decorates the club or whose fame enhances its fame—he is very generous, giving them presents that range from neckties to automobiles. He is even reported to have given President Roosevelt, who has never been to the Stork, some of the bow ties the President wears. Mr. Billingsley insists on good manners in his club. If a customer starts a fist fight, he or she is ousted and never allowed to return. The club's most valuable customer is Walter Winchell, whose publicity has done wonders for Billingsley's business.

In its 11 years this business has netted Billingsley a lot of money. He owns 100 suits and sends his two daughters to exclusive private schools. The business has also brought him such recognition as an authority that he has been asked by the august *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to write its first article on nightclubs.



Under the canopy a sailor has his reservation checked by a captain. Unescorted women are not allowed in Stork at night, but are much in evidence during lunch and cocktails.

Stork Club (continued)



The bar accommodates 40 and is usually jammed three deep. Most expensive drink is 80-year-old brandy at \$4. Billingsley

was one of first nightclub operators to serve good liquor and keep it in view. He spends \$10,000 a year on flowers for Stork.



The Gary Coopers enjoy the Stork Club's continuous music. Bands change places by slipping men onto stand one by one.



Oklahoma's Senator Thomas (left) is with Martin Heflin, Met Opera's John Brownlee. Stork has a \$300,000 liquor supply.



Walter Winchell (left) and Leonard Lyons, columnists whom club welcomes, make place headquarters for news-gathering.



Powder room has silver-gray walls decorated with black lace fans. The toilet seats are sterilized by violet-ray attachments.

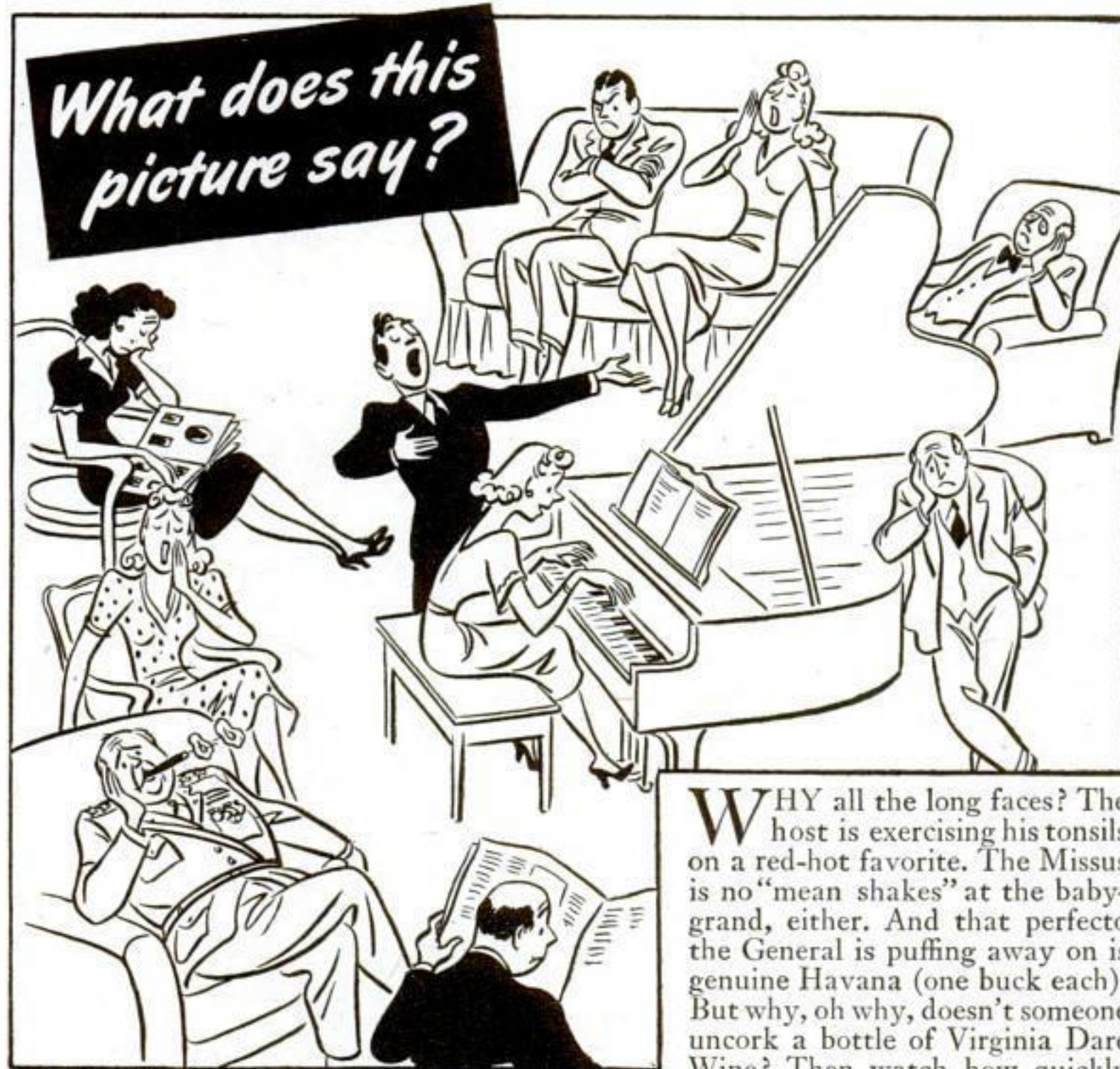


Ann Sheridan jokes with Steve Hannegan and Cliff Edwards. One of Stork Club dishes is named wild duck à la Hannegan.



Main dining room is done in midnight blue with gold window drapes. Decita (above) and orchestra play rumbas. Dance floor is very large for a New York cabaret. Most expensive dish

is roast pheasant at \$7.50. One of most popular is chicken hamburger à la Winchell (\$2.50). Winchell himself has bologna which is ordered daily for him from a Broadway delicatessen.



WHY all the long faces? The host is exercising his tonsils on a red-hot favorite. The Missus is no "mean shakes" at the baby-grand, either. And that perfecto the General is puffing away on is genuine Havana (one buck each). But why, oh why, doesn't someone uncork a bottle of Virginia Dare Wine? Then watch how quickly those faces light up—watch how the funeral turns into a real sociable gathering. Yes, there's no two ways about it—Virginia Dare is a great wine—a great drink—a great American idea for making people friendlier—cozier!



Virginia Dare Wine is really rare
There's only **ONE** Virginia Dare



"The Navy ain't goin' to like it when we report
'Sighted skirts, lost same' — all because this barge
ain't got a New Departure Coaster Brake!"



Billingsley uses an elaborate signal system to convey orders to assistant, Gregory Pavlides. Here he signals music in main dining room is too loud. Some of his other



"Call me on the phone," signals Billingsley when he wants to get away from a table.



"Bring a round of drinks for this table." Gregory passes word to waiter.



"A bottle of wine," he signals, and champagne arrives as gift with his calling card.



"Not important people," or "Their check no good" is signal to Gregory.



signals are shown below. Known as "the shadow," Gregory follows Billingsley all over club, transmits messages, tactfully disengages him from lengthy conversations.



"These people are awful," Billingsley signals when guests are loudmouths.



A bottle of perfume he signals. These scents cost from \$7.50 to \$200 each. Chanel is \$150.



"No check for this table" is sign that guests are decorative or influential.



"Get them out and don't let them in again," he signals when patrons become annoying.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DERMATOLOGISTS POINT THE WAY TO EASY SHAVING



For their personal use, more dermatologists buy Mennen Brushless than any other brand...more than the next two leading brands combined. These physicians have the professional knowledge that enables them to pick the best. Their preference is conclusive evidence of the superiority of Mennen Brushless. They give you the secret of easy shaving.



THE RIGHT STOP... FOR A FRESH START

DELICIOUS, heartening coffee! Nothing else in the world gives you that wonderful fragrance... that full-flavored enjoyment... that extra zest. Especially when coffee is brewed right. Full strength. Fresh every time. Brewed to the full capacity of the pot. Wherever you find Americans you'll find the beverage all America loves...that's coffee! Have another cup!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA
CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

*have
another
cup!*

COFFEE

The Friendly Drink...
from Good Neighbors

Stork Club (continued)

Again-Please

I would much rather none of the Bandleaders sit with Customers **AT ANY TIME** for any reason. *S. B.*

WHEN YOU SEE THAT A CUSTOMER IS UNDECIDED AS TO WHAT HE WOULD LIKE TO DRINK - ALWAYS SUGGEST

WHISKEY SOURS
OLD FASHIONS

MANHATTANS
DRY MARTINIS

AS WE MAKE MORE PROFIT ON THESE DRINKS.

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

Employees - don't have your relatives or friends come here to see you.

Orders to employees are posted all over second-floor offices. Same floor has one-chair barbershop and a gym for employees and favored guests. When Billingsley hires a

Gifts worth \$100,000 are presented to Stork Club patrons each year as genteel promotion. A gold compact with horseshoe of diamonds and rubies costs \$1,500; Femme



GIRLS

You are not to carry on flirtations with customers or employees in the dining rooms.

The Stork Club was built on soft peppy music full of rhythm and that is what we always want. we do not want slow draggy music with only about half the musicians playing at one time and we do not want the music to stop for a second. Now please do this or nothing.

Sherman Billingsley

All employees who come face to face with customers please try to keep a smile on your faces, and be as pleasant as you can to them"

Sherman Billingsley

waiter he has him photographed, takes the picture home and studies it. Next day he impresses waiter with his memory and friendliness by addressing him by name.

du Jour perfume, \$200; gold Stork pins, \$100; Napoleon brandy, \$50; nylons, \$8; radio, \$50; ties, \$6. Billingsley has also given away more than two dozen automobiles.



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
KNOW THIS ONE IS
SUPERIOR—
PHILIP MORRIS

Scientifically proved less irritating
to the nose and throat


WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT —DUE TO SMOKING— CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers —reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid proof that this finer-tasting cigarette is less irritating to the nose and throat!



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America's FINEST Cigarette



Willard's
Reputation for
QUALITY and
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is Well-Earned
and World-Wide

Sold and Serviced by
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Willard "SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

—for Tanks • Combat Cars • Jeeps • Walkie-Talkies
 • Ships • for Cars, Trucks, Tractors and Buses at home

... the power to 'carry on !



Awarded Cleveland Plant,
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WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

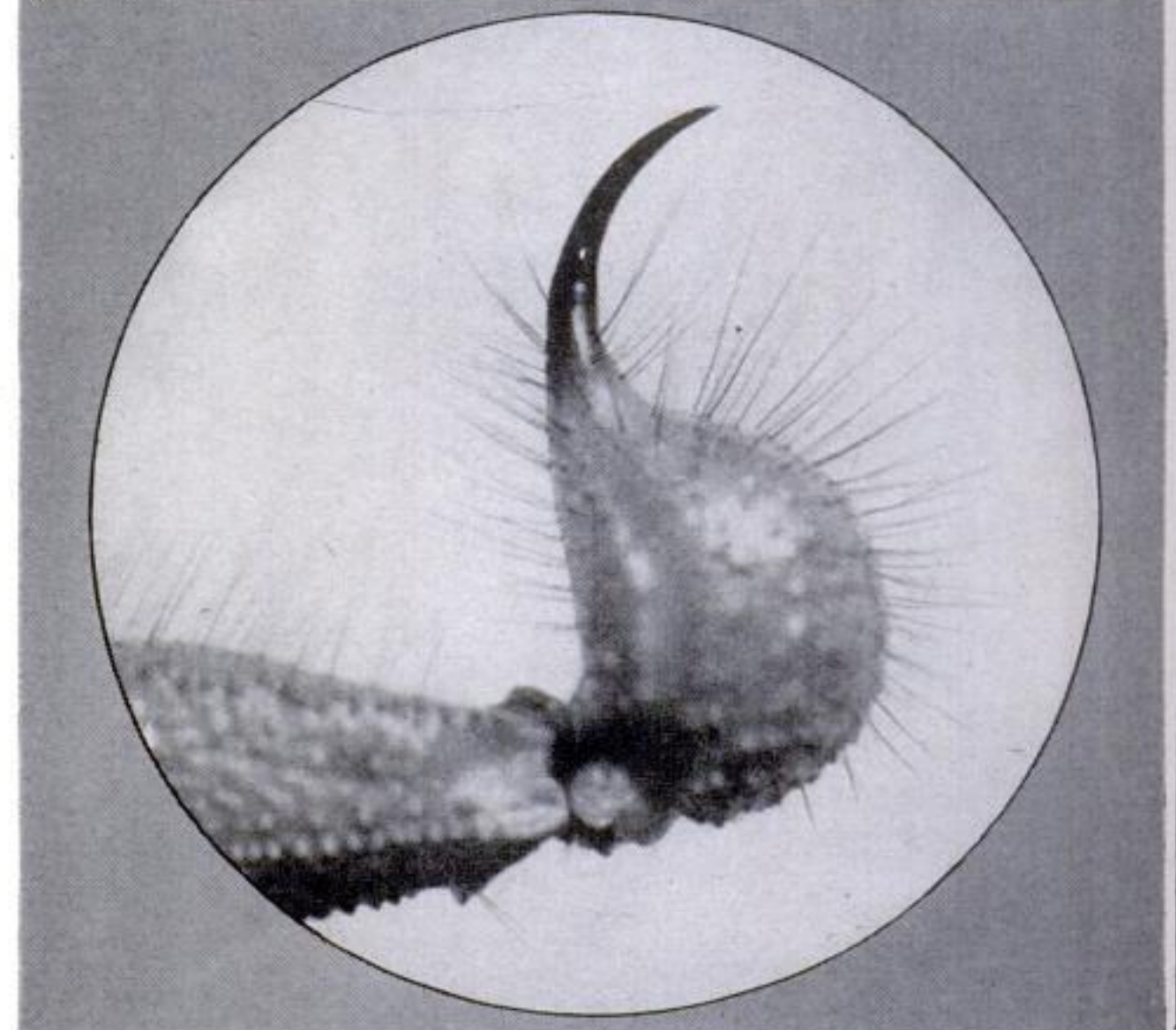
INSECT WEAPONS

Sirs:

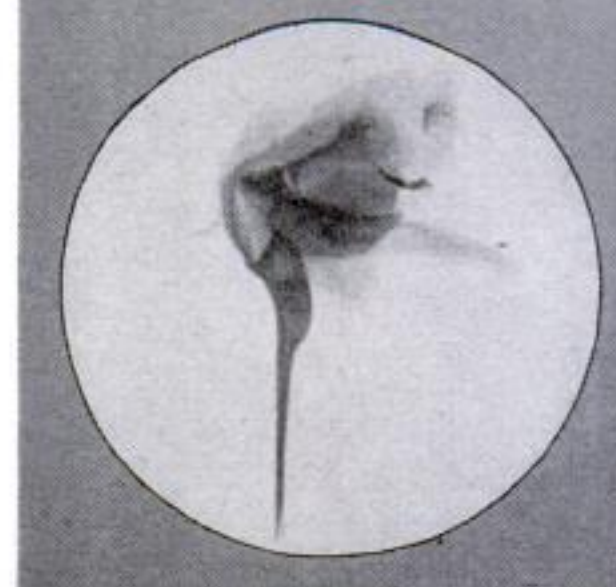
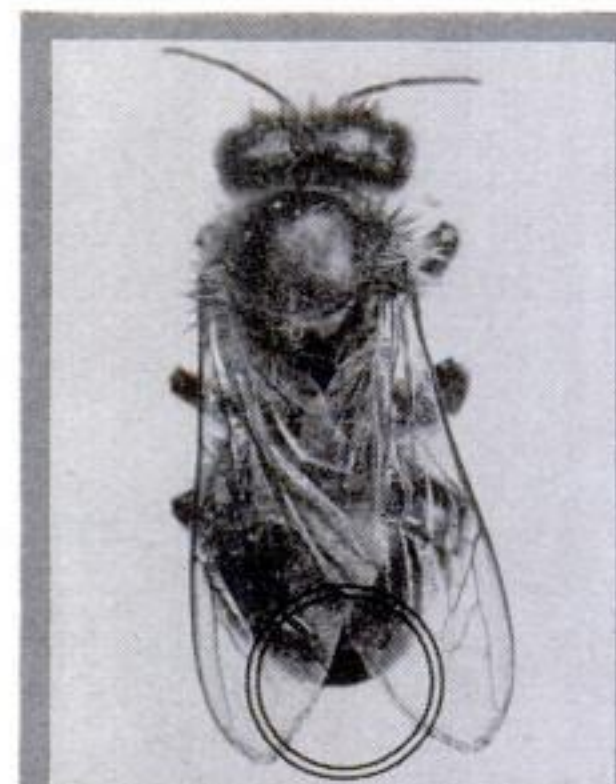
Most insects are armed in some way. The ones shown here are among the most powerful. Their weapons (*in circles*) are capable of inflicting agonizing injury on man, although the scorpion is the only lethal insect shown. Tarantulas inject a drug which produces an intense pain but, contrary to general opinion, never death. And a single bee sting never killed anybody. On the other hand (*opposite page*), the Oriental fruit moth parasite and the sun spider are harmless to man. The parasite has recently been imported into California to prey on the fruit moth which ruin the crops.

FRED P. ROULLARD

Fresno County
 Agricultural Commissioner
 Fresno, Calif.



Scorpion holds its victim with pincers and paralyzes or kills it with a blow from the stinger at end of its tail. Afterwards the victim is crushed to bits and eaten.



Honey bee injects poison hypodermically through beautifully fashioned stinger.

Tarantula injects a drug through fangs which firmly clamp down on its victim.

FURLOUGH GIFT FOR MOM



Give a Canary

"A SINGING PET SHE'LL LOVE"

A perky, singing canary will make a "big hit" with Mom. So lively and cheerful, a little, golden songster is the perfect gift that keeps on giving... keeps Mom's spirits high while you're away. Buy her a canary, soon!

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.



How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



YES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES



Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps *

FOR A TOUGH BEARD THIS KIT IS IT!



Famous DURHAM SHAVE KIT \$2.50

Sturdy Kit includes:
 (1) Durham DuBarry Razor* (2) 10 famous Durham heavy duty, hollow-ground blades
 (3) Bladeholder and leather strop—for long blade and finer shaving (4) Shave stick and comb
 Mail \$2.50 direct if dealer can't supply
 *Also available with barber-type razor

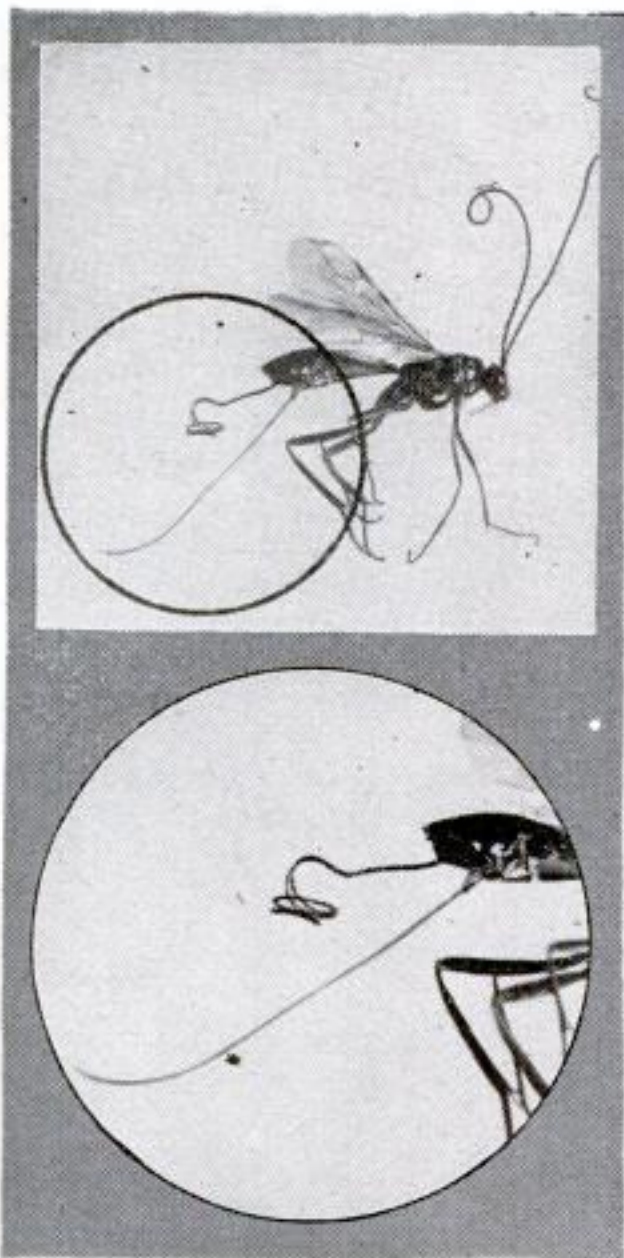
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

Skin Sufferers

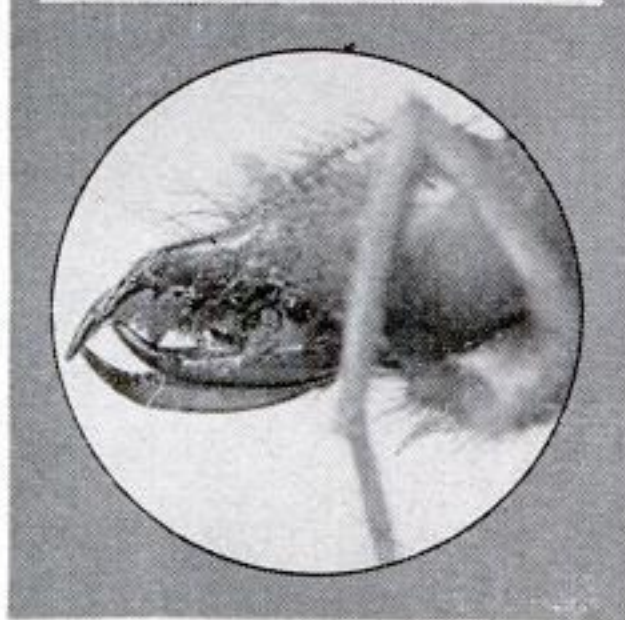
For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless, soothing, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. A trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



Oriental fruit moth parasite lays its eggs in victim through a hairlike tube.



Sun spider grasps its victim with fang-like mouth, then chews him to death.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

THE SAFEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD



After Victory ride in greater safety on PENNSYLVANIA SILENT VACUUM CUP TIRES

Tomorrow your War Bonds will be passports to a better world—a world of greatly improved products such as the new PENNSYLVANIA SILENT VACUUM CUP TIRE. This patented tire will be manufactured as soon after Victory as conditions permit. It alone will give you the non-skid, quick-stop safety of the silent vacuum cup tread.

If you are eligible for new tires today, see your Pennsylvania dealer. He will show you how to get new Pennsylvanias—today's top quality tires. See him, too, for repairing and recapping. He is a good man to know. Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE

Silent Vacuum Cup Tire



VACUUM CUPS RELEASE SILENTLY

VACUUM CUPS GRIP AS TIRE MEETS ROAD

REWARD FOR A SMOOTH BARBASOL FACE



WHAT THE LADIES think of you, and how they react to your nice, smooth Barbasol Face—that, of course, is the grand reward for shaving with Barbasol. But then, again, there's the every day reward of smoother, quicker, sweeter shaves—thanks to the wonderful ingredients in this shaving cream supreme—supreme for taming the toughest whiskers and smoothing the tenderest skin.



JUNGLE, desert or open sea—wherever our men are fighting, Barbasol's on the job. No muss, no fuss—it's easier to get a famous Barbasol shave with any kind of water, or no water at all. And there's blessed skin-protection against every kind of weather—in every soothing Barbasol shave. Try it yourself and see how superior it is.

In tubes or jars. Large size 25¢; giant size 50¢; family size 75¢.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

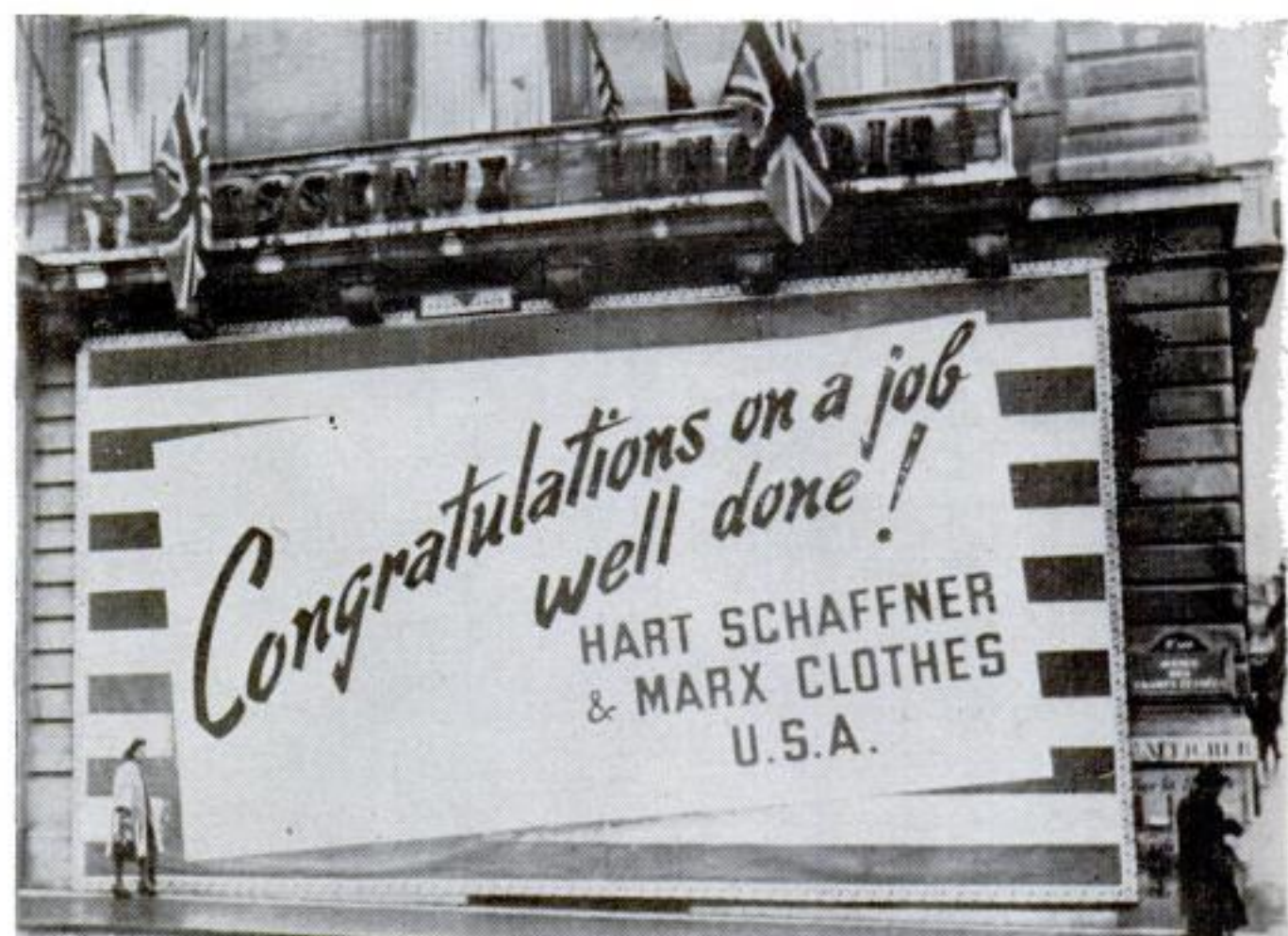
FASHIONS FOR MEN

Sirs:

Last week in Paris GIs got a gentle reminder that U.S. cloak-and-suitmakers Hart, Schaffner & Marx are still in business (top picture, below). In 1918 the firm had done the same thing. Busi-

nessmen who saw the sign smack on the Champs-Élysées agreed it was still a good stunt.

WILLIAM P. MALONEY
New York, N.Y.



1944 BILLBOARD WAS AMONG THE FIRST COMMERCIAL DISPLAYS SEEN IN PARIS



1918 BILLBOARD WAS AIMED DIRECTLY AT FUTURE SALES OF CIVILIAN CLOTHES



WAR WAS OVER WHEN THIS SIGN WAS ERECTED IN 1919 AT CAMP NEAR PARIS

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How to get to next Saturday's game (and in case you don't)



If you're fortunate enough to possess something like an oldtime electromobile, your problem is solved. But—even the *big* game won't tempt many a rooter's car from the garage. For most of us realize that car-miles must be conserved, that every mile used takes a mile off a car's life—and sooner or later this means an added task for already heavily burdened trains, trolleys and bus lines.



If you don't go—you can find something to cheer for right at home—in the “velvety” goodness of an IMPERIAL highball or Manhattan. For this grand blend is velvet-smooth—it has a mellowness, a genial flavor that you will really enjoy. Ask for IMPERIAL—and *taste* why it is one of America's most-wanted whiskies.



IMPERIAL

...“velvety” for
extra smoothness

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

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